PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1995 • $4.95

INTERVIEW WITH MOTOWN MOGUL BERRY GORDY

THE GIRLS OF RADIO TALK, ROCK AND SHOCK

MOVIE WIZARD ROBERT ZEMECKIS

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE: INSIDE THE RIGHT-WING MILITIA

STAR TREK MANIA

PLAYBOY BOLDLY GOES WHERE NO MAGAZINE HAS GONE BEFORE

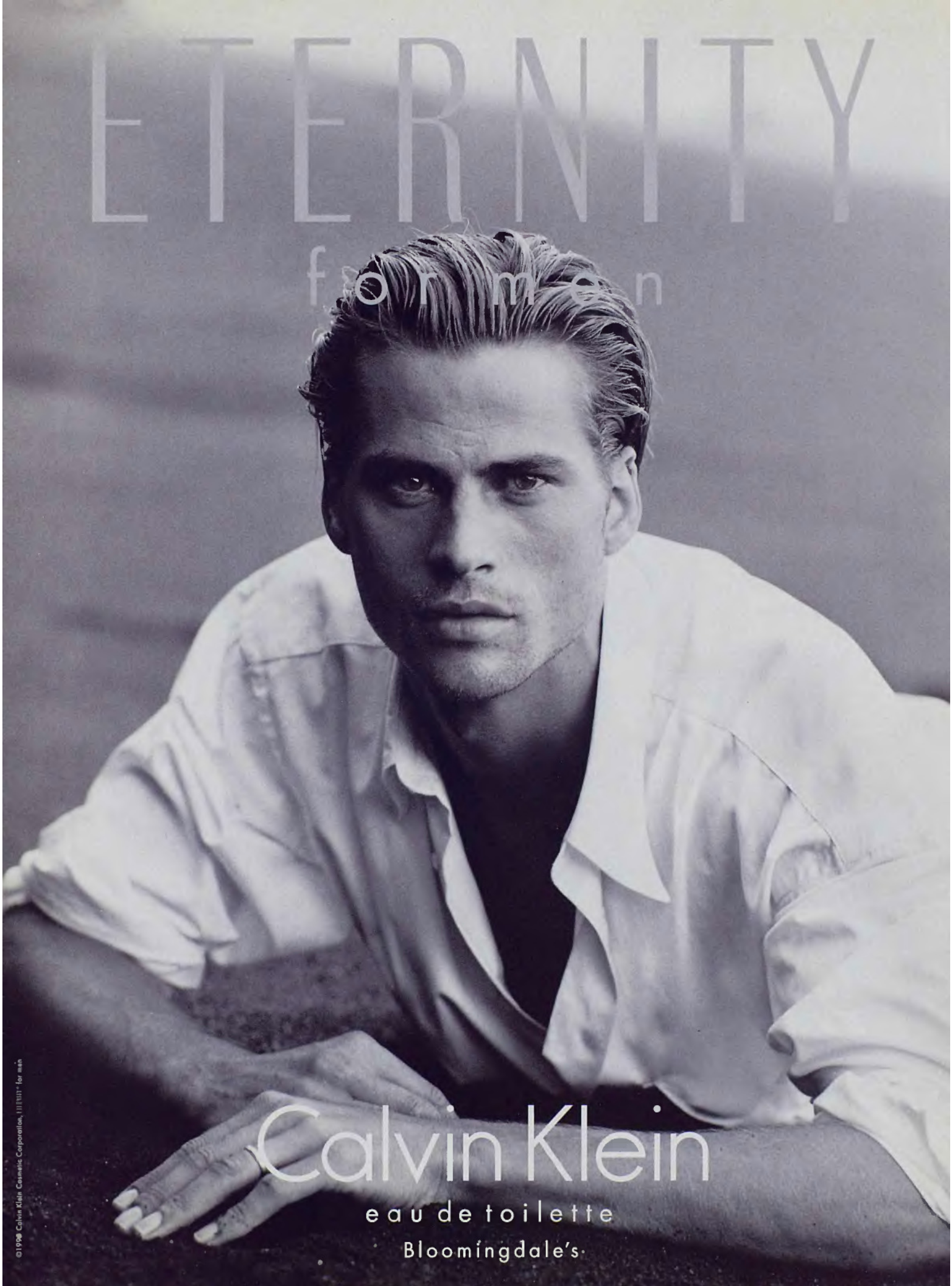
08
35270
0 300955 0

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Marlboro
TEAM PENSKE
GE Capital
Mobil
Marlboro
TEAM PENSKE
Follow us
SPONSORED BY
Marlboro
CIGARETTES


ETERNITY
for men
Calvin Klein
eau de toilette
Bloomingdale's
©1998 Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corporation, ETERNITY for men

PLAYBILL

FOR YEARS, **Berry Gordy** kept us dancing in the streets of Motown. But while we knew his music, it seems we never knew the man. What we heard through the grapevine pegged the tycoon either as an icon or as an exploiter. Not until his recent best-selling book, *To Be Loved*, did Gordy tell his side of the story. Now Contributing Editor **David Sheff** gets an earful in an *Interview* about Gordy's first time with Diana Ross, figuring out Michael Jackson and losing Marvin Gaye.

Vladimir Nabokov was a prized contributor to PLAYBOY. This month we're proud to present the first English translation of *La Veneziana*, from *The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov* (Alfred Knopf) as edited by **Dmitri Nabokov.** Fittingly, it involves a newly discovered work of art, a beautiful temptress and a naive young man. Our painting of the painting is by **Istvan Banyai,** a guy familiar with masterpieces; he has worked for *Art and Antiques*.

As for art appreciation, now's the time to celebrate the work of **LeRoy Neiman**—it's the 40th anniversary of Neiman's Femlin. Here are a few Femlin facts: She's a female gremlin conceived by Hef and drawn by LeRoy for *Party Jokes*; she's accident prone (pours a drink, then spills it) and vertically challenged (in real life she's 12 inches tall).

From mischief to mayhem: As the Oklahoma City bombing made clear, chemical explosives give a few extremists the punch of an army. Reporter **Michael Reynolds,** who tracked the Unabomber for us, went undercover to monitor the new hate groups. His gutty account, *Day of the Zealots*, makes you realize that placing these paranoiacs on the far right is unfair; they belong on another planet. Back on earth, there is a war raging over real issues—and you can score one for the bald guys. High taxes have Gen Xers looking enviously at the way the denture crowd influences policy in D.C. Read *Screw the Young* by **Mark Jannot.**

Hollywood's premiere moneymaker these days is Oscar-winning director **Bob Zemeckis.** Blockbuster Bob built an action-film fun house with *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* and *Back to the Future*, then turned out *Forrest Gump*. In *Bob Z Can Read Your Mind*, **Joe Morgenstern** examines Zemeckis' winning formula. While we were canvassing Hollywood, we asked writer **Robert Crane** to check in with **Dawn Steel,** the first woman to head a major motion picture studio. In *20 Questions*, Steel explains why she's comfortable with balls, how she can't hide zits from her husband and why the Japanese should stay home.

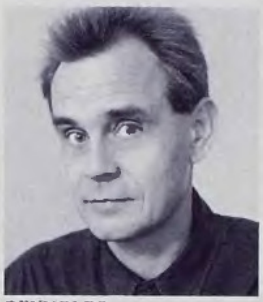
Now that we're talking 500 channels, it seems like half of them are devoted to *Star Trek*—there are also more novels, movies and fans than we can keep Trek of. Writer **Daniel Radosh** brings us up to warp speed on Trek sex drive, Romulan drinks and pick-up lines for cute E.T.s in *Keep On Trekkin'*. As a bonus, **Wilson McLean** did a rogues' gallery of aliens. Tommy Lee, the rogue drummer for Motley Crue, wooed Heather Locklear and married Pam Anderson. Seems that a sense of rhythm goes over big with the babes. Enjoy *The Charmed Life of Tommy Lee* by our own **Christopher Napolitano** and **Stephen Randall.**

As a Contributing Photographer, **Richard Fegley** knows lots of guys would like to follow him around on the job. We did just that for Fegley's shoot of Playmate **Rachel Jeán Marteen.** Another Playmate, **Traci Adell,** had a chat with O.J. Simpson the day Nicole was killed. Oh, yes—she knows Kato, too. See her encore pictorial, *When O.J. Phoned Traci*. For the hottest drive-time divas you've ever heard, tune into the *Girls of Radio*. But first, turn to our summer drink feature, *The Caribbean Connection*, and **Karen Barbour's** intoxicating artwork. Read the rum-soaked recipes, add a tiny umbrella and you're ready to enjoy this issue in a high stylee, mon.

SHEFF

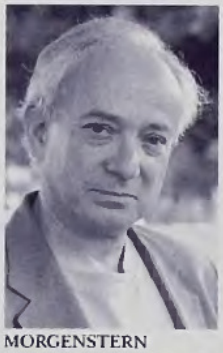
NABOKOV

BANYAI


REYNOLDS

JANNOT

NEIMAN


MORGENSTERN

CRANE

RADOSH

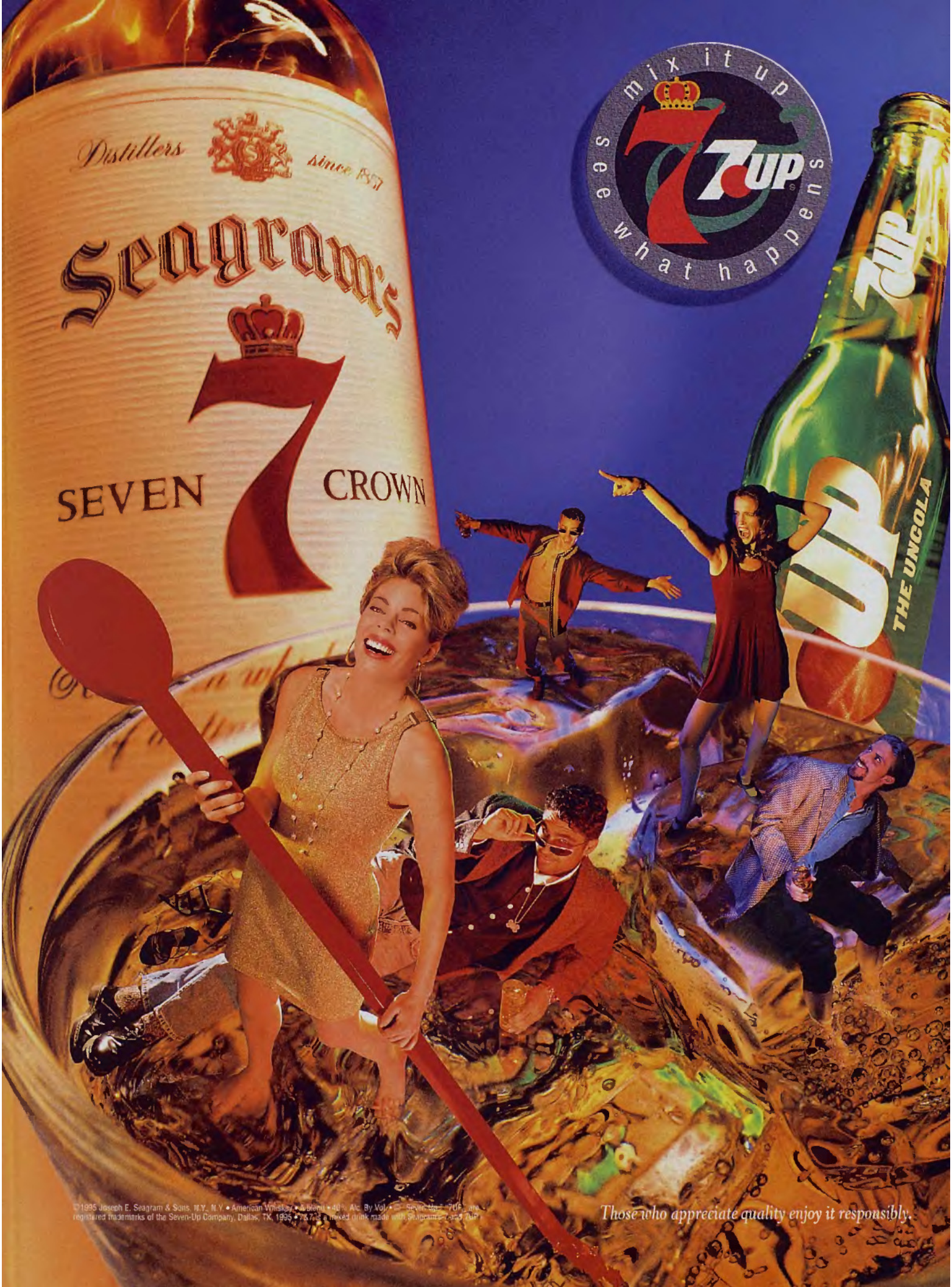
MC LEAN

FEGLEY

RANDALL, NAPOLITANO

BARBOUR

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), August 1995, volume 42, number 8. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.



©1995 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y., N.Y. • American Whiskey • A Blend • 40% Alc. By Vol. • Seven Crown, 7UP, and registered trademarks of the Seven-Up Company, Dallas, TX, 1995 • 7&7 is a mixed drink made with Seagram's Seven and 7UP.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

PLAYBOY

vol. 42, no. 8—august 1995

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MUSIC		16
STYLE		20
WIRED		22
TRAVEL		24
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	26
VIDEO		29
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	30
FITNESS	JON KRAKAUER	32
MEN	ASA BABER	33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		35
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		37
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BERRY GORDY—candid conversation		47
LA VENEZIANA—fiction	VLADIMIR NABOKOV	54
WHEN O.J. PHONED TRACI—pictorial		58
KEEP ON TREKKIN'—article	DANIEL RADOSH	62
DAY OF THE ZEALOTS—article	MICHAEL REYNOLDS	68
PLAYBOY GALLERY: THE BARBI TWINS—pictorial		71
THE CHARMED LIFE OF TOMMY LEE—personality	CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO and STEPHEN RANDALL	72
SOLE SURVIVORS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	74
BOB Z CAN READ YOUR MIND—playboy profile	JOE MORGENSTERN	78
DIVER'S PLEASURES—watches		80
ON CAMERA—playboy's playmate of the month		84
PARTY JOKES—humor		94
UNGUARDED MOMENTS—nostalgia		96
THE CARIBBEAN CONNECTION—drink	JOHN OLDCASTLE	99
CLASSIC COVER AND CENTERFOLD: AUGUST 1975—pictorial		101
SCREW THE YOUNG—article	MARK JANNOT	104
20 QUESTIONS: DAWN STEEL		106
GIRLS OF RADIO—pictorial		110
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		155
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		157

FM Fatales P. 110

Trekkies' Delight P. 62

Lady Luck P. 84

Caribbean Drinks P. 99

COVER STORY

There's no sound so intoxicating as the sultry voice of a female DJ, and PLAYBOY's *Girls of Radio* proves that's not their only attractive asset. Our cover was styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to cover girl Shelly Jones, and to Alexis Vogel for styling Shelly's hair and makeup. Holy FM fatales, it looks like our Rabbit is wired for sound.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: JUNE 1995. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

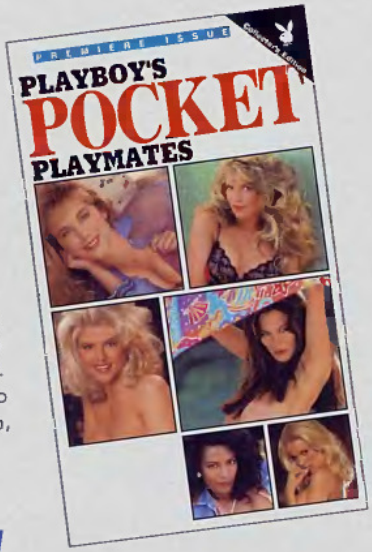
CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1995 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 155. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 IN CANADA SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES AND DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. MBI BIND-IN BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES. BMG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 IN ALL CANADA AND DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES. DAVE'S INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 44-45 IN SELECT DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES.

CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Big Excitement—Small Package

This special collector's edition showcases every Playmate from January 1989 to December 1994. Five years of lovely girls next door are represented in 96 pages of color photos. A handy compendium for the Playboy aficionado, it's even indexed by year to make finding your favorite a snap. Be sure to pick up your copy of the first edition of Playboy's Pocket Playmates. On sale now.



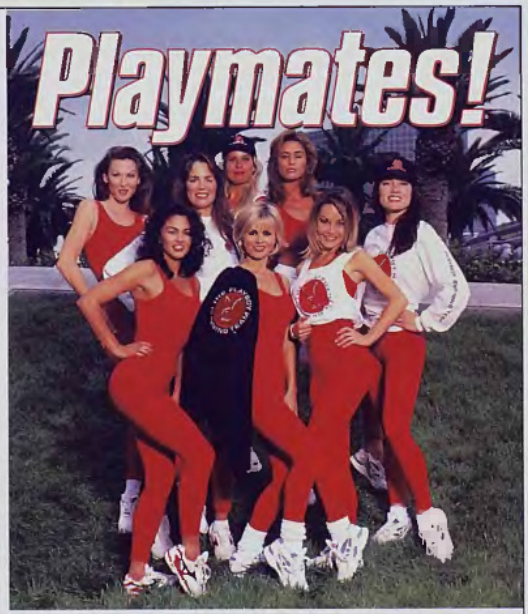
OR ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #TTFT9512 (Source code: 59094).

ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $3.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #TTFT9512. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59094, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1995 Playboy

Run with Playmates!



Check All Items and Quantity:

___ Join the *Playboy Running Team* and receive the Official PRT Hat, T-shirt and Race Schedule for only $29.95

___ Deluxe Package: Official T-shirt, Autographed PRT Poster and Massage Video.....$54.95

___ Autographed Poster and Massage Video.....$39.95

Official PRT Merchandise:

___ Autographed Poster.....$15.95
___ T-shirt (*specify S, M, L, XL*).....$15.95
___ Baseball Hat $14.95
___ Tank Top (*specify S, M, L, XL*).....$14.95

Call 1-800-PRT-1171

PAYMENT OPTIONS: Do not send cash or checks. Send money order or charge to:

❑ MASTERCARD ❑ VISA

Total: $_____
CA residents add 8.25%: $_____
U.S. Shipping: $ 5.95
Total: $_____

ACCT #:_____ EXP. DATE:_____
NAME (*Cardholder*):_____
BILLING ADDRESS:_____
CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:_____
PHONE:(_____)_____
SIGNATURE:_____

For orders over $50.99 call to confirm shipping. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. You must be 18 years of age to purchase these products. Playboy, Playmate and Rabbit Head Design are trademarks of and used under license from Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

THE PLAYBOY RUNNING TEAM™

PLAYBOY RUNNING TEAM • 520 WASHINGTON BLVD., SUITE 497 • MARINA DEL REY, CA 90292

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: PETER MOORE, STEPHEN RANDALL *editors;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *assistant editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, REMA SMITH, SARI WILSON *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN, RICKIE THOMAS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, BETH MULLINS *assistant editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *manager, photo archive*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JUDY BERKOWITZ *national projects director;* KIM L. PINTO *sales director, eastern region;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

COREL STOCK PHOTO LIBRARY

20,000 PHOTOGRAPHS ON 200 CD-ROMs IN EACH LIBRARY!

High Resolution & Royalty Free

Kodak Photo CD Format

PC & Mac Compatible

Ideal for Desktop Publishing

HIGH RESOLUTION - 5 resolutions from 128 X 192 up to 2048 X 3072. Each image is approximately 18 megs (uncompressed).

COLOR FUNCTIONALITY - Grayscale, 16 colors, 256 colors or RGB (24 bit).

EXPORT FILTERS - Windows: TIF, BMP, EPS, PCX or GIF. Macintosh: TIFF or PICT.

COMPATIBILITY - Can be read by any CD-ROM player (XA support not needed).

ALSO INCLUDES:

- Corel Visual Database - Search for specific images from the 20,000 photographs available using descriptive keywords.
- Full-Color Reference Manual - Displays all 20,000 photographs.

OTHER UTILITIES:

- Corel Photo CD Lab
- Corel Mosaic Visual File Manager
- Corel Artview Screen Saver
- Corel CD Audio
- Windows Wallpaper & Flipper

$699.90* each

Bernard of Hollywood's

MARILYN

The mystique of Marilyn Monroe is unveiled in this multimedia journey through the eyes of renowned Hollywood photographer Bruno Bernard. This CD-ROM is a "must-have" collector's item for all of Marilyn's devoted fans.

$49.90*

TigerDirect

1-800-765-2562

Please mention code BTZ

*US$ plus applicable taxes.

COREL

These days, commuters can't climb
aboard with a cigarette.
For a great smoke, travel the scenic route.

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Finally, a welcome sign for both smokers and nonsmokers.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995
6 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

KILLER WARDEN

As a corrections official, I'd like to comment on Dan Greenburg's article, *The Warden Was a Killer* (May). Did I make a mistake attending Penn State instead of the state pen? By appointing Michael Marcum as warden, Sheriff Michael Hennessey has slapped the faces of the dedicated deputies in the San Francisco Sheriff's Department and those who put their lives on the line every day inside America's correctional facilities. Marcum should have been made a civilian advisor and never have been allowed to wear a badge.

Lenny Ortiz
Denver, Colorado

BASEBALL PREVIEW

I want to commend Kevin Cook for his outstanding article, *Baseball Preview* (May), on the state of the game. It's easy to see that most of the current labor problems stem from the owners' refusal to appoint a baseball commissioner. Cook clarifies the history and addresses the passion and problems of our national pastime.

Brendan McClain
Stockton, California

Kevin Cook has it all wrong. Baseball is not a quest for perfection and the best players. Baseball's myths and history are the story of Everyman. If replacement players had been allowed to play, they would have become part of baseball folklore, just as Casey Stengel's Mets did. Their humanity and eagerness would have brought freshness to a sport grown tired with greed, drug use and other cancers.

Neal Born
Casselberry, Florida

RHAPSODY IN BROWN

Ever since I first saw her coy pose in the 40th Anniversary issue (*The Great 40th Anniversary Playmate Search*, January 1994), I have been hoping that Cindy Brown would be selected as a Playmate. As summer came and baseball ended, I feared that she hadn't made the cut. But her Playmate appearance in May, just as spring and baseball return, prove that she's a natural.

Greg Recka
Columbia, Maryland

I work for the Environmental Protection Agency. After reading that Miss May wants to work for the EPA, my co-workers and I want to make a pitch for our regional offices. We have some of the best jobs in the country, protecting the environment for future generations to enjoy. Our assignments sometimes take us to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. We want Cindy Brown to know that even if she doesn't submit an application, we'd love to give her a tour of our offices next time she's in New York.

Rob Ferri and friends
Environmental Protection Agency
New York, New York

MEN

Asa Baber's May column, "Think Like a Girl," states that men of the Nineties need to learn to cook. As a certified chef, I disagree. Too many women of the Nineties don't know how to cook and don't want to learn. I'm all for equal rights, but let's spend equal time in the kitchen, too.

Patrick Rae
ThetaClass@aol.com
St. Louis, Missouri

Compliments to Asa Baber, but let's be serious—there's no way men can think like women. Even so, I enjoy Baber's advice and have learned much from his columns.

Rob McCarry
Hartford, Connecticut

CAMILLE PAGLIA

Hooray for Camille Paglia (*Playboy Interview*, May). Any woman who stays in an abusive relationship isn't a victim, she's a loser. When someone tells me they were victimized, I point out that they could have made a choice that would have changed the outcome.

Ed Begley
Bellevue, Washington

Camille Paglia doesn't understand the difference between men and boys. She seems to believe that an erection gives a man an excuse to attack a woman who says no. Unfortunately, Paglia is the Rush Limbaugh of the left, mixing just enough of what we want to hear with the fiction she creates. To all men who want to find out more about feminism, beware of loose cannons spouting warped ideas.

Tor Christensen
New York, New York

Squeeze a bunch of grapes onto the ground and thank Aphrodite for giving us Camille Paglia.

David Johansson
Melbourne, Florida

Camille Paglia's two most notable attributes are her insights into the male point of view and her comfort with her own sexuality.

Anthony Centurione Jr.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Paglia has been described as an enfant terrible, bellicose, swaggering, vain and a raving pornographic maniac. Well, that's what happens when you tell the truth in America.

David Devore
Austin, Texas

I was a bartender at a recent PLAYBOY party for Nancy Sinatra that Camille Paglia attended. When she walked up to the bar, I was so flustered with admiration that I poured her scotch with a heavy hand. I apologized and she replied, "It can never be too strong!" The subtext was clear to me. It's been a long time since anyone has written with such heart, soul and courage.

Alan James Edwards
New York, New York

Thanks for revealing the pompous, self-serving and venal side of Paglia. The bulk of the interview makes her out to be no more of a social commentator than either Howard Stern or Rush Limbaugh. Just like theirs, her criticism consists

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), AUGUST 1995, VOLUME 42, NUMBER 8, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 9242 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210; ONE SANSOME STREET, SUITE 1900, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104; DETROIT: 2000 TOWN CENTER, SUITE 1900, SOUTHFIELD, MI 48075; SOUTH: ZIMMERMAN & ASSOCIATES, 2221 PEACHTREE ROAD NE, SUITE 10, ATLANTA, GA 30309; BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109.

more of hyperbole than of rational thought. Maybe she's auditioning for a talk show of her own.

John Potter
Huntington Beach, California

The Camille Paglia interview sizzled. It ranked at the top with interviews of Joyce Carol Oates and David Geffen.

William ReMine
Highlands Ranch, Colorado

Not since the Malcolm X *Playboy Interview* has there been such a revolutionary voice of wit and wisdom.

Tim Rider
Lancaster, Ohio

Camille Paglia's manic diatribes are hotter than any photographs PLAYBOY could offer.

Renata Braganti
New York, New York

NANCY SINATRA

Kudos for the Nancy Sinatra pictorial (*These Boots Are Back*, May). I'm a 22-year-old college senior who once thought that women were sexy only between the ages of 20 and 30. But Nancy proves me wrong. She is absolutely great at 54. By the way, I love the boots.

Chris Chalberg
BacardiMan@aol.com
Waco, Texas

As a teenager in 1968, I loved listening to Nancy Sinatra's music. I bought all of her albums and spent many a sleepless night trying to imagine what was beneath her minidress. So you can certain-

ly understand how seeing Nancy's pictorial is a fantasy come true. She proves that a sexy girl of the Sixties can be a gorgeous woman of the Nineties.

Jim DeRusso
Boston, Massachusetts

Nancy Sinatra is like fine wine. She just gets better with age.

Rick Hurtle
76212.3605@compuserve.com
Mishawaka, Indiana

What an inspiration to ladies over 50. Leave it to my favorite magazine to come up with the pictorial of the year. Let's see more mature women in the future.

Rick Barnes
Shawnee, Oklahoma

I was eight years old when *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'* hit number one, and Nancy Sinatra's thigh-high boots stirred emotions I shouldn't have had until I was in my teens. She proves that age doesn't define what's sexy.

Olin Jenkins
Mr.Typo@eWorld.com
Columbia, South Carolina

First February's *Women Over 40*, then 54-year-old Nancy Sinatra. You guys are killing me. I may never look at a 20-year-old Playmate again.

John Russo
Farmingville, New York

Older women are in and that's all there is to it. Please continue PLAYBOY's classy look at them.

Jeffrey Whitmore Bittner
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

When I was six, I thought Nancy Sinatra was the sexiest woman alive. Thirty years later, I don't see any reason to change my mind. I was thrilled to find out that I fall in the age range of her dating requirements.

Lance Bifoss
Ketchikan, Alaska

I believe Nancy Sinatra found the fountain of youth walking in those boots.

Michael Kolodziejski
Baltimore, Maryland

MUSIC POLL

It was both refreshing and long overdue to see Daisy Fuentes get some recognition for VJ of the Year (*Playboy Music 1995*, May). She is one of the most talented and beautiful women on TV.

Edward Shad
Baldwin, New York

WOMEN

I usually enjoy Cynthia Heimel's column for its feminist perspective, but "Falling for Four-Wheel Drive" (May) offended me. She made many sexist assumptions about women and their inherent inability to learn about cars.

Alison Bateman
Northampton, Massachusetts

Anyone with the intelligence of a nine-year-old can understand the workings of an engine if she makes the effort. If Cynthia Heimel had trouble understanding the manual on basic auto mechanics, she should have enlisted the help of an experienced person—man or woman. The inability to make an informed decision about a car's performance is the result of ignorance, not genetics.

Kristen Cox
coxks@coral.indstate.edu
Terre Haute, Indiana

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I was shocked by Robert Scheer's opinion of Speaker Newt Gingrich ("Get Rich With Newt," May). Nobody thinks Gingrich is any different from Dan Rostenkowski, and nobody cares. Everyone knows that politicians aren't honest. Average Americans didn't vote for the Contract With America. We voted against those maniacs in the White House.

Bill Meyers
San Jose, California

The outcry against Newt Gingrich is another indication of the hypocritical attitudes taken by all political advocates, whether liberal or conservative. As a libertarian, I am less interested in the scandals Scheer presents in his column than in whether or not the programs that politicians support are worthwhile.

Danny Gratrix
Tonasket, Washington

MORE ELMORE

I enjoyed your profile of Elmore Leonard (*Pulp Fiction*, May), but I wonder why Lawrence Grobel didn't say anything about Leonard's publication credits in your magazine. I happened to be reading *Glitz*, which was described in the article as Leonard's first big best-seller, when the May issue arrived. Portions of the book had been excerpted in PLAYBOY, yet there was no mention of this in the profile. I guess it must be an example of your magazine's well-known modesty.

Tom Jackson
Lawton, Oklahoma

I DREAM OF JEANIE

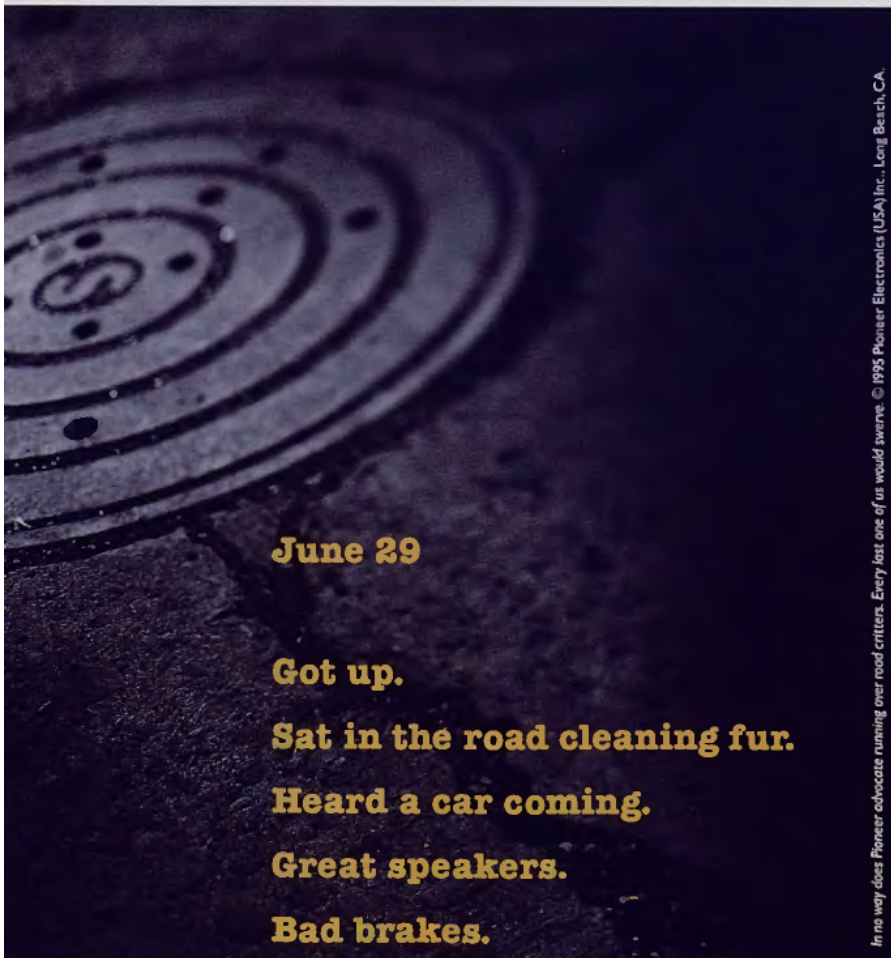
It's great to see a fresh new face running a successful organization. I hope to see more attractive career women like Jeanie Buss (*Dreaming of Jeanie*, May) in PLAYBOY.

James Bowersox
Beloit, Kansas

TRIPLE-HEADER

Your May issue is a three-time winner, with Jeanie Buss, Playmate Cindy Brown and Nancy Sinatra all in one month. Now I wonder what PLAYBOY will do for an encore.

Mel Perry
Sandy Hook, New Jersey



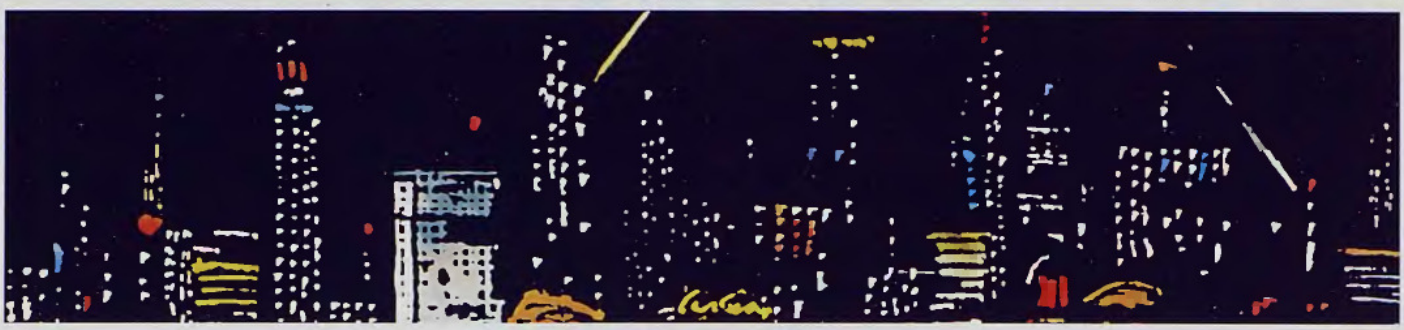
In no way does Pioneer advocate running over road critters. Every last one of us would swerve. © 1995 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.

PIONEER SPEAKERS. Tiny ears ravaged by mites and fleas take notice when you upgrade your car stereo with Pioneer.® We make speakers to fit any car you're driving. And they're crafted from a unique blend of materials for lower distortion, higher sensitivity, and the earth-shaking bass you've grown to love. Try them out, and you'll get a clear, powerful sound guaranteed to amaze just about anything that darts in front of your car. Call 1-800-PIONEER for the dealer nearest you.

PIONEER®
The Art of Entertainment

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain
©1994 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fils (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.
SMIRNOFF
PURE STATEMENT.
SMIRNOFF.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



STUART SAVES A CARD GAME

Game of the month. It doesn't get any better than this—especially after a few drinks. The Feelings Co. explains its Fishing for Feelings game: "Share feelings while playing the card game of Fish. This is a wonderful way to help children learn, describe and share their feelings. Each card has an animated face to match the corresponding feeling. When a player collects all four cards with the same feeling, they [sic] must share a time when they [sic] felt that feeling to keep the cards. The player with the most feelings at the end wins. For ages 6 to 106." Let's see, that means it's probably a really bad idea to get caught in a game with Sally Struthers.

•

Space crunchy. A no-parking sign posted in a driveway on a congested San Francisco street: VISUALIZE BEING TOWED.

SPACE FOR LET

Stretching a point: *The Miami Herald* recently ran an ad for the Lipton Tennis Tournament in Key Biscayne that read: "The Lipton is a lot like South Beach. Except love actually means something."

MISSISSIPPI LEARNING

With Republicans firmly in control of the Senate and House of Representatives, more legislative authority is being returned to individual states. The consensus is that this will lead to more restrictive social policies, so we were pleasantly surprised by a progressive step taken by legislators in Mississippi: In a unanimous vote, the state house ratified the 13th Amendment. After 130 years, it finally voted to abolish slavery.

TOOTIN' TERMITES

Forget about cow belches or car exhaust. Agronomist Corinne Rouland says global warming receives a big boost from termite farts. Apparently, every termite in a tropical forest eats between three and four tons of organic matter per acre each year. Fermentation of cellulose in the pesky critters' digestive tracts then leads to the release of large amounts of methane gas.

YURY NATION

For more than 30 years, cosmonauts at the Baikonur Space Center in Kazakhstan (formerly part of the Soviet Union) have practiced a strange tradition unknown to the West. However, when American astronaut Dr. Norman Thagard joined the Russians for a trip to space station Mir, workers at the Russian-rented center revealed that all space cowboys must make a special stop on their way to the launchpad. Apparently, the custom was started in 1961 by Yury Gagarin, the first human in space. Gagarin stopped the truck taking him to the rocket and pissed on one of its tires. Since then, the firing hasn't stopped.

FRUITFUL GESTURE

To underscore his contention that Oklahoma legislators were "far too uptight" about cutting the state budget, Governor Frank Keating sent the lawmakers gift baskets of prunes. It's a matter of conjecture whether the dried fruit produced the necessary and redemptive flow of legislation.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SKATE DUDES AND DON'TS

When Lodi, California put up signs to remind citizens of a ban on sidewalk skateboarding, the town made certain to display the admonition in terms defiant thrashers could understand: a board and a bandaged leg in a circle with a slash through it. Underneath the image is this warning: NO WAY, DUDE.

WHO GIVES MORE HEAD?

A team of Yale neuroscientists has proved what everyone has known for centuries: Men and women don't think alike. When performing certain linguistic functions, men use an area in the left side of the brain and women use the same area in the left and right sides. The data was seized upon by both feminists and male chauvinists. Some women said it explains why so many men are halfwits, while certain men claimed that it provides a scientific basis for the fact that women can't make up their minds.

TONYA'S TRIP UP THE AISLE

In movies it's called continuity. In video stores it's called a con. The X-rated video enthusiasts at *Batteries Not Included*, a monthly zine, point out that there's something fishy about the infamous Tonya Harding wedding-night video. Seems that hubby Jeff Gillooly has a mustache in an early bathtub sequence that vanishes during the sexual parts of the show yet reappears for the final goodnight kiss. While it's possible the mustache rubbed off during the oral sex scene, it's more likely that the sex on the video did not take place on Tonya and Jeff's wedding night. Which makes sense, because that wasn't rice in her hand, either.

ICE CHEST

Now tourists will get more than the cold shoulder in France. A refrigerated

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

In 1982 the first ad with a scent strip appeared, in *Chicago* magazine; currently, according to the scent sampling company Arcade Inc., 500 million scent strips appear in magazines each year.

QUOTE

"We ought to have an FCC rule that any time anybody is paid for an interview, the price should be superimposed under their face on the television screen. If we were told what people had been paid for these stories, we might be able to better judge their truth or falsity."—WALTER CRONKITE

FIRE POWER

According to Kingsford Products Co., percentage of American households with barbecue grills: 77. Number of times the grill is used each year: 60. Percentage of grilling done by men: 62. Percentage of men who plan the menu: 25.

HORNET'S NEST

Value of a collection of 1 million dead wasps, according to the man who donated it to the American Entomological Institute and then took a tax deduction: $413,000 (41.3 cents per dead bug). Value of the collection according to the Internal Revenue Service: $68,500 (about seven cents per wasp).

REPTILIAN TRADE

Number of alligator hides harvested annually by Louisiana and Florida trappers and farmers: 162,000. Largest consumer of finished alligator products: Japan.

THE BREADBASKET SPREAD

Recommended daily dose of fat for an adult, in grams: 65. Grams of fat in a Reuben (corned beef, sauerkraut, Swiss cheese, Russian dressing): 50; in a tuna sandwich: 43; in a veggie sandwich (avocado, cheese, mayonnaise): 40; in a BLT: 37; in a roast beef sandwich with mustard: 12; in a turkey sandwich with mustard: 6.

CAR TALK

According to a national survey, percentage of women who talk to their cars: 41; percentage of men who talk to their cars: 30. Percentage of women who give their cars names: 16; percentage of men: 10.

CURING ELEPHANTIASIS

Average number of new people hired each year by the federal government during the past two Republican administrations: 130,000. Annual number of new hires since Clinton was elected: 40,000.

CAUTION: SLOW ADULTS

On freeways and rural highways, the accident rate for cars that go five to ten miles per hour over the speed limit: 24 accidents per 100,000 vehicle miles. The accident rate for cars that go ten to 15 mph over the speed limit: 51 per 100,000 vehicle miles. The rate for cars going ten to 15 mph under the limit: 449 per 100,000 vehicle miles.

MANHUNT

Percentage of American men who have hunted, fished or camped during the past year: 46 (41 million).

HOT HEADLINES

According to a survey of news stories between 1986 and 1995 by the Times Mirror Center, percentage of Americans interested in the explosion of space shuttle Challenger: 80; percentage interested in the San Francisco earthquake: 73; in the Gulf war: 67; the caning of a U.S. youth in Singapore: 32; the O.J. Simpson case: 30; the breakup of Woody Allen and Mia Farrow: 3. —BETTY SCHAAL

bra has just been introduced to the national market. After the contraption is chilled in the fridge, next to the frogs' legs, the material will hold the cold and give an uplifted, perky appearance.

LOVE ON THE RUN

For more than ten years, Chicago taxi driver Ellis "Chubby" Miller has cultivated a reputation as Cupid in a cab. Because most of his fares are businesspeople looking for a ride to the airport, he started compiling a book of photos and biographies of passengers willing to participate for just five dollars apiece. More than 500 members each have a file in the portfolio and are allowed to contact three people. So far, Chubby has matched a few couples who have gotten married. As a matter of fact, someone in our Chicago office—who is the first to admit she's a hard fix-up—gave it a shot. Much to everyone's shock, she got married. But not for long. Her reaction to the whole experience? Great—but next time she's going to the airport in a limo.

JUDGE MENTAL CASES

If the O.J. Simpson proceedings have undermined your faith in the judicial system, some recent incidents around the country will confirm that the courts are a circus. In Houston, Judge J.R. Musslewhite received a public reprimand for fondling female prosecutors and drinking evidence in a drunk driving case. In St. Johnsbury, Vermont, defendant Chinka Whitekiller Buck asked permission to conduct a traditional sage-burning to purify the courtroom before his trial—for arson. And in Norristown, Pennsylvania, after convicted drug dealer Howard "Wing Ding" Jones was indicted again recently, his lawyer requested $1000 bail and promised Jones would not flee. According to a prosecutor, when the judge announced bail at $150,000, "Jones hit the courtroom door like a fullback." He was captured quickly.

PIG PENNED

After $2000 worth of training and a few weeks on the job, Louis Lee was fired from the drug unit in Freeport, Illinois. Lee slept through assignments, was too short to perform his duties and exhibited deplorable personal hygiene. Specifically, said Chief Don Parker, "He dumped in the squad car." Lee, a Vietnamese potbellied pig hired to sniff out drugs, isn't expected to appeal his discharge. At least someone is cutting back on law enforcement pork.

WHEN IN ROM

While in Milan, a colleague was puzzled by a store called *Flopporia*. It turns out it sells software, but it could as easily rent the video oeuvre of John Ritter.

YOUR BASIC® HIT

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MUSIC

ROCK

IN 1987 *Introducing the Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby* seemed to signal the debut of an international star. The Florida native, who had risen to prominence in London, was both progressive and retro. He had a strong, passionate voice that echoed Sam Cooke's. He had a lean, exotic look. He gave quirky, entertaining and egotistical interviews. D'Arby became more a cult figure than a star.

Maybe that's for the best. D'Arby's fourth recording, the modestly titled ***Terence Trent D'Arby's Vibrator*** (Work/Sony), is another survey of idiosyncratic soul (*Holding on to You*, *Surrender*), odd rock excursions (*Supermodel Sandwich*) and show-off ballad performances (*If You Go Before Me*). *Vibrator* is not so compelling as its predecessors. Some of D'Arby's obsessions may have become too familiar. Still, when his sensibility is focused, he's as cheeky as he wants to be.

Bad Brains, a pioneering hard-core band noted for its rapid transition from guitar-based thrashing to sultry reggae, have reassembled the band's original four-man lineup for ***God of Love*** (Maverick). It's the fast, frenetic *Justice Keepers* and the searing title track that highlight this welcome return. —NELSON GEORGE

With ***Scarified*** (Zero Hour) the Dirt Merchants wrest remarkably dramatic songs from cacophony. Is this post-noise? Vocalist-guitarist Maria Christopher offers further proof that these days girls do this stuff better than boys.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Some musicians do their best work in midlife. Neil Young, George Jones and Bonnie Raitt have proved that pop musicians can bring a vibrancy to their mature work. Bob Dylan's work is less certain. A Sixties supernova, he transformed folk and rock by wedding musical tradition with modern lyrics. Some people claim that you can still hear brilliance in every note he plays. Other people resent him for not being the transcendent figure he once was. If you're under 30, you may wonder what all the damn fuss is about. Dylan's risky, if inevitable, ***MTV Unplugged*** (Columbia), should give plenty of ammo to both sides. Classics such as *Desolation Row* lack the old fire or new revelations. But on new or obscure material (*John Brown* and *Shooting Star*, for example) he finds his voice. After a perfunctory *Like a Rolling Stone*, he ends with a beautiful *With God on Our Side*. It surpasses anything he's done in years. —VIC GARBARINI

The Brooklyn Side (East Side Digital, 530 N. Third St., Minneapolis, MN 55401) by the Bottle Rockets is a fine heartland rock set that includes some of the best car songs of the decade (notably *1000 Dollar Car*) and an anti-Newt rant, *Welfare Music*, that demolishes Rush Limbaugh in one line. —DAVE MARSH

DAVID CONLEY

Terence Trent D'Arby's new image.

D'Arby's Vibrator, James Carter's *Quietstorm* and Guy Clark's *Dublin Blues*.

WORLD MUSIC

What keeps ***Clannad's Themes*** (Celtic Heartbeat/Atlantic), a collection of film and TV music, from being New Age fluff? A haunting Gaelic earthiness. The theme *Harry's Game*, from the movie *Patriot Games*, is a minor masterpiece. Also stirring is Maire Brennan's duet with Bono on *In a Lifetime*. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

James Carter's ***The Real Quietstorm*** (Atlantic Jazz) enters the fray over the meaning of traditional jazz. A 26-year-old veteran of both Wynton Marsalis' and Julius Hemphill's bands, Carter turns in a set of standards, including Monk's *'Round Midnight* and Jackie McLean's *A Ballad for a Doll*. He plays these classics straight-up on a variety of instruments: baritone, tenor, alto and soprano saxes, bass clarinet and bass flute. Carter conveys tremendous respect for these tunes. He never wigs out, Sixties-style, the way he did on his earlier, almost-equally-wonderful Sony/DIW sets, *Jurassic Classics* and *J.C. on the Set*. Carter's attitude is swinging and free. Rather than honoring these numbers with a stiff neck, as other neoclassicists might do, Carter blows their guts out, turning jazz back to its roots. His band is showcased as a rhythmic ensemble. To clinch the point, he closes the album with *Eventide* from Bill Doggett, a rhythm-and-blues genius. Carter stays well within himself here, but he's knocking down conceptual barriers. I haven't had this much fun with a jazz record in a long time. —DAVE MARSH

The 75th birthday of trumpeter Clark Terry is marked by a slew of new releases and a nationally broadcast showcase from this month's Chicago Jazz Festival. Few artists deserve so much attention. In his native St. Louis, Terry's fluid technique and sly tone left their mark on the young Miles Davis. Terry starred in both the Ellington and Basie bands, mixing explosive fast-tempo solos with the slow, teasing blues numbers that he still plays better than anyone else. Terry started off this year with ***Remember the Time*** (Mons), which provides a good, if slightly coy, introduction to his work. But he plays with more spirit and abandon on the album ***Talkin' Trash*** (DIW), led by his former pianist James Williams. *Trash* also features plenty of Mumbles, Terry's comical scat-singing alter ego. And on ***The Second Set*** (Chesky), Terry and saxist Jimmy Heath fire up a lighthearted performance at the Village Gate in New York, providing a perfect portrait of a true jazz original.

In Britain, acid jazz deejays have placed such demand on Blue Note's funk-ified late-Sixties recordings that the label has started reissuing them under the rubric of Rare Grooves. The best of the first batch includes trumpeter Donald Byrd's African-inspired ***Kofi*** and organist John Patton's soul-snatching ***Boogaloo,*** featuring the wild flights of sax player Harold Alexander. —NEIL TESSER

BLUES

Long before Soul Asylum, long before Prince, there was a thriving music scene in Minneapolis. Its foremost export was Bob Dylan, but he wasn't the only major talent. "Spider" John Koerner, Dave "Snaker" Ray and Tony "Little Sun" Glover performed in area coffeehouses, recorded in various combinations and made an important contribution to the folk revival of the early Sixties. Some three decades after it appeared, their first album, ***Blues, Rags & Hollers*** (Red House Records), has been reissued, and it sounds as good to me now as it did then. As a trio, Koerner, Ray and Glover brought a raucous, highly rhythmic

A first from Paramount Pictures

STAR TREK®

The only Officially Authorized Collectible of its kind.

Individually numbered by hand.

Shown actual size of 5½" (13.97 cm) in height.

Paramount
A VIACOM COMPANY

Spectacular Limited Edition Sculpture Showcased in a crystal-clear dome.

A MUST FOR STAR TREK COLLECTORS! Intricate sculpture that boldly re-creates the legendary saga of the STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.™ For the first time ever encased in a crystal-clear dome.

The most famous starship in history dramatically portrayed. And every detail—from the luminous moon in the distant solar system—to the Command Insignia of the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE™ on the sculptured base, is authenticated by Paramount Pictures and accurately and superbly rendered in Tesori® porcelain, a sculptor's blend of powdered porcelain and resins. Then hand-painted and individually numbered by hand.

The U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. Just $37.50.* This Officially Authorized specially imported Limited Edition will close forever after 95 casting days. Available only from The Franklin Mint.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

ISSUED IN A WORLDWIDE LIMITED EDITION.

TM, ® & © 1995 Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK and related marks are Trademarks of Paramount Pictures.

A Limited Edition Fine Art Sculpture. Individually Hand-Numbered and Hand-Painted.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by August 31, 1995.

Please enter my order for the U.S.S. ENTERPRISE,™ officially authorized by Paramount Pictures.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed $37.50* when my sculpture is ready to be sent. *Limit: one sculpture per collector.*

**Plus my state sales tax and $2.95 for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

16506-40-001

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
James Carter *The Real Quietstorm*	9	9	9	9	9
Terence Trent D'Arby *Vibrator*	5	6	7	8	8
Bob Dylan *MTV Unplugged*	7	7	8	8	7
Koerner, Ray and Glover *Blues, Rags & Hollers*	6	7	8	7	9
Little Charlie and the Nightcats *Straight Up*	8	7	5	4	7

STEAL THIS CD DEPARTMENT: American Recordings claims that **Danzig** has more fans who are shoplifters than any other band. The record company says a normal rate of one percent pilferage is expected at retail. *Danzig 4* exceeded 15 percent. Only in rock and roll would something like this be reported with a measure of pride.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Madonna** is expected to film *Evita*, after all. . . . **Joe Eszterhas** is writing a film bio of **Otis Redding.** Eszterhas sees either **Eddie Murphy** or **Wesley Snipes** as Redding. We don't. . . . **Brandy,** fresh from touring with **Boyz II Men,** shot a TV pilot for a half-hour sitcom called *Moesha*.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for a new **Fleetwood Mac** LP. We don't know about you, but we are sick of *Rumors*. . . . New Yorkers can get subway passes decorated with artwork from **Anita Baker's** *Rhythm of Love* album. She is the first artist to be honored with such a card. . . . There won't be a **Doors** box set for at least a year. **Robby Krieger** says the delay is over packaging. "I want it to be a big box set with every album in its own jacket. They are talking about three or four CDs with two albums per CD." . . . **Suzanne Vega's** next album should be out in early 1996. . . . Doing time the rock-and-roll way: **Dr. Dre** got out for a day to film the video for *Keep Their Heads Ringin'*. . . . **Don Was** plans to produce live albums for both the **Stones** and **Bonnie Raitt.** . . . If you like **Boston,** go see them this summer because there won't be a record. . . . This month, expect to see a three-CD box set of **Alice Cooper** material. About half the stuff has never been out on CD in the U.S. before. But there won't be an album of new releases until next year. . . . The **Frank Zappa** catalog, which has begun to appear in stores, is part of some 60 discs acquired by Rykodisc. The releases were prepared from new masters approved by Zappa and represent the final versions of his work. All the artwork has been restored. . . . In other Zappa news, **Ahmet** and **Dweezil** have a second album, *Music for Pets*, coming out. Dweezil says, "We thought the pet market was as good a place as any to start trying to sell music." The fruit falls close to the tree. . . . Get a copy of *Ventilator Blues Zine* (P.O. Box 1045, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703) for a wonderful, rambling interview with **Stanley Booth,** who wrote a classic, *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones*, and the more recent *Keith* (St. Martin's Press). In the interview, Booth regales the editor with anecdotes about **Mick, Charlie, Brian** and **Keith,** whom he describes as "an old fart sitting around throwing cigarettes in the air and catching them in his mouth." . . . There are more platinum albums this year than last. **Van Halen's** double-platinum *Balance* makes the band the only group to have all its titles—11—go multiplatinum. . . . The **Black Crowes** like the way fans have responded to invitations to tape concerts. Drummer **Steve Gorman** said the first thing he sees when he comes onstage are mikes hanging from trees. "People bring some pretty sophisticated equipment," says Gorman. The band does have an occasional off night, he says. "But when you're a fan, you want to hear that stuff. I've never gotten a bootleg and said, 'Oh man, that's really terrible.'" —BARBARA NELLIS

approach to the acoustic blues that effectively captured the essence of their forbears. Ray, in particular, had a haunting voice and a mastery of the 12-string guitar that placed him in a direct line from Leadbelly and Blind Willie McTell. Glover was an ace with the blues harp, and Koerner brought a delightful sense of humor to his pounding rags. Buy it, then write letters to Red House (P.O. Box 4044, St. Paul, Minnesota 55104) demanding they reissue everything else.

Rare Performances 1960–1979 (Vestapol/Rounder) is a videotape by Lightnin' Hopkins. His droning, open-string bass lines and ingenious riffs in the upper register helped to define Texas blues. The humorous lyrics rate with Chuck Berry's and his stage presence with Louis Armstrong's, but nobody else sounds like him. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

The titular leader of Little Charlie and the Nightcats is guitarist Charlie Baty, whose light touch and licks owe as much to jazz and Western swing as they do to sweet home Chicago. The concept master is front man Rick Estrin, who sings, does saxophone impressions on harmonica, and writes songs with pizzazz. The Nightcats' sixth and strongest album for Alligator, ***Straight Up,*** will startle cynics convinced the white blues circuit is a refuge for know-nothings. On wise-ass novelties such as *You Gonna Lie* and *Me and My Big Mouth*, Estrin recalls Willie Dixon and Leiber and Stoller. On sharp-swinging workouts like *I Could Deal With It* and the witty instrumental *Gerontology*, this California boogie band rocks the house as if Louis Jordan were still on the hit parade. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOLK

On ***Dublin Blues*** (Asylum), Guy Clark's grave whiskey-bred voice is somewhere between country and folk (that is, between Waylon Jennings and Bob Dylan). His songs have narratives as compelling as their plain melodies. The closer, *Randall Knife*, should grab those people who never met their fathers. —DAVE MARSH

R&B

I'm not going to claim that Hi, the other great Memphis label, is the equal of Stax Volt. But I'll swear on a stack of ribs that ***Hi Times: Hi Records, The R&B Years*** will give you more bang per disc than any of Stax' monster compendiums. True, many of the tracks on this set are by Al Green. But over producer Willie Mitchell's sweet jazz inflections Ann Peebles, Syl Johnson, Otis Clay and O.V. Wright recorded music that deserved far better than the bottom of the black music charts. Now you can give them their propers. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Captain was here
Captain Morgan
750 ML
ORIGINAL SPICED RUM
Captain Morgan
ORIGINAL
SPICED RUM
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
Puerto Rican Rum with spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 proof) • Captain Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD © 1995.

STYLE

SWELL DOPP KITS

Developed by Charles Doppelt around 1919, the Dopp kit ($45, pictured top) is a leather toiletry case designed to stow a man's grooming essentials neatly. Today, the Massachusetts–based Buxton Co. is the exclusive producer of the Dopp kit, though the term is often used generically for similarly styled cases. Donna Karan's contemporary version (bottom, $165), for example, is made of black waterproof rubber with a zip top and an inside zippered compartment. Italian designer Nazareno Gabrielli uses stain- and scratch-resistant olive canvas trimmed in leather to create a sleek kit ($138) with no pockets inside or out. Nautica went for color and durability: Its sporty navy and yellow kit (center, $34) is made of a special waterproof nylon and has two zippered outside pockets for extra storage. And for something that closely resembles the original Dopp, check out Eddie Bauer's full-grain, dark-brown leather kit ($60) with an easy-to-clean, water-resistant nylon lining, or Ghurka's Hold All ($195), a supersoft chestnut leather case with a leakproof vinyl liner and an inside zippered compartment for stowing secret stashes.

HOT SHOPPING: CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Redwood trails and cliffside beaches define the scenic appeal of Carmel-by-the-Sea, a small village where shopping is big business. If you are there August 18–20, catch the vintage car festival at nearby Pebble Beach, which culminates with the exciting Concours d'Elegance. On the Beach (Ocean and Mission): A cutting-edge surf store featuring its own line of beachwear. • Pacific Canvas & Cargo (San Carlos between 5th and 6th): Distinctive handwoven shirts, plus rugged, quality luggage. • Wings America (Dolores and 7th): An aviation specialty store with hand-carved model airplanes and great bomber jackets. • Khakis (3744 the Barnyard): Cool casual clothes for men.

CLOTHES LINE

Off the set of ABC-TV's *Lois & Clark*, leading man **Dean Cain** likes to dress quite casually. "Mostly, I wear Nike sweatpants and Doc Martens," says the former all-American football player, who also swears by Zanella's slacks ("They are comfortable and cool") and says he's a "Calvin Klein T-shirt junkie." Our Man of Steel admits he's really tough on his clothing. "I absolutely destroy it." Although he's been linked to a bevy of beauties, Cain won't discuss the ladies in his life—except one. "I'm really proud that my mother graced the pages of PLAYBOY in the late Sixties." We definitely agree that Superman has one super mom.

THE BOXER REBELLION

Although traditional woven boxer shorts will never be considered passé, knit looks (which hit about midthigh) have become quite the rage. Why? Because they're comfortable under suits yet beefy enough to be worn solo as gym shorts. A few cool looks to consider include Tommy Hilfiger's cotton knit boxers in heather gray and white with a signature flag on the waistband. Emporio Armani offers two basic "midway" looks in black and white that are fitted and have waistbands that match the black or white color of the shorts. The ecofriendly knit boxers in the Guess Green line have a globe logo on the waistband and are colored with natural dyes. For those who favor patterns, Perry Ellis offers yarn-dyed knit boxers in gray with plum, navy or hunter green stripes. Stripes also show up on Polo by Ralph Lauren boxer briefs. And for below-the-belt humor, Joe Boxer offers styles featuring banana or hot dog prints.

SCENT OF A MAN

Some women love a hint of scent on their men but don't want to be overpowered. For subtle appeal, consider a stick deodorant or antiperspirant lightly scented with a designer fragrance. Donna Karan's DK Men offers antiperspirant protection warmly scented with citrus, suede and tobacco. If you prefer a cooler scent, look for evergreen-inspired antiperspirants such as Giorgio Beverly Hills' Red for Men, and Égoïste Platinum by Chanel with essence of geranium and tree moss. A nondrying, alcohol-free deodorant stick is another option. We like the light soap-and-water fragrance of Guy Laroche's Horizon, Calvin Klein's Escape for Men and new Nightflight from Joop. And if you're a guy who likes power at his fingertips, check out Brut's Actif Blue clear deodorants and antiperspirants in new click-control packages. Using one is like working the TV remote—only it smells better.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

CASUAL BELTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Webbed skateboorder styles; 1" to 1½" widths; suede ond ungrained leathers	Studded conch belts; straps trimmed in heavy metal hardware; 2" to 3" (and more) widths
COLORS	Brawn or black; tan luggage tones; taupe or olive drab	Burgundy; white; fluorescents; materials that scream "This is fake skin"
BUCKLES	Military styles; matte gold or silver; square and rectangular shapes	Large, overdone cowbay styles; goofy-laoking product logos

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the **American Gem Society**, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-341-6214.**

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

Diamond Information Center
Sponsored by DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Est. 1888.
A diamond is forever. DeBeers

WIRED

ALL'S FAIR

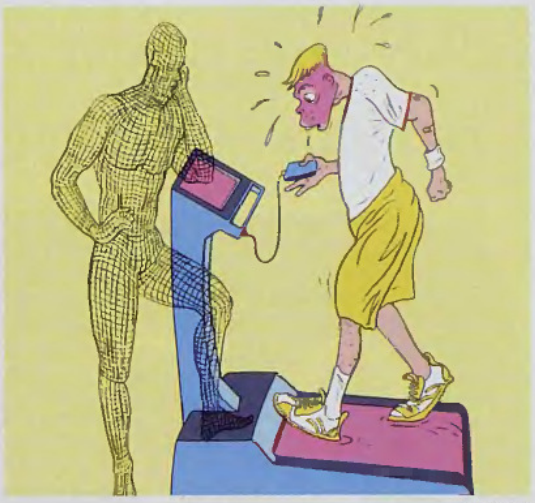
If you are tired of being just another name and number in cyberspace, get ready to dial up the Interactive Worlds Fair. An online service scheduled to debut this fall, the Fair lets you explore computer-rendered pavilions, exhibits, pubs and conference rooms in the form of animated characters. Instead of signing on as Joe 75471, for example, you'll interact as a robot or a non-Barney tyrannosaur—and we're not talking simple cartoons. Inspired by the environments in games such as *Doom* and *Myst*, the Fair immerses you in a world of smoothly scrolling 3-D landscapes. The video game–like interface (stored on CD-ROM) will feature a number of attractions, which you reach by way of a space shuttle, jet pack and other futuristic modes of transportation. Sites include a science pavilion, comedy and music clubs and a charming Parisian café. At the latter, you'll be able to admire the art on the walls or pick up a virtual java and join other subscribers at a table for some real-time chat. The Interactive Worlds Fair is a joint venture of California-based Landmark Entertainment Group and Worlds Inc., a software developer with several Hollywood investors, including Steven Spielberg. Costs are expected to be between $10 and $20 for the CD-ROM, with connection fees comparable to those of other commercial online services.

INTERACTIVE TV GETS REAL

AT&T is one of the first companies to deliver on the promise of interactive television. Its $349 Home Center System, an electronic box that links the TV to phone lines, brings a host of smart new functions to the tube. At its most basic level, the Home Center is an on-screen digital telephone answering machine. You scroll through your list of messages with the supplied universal remote control, select one and listen as it plays back through the built-in speaker. The device also allows you to pay bills and to receive custom weather and traffic reports, sports scores, stock quotes, news—all for about $6 per month. Banking services similar to those offered at ATMs will be available for an additional fee, as will the ability to send and receive faxes and e-mail.

JOCKS IN A BOX

Life Fitness, the world's largest manufacturer of computerized workout equipment, has developed a multimedia kiosk with IBM that may give personal trainers a run for their muscles. The Lifecenter Interactive Training System is debuting in health clubs nationwide this summer as a free member service. Using a touch-screen monitor with an easy-to-follow graphic interface, the Lifecenter allows you to view video demonstrations of proper exercise movements and to select body parts from an anatomical illustration for a list of related exercises. But the most impressive feature is an electronic link that enables the kiosk to communicate with the club's Life Fitness circuit training and cardiovascular gear. After you log on with an ID card, the Lifecenter automatically sets the weight levels, repetitions and durations as you move from machine to machine. Details on complete sets and routines, including calories burned, are downloaded and stored in the kiosk. When you are finished with your workout, you can request a printout of the day's results or one that charts your progress over time. Read it and weep.



ISTVAN BANYAI

WILD THINGS

A spoce-age device for corporate climbers, Polycom's Sound Station (pictured here) is a two-way speakerphone system with an integrated telephone keypod, three microphones and digitolly tuned speakers. For conference colls, the $995 device provides 360 degrees of coverage, allowing several people to talk simultaneously without clipping off parts of the conversation. (Standard speakerphones are capable of transmitting only one voice at a time.) The Sound Stotion also features digital signol processing technology that reduces echoes and distortion ond has o mute button and an RCA jack for a tape recorder.

• For one-to-one telephone conversations, Cincinnati Microwave's 900-mega-hertz Escort 9020 is a wise choice. In addition to offering eight times the range of a standard cordless telephone, the second-generation Escort has a variety of features that help protect privacy—namely, 100 channels, 100,000 digitol security codes and Spread Spectrum, a technology that eliminates annoying interference from other wireless devices. The price: obout $300.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

The baseball strike ended. So what? The baseball simulation ***Hardball 4*** filled the gap nicely. With its realistic arcade graphics, commentary by Al Michaels and game updates that give the matchups the feel of the broadcast booth, the game has enough bells and whistles to keep you occupied for hours. In addition to handling the duties of batter, fielder, pitcher, base runner, statistician, trainer, manager and owner, you are faced with wind shifts, temperature changes, falling humidity and fatigued pitchers. You have the option of accepting a default team, assembling your own or installing a separate disc that includes the major leaguers' data from last season. Once your team is in place, you can play pickup games or commit to 13-, 81- or 162-game schedules. Hardball 4, like its predecessors, remains batter-friendly, with scores of 15–3 or 21–7 not uncommon. And the computer can be a quirky opponent, which is why we suggest you turn a second joystick over to a friend (the game supports modem play) and send the digital logic to the showers. (By Accolade, for DOS, $60. MLBPA Players Disk, about $25.)

Play ball!

Simply put, ***Descent*** kicks ass. It's the first among dozens of Doom clones to surpass the computer-game engineering standard established by Doom's creator, Id Software. The key is the disc's amazing 3-D environment. Players pilot ships for the Post Terrain Mineral Corp. through the mines of Lunar Base I, rescuing hostages and battling renegade robots, vertigo and one another. While Descent's realistic landscape takes some getting used to, it's easy to control your ship. (We customized our keyboard controls and were whipping through the mines in minutes.) When you get bored blasting robots, Descent takes head-to-head death-match play to a new level. As many as 32 players can hunt one another, cooperate in cleaning out the mines or go to war in teams. Throw some spectacular graphics and a killer soundtrack into the mix and you get the standard by which other 3-D action games will be judged. (By Interplay for DOS, $40. Also available as shareware on the Interplay BBS at 714-252-2822 as well as on the Internet at Interplay's Web site http://www.interplay.com or ftp.cdrom.com:/pub/descent.)

CYBER SCOOP

Intersection '95, a two-doy omalgam of electronic entertainment and live alternative music, is scheduled to hit Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and other major cities this fall courtesy of the Lallapalooza arganizers. Attractions will include CD-ROM and video game play, virtual reality demos and online service previews. The ticket price: $15.

When Microsaft's new 32-bit operating system debuts later this month, you can be up and running by picking up a copy of CRT Multimedia's Easy Tutor Learn Windows '95. The $40 CD-ROM provides navigation infarmation and offers comparisons to Windaws 3.1—but it won't point out the bugs.

ONLINE

You're working and you need a break. Instead of destroying Doom demons again, feed your mind online. The Internet is filled with information covering a variety of topics. There are World Wide Web sites replete with graphics and interactive opportunities, or, if your system isn't equipped with a browser, you can visit file transfer protocols. Here are some places to start. • The Infinite Goof: The Tom Robbins Home Page: references every sacred word put to paper by Robbins, plus cool book-cover GIFs and access to related newsgroups and mailing lists (http://coos.dartmouth.edu:80/~cygnus/robbins.html). • Hyperreal: This FTP centered on the rave scene lets you download articles, images and games. It also includes discussions on the latest mind-altering substances and the cultivation of cyberia (hyperreal.com). • Gizmos: If you love *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, this FTP is packed with facts (and gossip) on the popular show. (The site is clover.cleaf.com; the directory is pub/mstk3k/gizmos.) • Rec.autos.tech: A car-lovers' directory with information on everything from auto repairs to safety advice (rtfm.mit.edu/pub/usenet/rec.autos.tech). • The Unit Circle: An eclectic foray into experimental music, futuristic societies and the true meaning of humankind. All that and comic book reviews, too (http://www.etext.org/zines/Unit Circle). • *Factsheet Five, Electric* (http://www.well.com): Accessed via the Well home page, this is the definitive index to nearly every online zine available—complete with addresses, descriptions and reviews. • Learning to navigate the thousands of networks and hundreds of thousands of computers that constitute the Internet is enough to make anyone pull the plug on the PC. Fortunately, we've found several books that simplify surfing yet won't put you to sleep with a lot of technical language. Random House Electronic Publishing's Net books are among the best. Dubbed the "*TV Guide* to cyberspace," this series of directories by Michael Wolff & Co. of New York includes *Net Guide* (a look at 1500 Internet games, mailing lists and newsgroups), *Net Chat* (a list of places for practicing pickup lines), *Net Trek* (online attractions for Trekkers), *Net Money* (personal finance sites) and the forthcoming *Net Sports* and *Net Music*. Check out the informative and funny ***Internet Insider*** from Osborne/McGraw-Hill. This overview of the I-way presents information tabloid-style with great tacky photos and art. And finally, ***Best of the Net,*** from IDG Books, is the perfect compendium of hot spots and advice for newbies. Written in the same humorous tone as the publisher's *For Dummies* book series.

World Wide weirdness on the Net

DIGITAL DUDS

Flash Traffic: We like the plot: You're an FBI agent who has to prevent a nuclear blast from flattening Los Angeles. But the scenery-chewing actors and choppy audio/video reproduction on this CD-ROM are a bomb.

Gone Fishin': Take a pass at catching digital bass—unless you don't mind paying about $50 for a CD-ROM simulation that's even slower than the real thing.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

TRAVEL

BOOK IT YOURSELF

Squeezed by airline commission caps, travel agents are starting to charge for booking flights and organizing complicated travel plans. So computer-literate travelers are making their own reservations via easy-to-use online services. The *Official Airline Guides*, for example, let you scan schedules and fares on Motorola's Envoy, a small personal wireless communicator. All you do is key in search parameters—dates, departure city, destination, desired times, carrier, seating class, etc.—and *OAG* give you the best flights, lowest fares, seat availability and reservation numbers. Travelers can also access *OAG* on commercial online services such as Compuserve, Dialog, the Dow Jones News/Retrieval and Genie. As with the Envoy setup, you can check flights and fares for any airline, plug in your frequent-flier number, choose seats and indicate whether you want to pick up the tickets or have them sent to you (overnight if necessary). For real *OAG* junkies, there's Flight Disk, a Windows software program that is updated monthly with complete airline schedules. You can use it to hook directly to *OAG*'s database for a list of current fares. The cost is $269 a year. EAAsy Sabre and Worldspan Travelshopper, two reservation services that allow you to make flight, hotel and rental car arrangements, are online. You can also check out Tourism Info Internet on the World Wide Web at http://www.tkz.fhrpl.de/tii/tiie.html. You'll find direct links to international airlines, rail services and hotels as well as to the U.S. State Department Travel Advisories and the *CIA World Factbook*—to ensure safe round-trip flights, no doubt.

GLENN ARVIDSON

NIGHT MOVES: BERLIN

Six years ago this November, the party geared up in Berlin as the Wall came down. But that hasn't altered the social life of Berliners, who have always treated every night as New Year's Eve. And East Berliners are now feverishly making up for lost time. The result: The party continues. Berlin has nearly 7000 restaurants, bars and cafés and most stay open late. In fact, the locals live for *Feierabend*, or evening celebrations. There is little distinction between bars and cafés in Berlin and no strict hours. Begin with an early-evening drink at one of the outdoor cafés such as the Aschinger, situated along the Kurfürstendamm—which has miles of luxury hotels, cafés and nightclubs. Move on to Café Oren (on Oranienburgerstrasse). The owner is a former Israeli paratrooper who insists on playing Hebrew folk music. Then check out Café Hegel (on the Savignyplatz), which is run by a Russian exile for Russian exiles. The vodka flows freely here and it's a great pick-up spot. Clubs include the Bunker (24-25 Albrechtstrasse), a former Nazi bunker that rocks until dawn. The E-Work (43 Wilhelmstrasse) opens at 11 P.M. on Fridays and midnight on Saturdays. It was a power station and is now a techno dance palace. Delicious Doughnuts Research at 9 Rosenthalerstrasse (no, it doesn't serve doughnuts) opens Tuesday through Sunday at ten P.M. The music is great and so is the high-energy dance floor.

GREAT ESCAPE

POST RANCH INN

Thirty miles south of Carmel in the heart of woodsy Big Sur is the Post Ranch Inn, a romantic 30-unit cliffside luxury resort. Open a bottle of local wine, settle back in your private stone-and-tile indoor whirlpool for two and drink in the view. If you opt for a Coast House you're treated to

a panoramic view of the coastline. Tree Houses are built on stilts that put you in the redwoods. Each accommodation has a wood-burning fireplace and huge bed with feather comforter for serious snuggling. No automobiles are allowed beyond the parking lot on the resort's 98 acres, which also include a candlelit restaurant and bar, a spa and lap pool and lots of walking trails. Prices begin at $265 per night, and various room packages are available.

ON THE GO

Grundig's new digital world receiver, the easy-to-use YB-305 (pictured here), is a pint-size shortwave radio with 30 memory presets and direct key-in. Its weight (19 ounces) is as low as its $130 price. • Keep your valuables safe at the beach, the pool, the club or even in a hotel room. Sentry has just introduced the Portable Lock'R, a high-impact plastic combination safe that's not much bigger than a paperback. The Lock'R features a tough aircraft cable that can be attached to a stationary object, such as a fence. The $20 model will hold a wallet and keys. The $30 size is large enough for a cellular phone, etc. • Minolta has released the Freedom Zoom Explorer, the world's smallest 35mm lens shutter camera with a 2.5x (28mm to 70 mm) lens. Price: about $300.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

1965 PONTIAC GTO

Officially authorized by Pontiac Division

Shown smaller than actual size of 8½" in length.

Believe it or not: All photos depict our incredibly detailed replica—not the actual car!

A meticulously engineered die-cast metal replica—hand-assembled from over 150 precision parts.

It was a wolf in sheep's clothing...a clean looking two-door hardtop that could—in a heartbeat—turn into a ferocious, brutally fast muscle car. A "Tri-Power" optioned GTO, with its 389 cubic-inch V-8 engine breathing through three two-barrel carburetors, pushed out a street-pounding 360 horsepower. Now, you can acquire an authentically detailed replica of this legendary muscle car.

Over 150 scale parts go into making this handsome replica in the large 1:24 scale.

All the major components are die-cast metal. Each replica is individually polished by hand to a showroom finish.

No-risk—satisfaction guaranteed.

The *1965 Pontiac GTO* is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint at just $94.50, payable in three monthly installments of $31.50. You can order at no risk because your satisfaction is guaranteed. To order, send no money now. Return your Reservation Application today!

Precise replica of V-8 engine.

Meticulously detailed trunk.

Authentic dials and gauges.

© 1994 MBI

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

1965 PONTIAC GTO

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Send no money now.

Yes! Reserve my *1965 Pontiac GTO*. I will pay for my replica in three monthly installments of $31.50*. If not completely satisfied with my replica, I may return it within 30 days for replacement or refund.

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $1.50 shipping and handling per installment.

Pontiac, GTO, and Body Design are trademarks of General Motors Corporation and used under license.

Name_____
(Please print clearly.)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Signature_____
(Orders subject to acceptance.)

Allow 4 to 8 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

1953FPY1

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FILM STUDENTS should consider ***Living in Oblivion*** (Sony Classics) required viewing. Writer-director Tom DiCillo's inside view of a cinematic work-in-progress is simultaneously hair-raising and hilarious. No doubt inspired by DiCillo's own experiences in making a movie (*Johnny Suede* with Brad Pitt), *Oblivion* stars Steve Buscemi as Nick, the harried director whose woes on the set would drive a man to justifiable homicide. Nick's having a fling with his neurotic leading lady (Catherine Keener), who casually tumbles into bed with the egomaniacal leading man, Chad Palomino (played with preening malice by James LeGros). Even the cameraman (Dermot Mulroney) is a stud with attitude. Every caterer, gaffer, assistant and bit player contributes to the bedlam. Nothing goes right that could possibly go awry. While *Oblivion* looks improvised, it isn't. DiCillo has this comedy of errors under control at all times, quite aware that the insane process of getting a movie in the can is probably a lot more fun than being a retail clerk or insurance adjuster. ¥¥¥

•

A leisurely air of self-indulgence pervades ***Smoke*** (Miramax), written by novelist Paul Auster and directed by Wayne Wang (who made *The Joy Luck Club*). Some highly accomplished players head the cast. Harvey Keitel is Auggie, manager of a Brooklyn cigar store where the action begins—enter William Hurt as a widowed author with a writer's block, Stockard Channing as Auggie's old flame, newcomer Harold Perrineau as a teenager suffering an identity crisis and Forest Whitaker as the teen's long-lost dad. Upstaging them all, Ashley Judd stops the show with her stint as Channing's hostile runaway daughter. The performers beautifully light up what could have been just smoke. ¥¥½

•

Two homicidal housemaids, siblings seething with sexual and social unrest, made big news in 1933 when they murdered their employer and her daughter in a French town. Director Nancy Meckler recaps that true tale in ***Sister My Sister*** (Seventh Art Releasing), adapted by Wendy Kesselman from her own stage play (Jean Genet's drama *The Maids* told the same story). Here, Joely Richardson as Christine and Jodhi May as Lea portray the sisters who seem at first to be perfect servants. They scream and act deranged only in their attic room—until one wintry day when Madame Danzard (Julie Walters) and her ungainly daughter Isabelle (Sophie Thursfield) discover the truth about the girls upstairs. The Danzards die for it, bludgeoned to death in a chilling climax. The performances of all four are flawless, though Richardson's tense instability and Walters' stern superiority keep *Sister My Sister* bristling like a disaster just about to happen. This minor claustrophobic thriller delves into woman's work with a compulsive vengeance. ¥¥¥

May, Richardson: Scary *Sister* act.

Brothers break their vows, players have their day and killers take their toll.

•

The beautiful young special-effects makeup artist who sees a bloody murder being committed on a movie set in Moscow can hear but can't speak. What she sees in ***Mute Witness*** (Sony Classics) is a snuff film in progress, and a pair of evil Russian ruffians decide she must not live to tell about it. Marina Sudina, in her title role as Billy, gives a riveting performance. The silent innocent stalked by a killer is a surefire formula, and writer-director Anthony Waller brings it off with breath-stopping skill. (At the climax, watch for a cameo by one of England's top-rung stars.) Visually inventive, made in Russia and often over the top, *Mute Witness* is short on logic but long on exotic local color. ¥¥¥

•

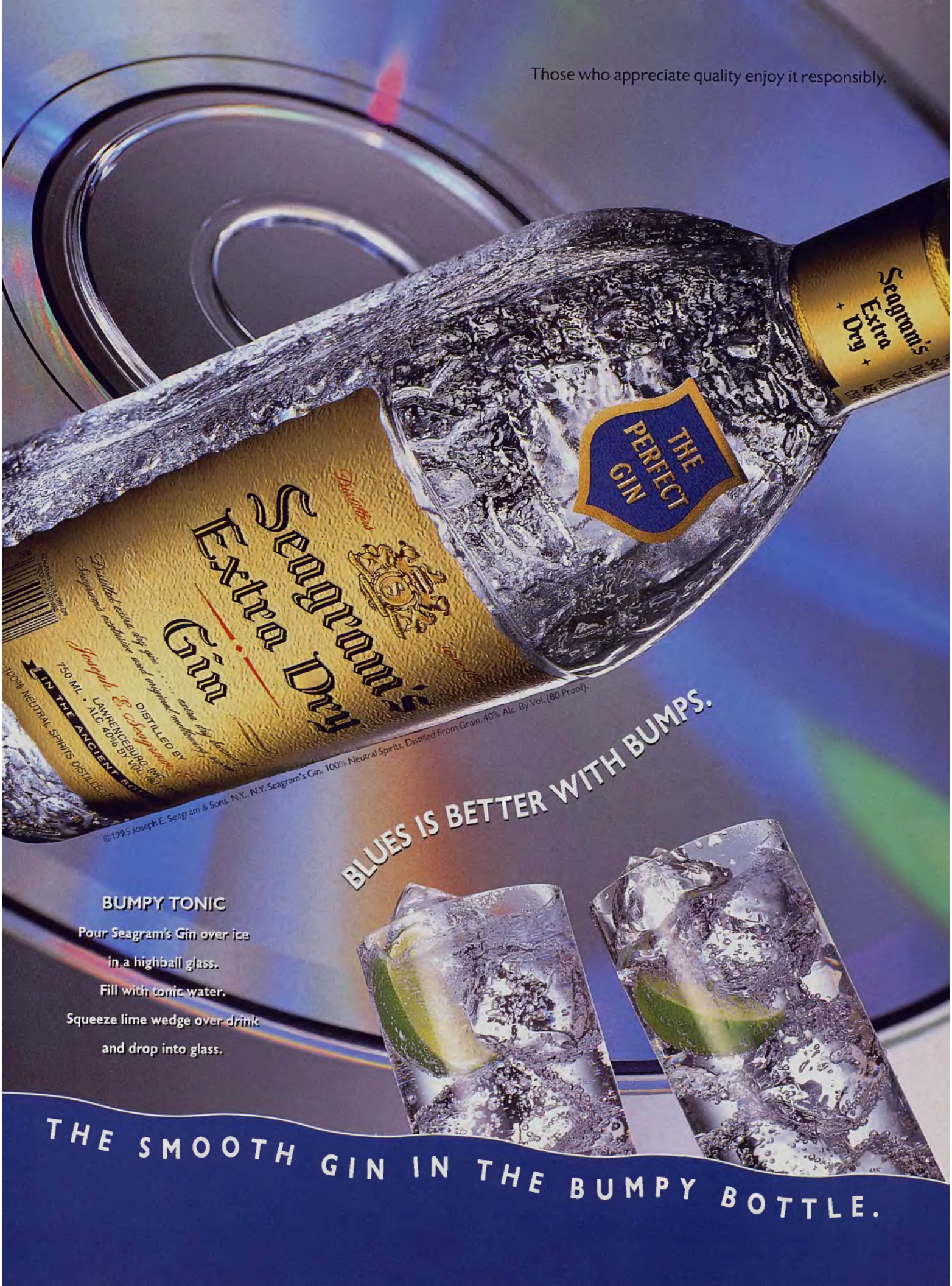
Winner of the 1995 Sundance Festival's top award, ***The Brothers McMullen*** (Fox Searchlight) is a bright seriocomic study of the mating game. Edward Burns—in an auspicious triple-threat feature debut—writes, directs and plays a key role as middle brother Barry, one of three Irish Catholic lads from Long Island caught between carnal urges and church dogma. Barry is noncommittal, insisting "I don't believe in true love" until he meets irresistible Audry (Maxine Bahns). The eldest, Jack (Jack Mulcahy), is married but fooling around, and kid brother Patrick (Mike McGlone) has been living with a Jewish girl, even though it's against his religion. All the brotherly guy talk has a zing of conviction as well as an underlying romantic sweetness. Obviously, Burns has been there and done that, and he gives the movie a bracing and authentic shot of rich Irish American flavor. ¥¥¥½

•

All the chemicals, fumes and additives that threaten human life are the fuel that propels ***Safe*** (Sony Classics), writer-director Todd Haynes' austere follow-up to his first feature, *Poison*. This time Haynes examines the mysterious "environmental illness" of an affluent Los Angeles woman named Carol White (Julianne Moore), who suddenly seems allergic to her elegantly antiseptic home, her family and everything else about her tidy 20th century world. She ultimately winds up not cured but resigned, living in a plastic bubble at one of those costly New Age retreats where Californians go to get away from it all. *Safe*, in the end, gets nowhere, having tackled a problem without a solution. The movie's bleak modern look would soon become tiresome except for Moore, an actress so good she can make a terminally boring character quite bearable. She helps you forget that Carol, in a real world without movie-star gloss, is the kind of woman whose laundry list of baffling and bewildering symptoms might put her best friend to sleep. ¥¥

•

The title of ***Pushing Hands*** (CFP Distribution) is taken from a *t'ai chi* exercise—it represents a man pitting his own strength against fate. *Hands* is the first film in Chinese writer-director Ang Lee's trilogy, obviously released now because both subsequent movies (*The Wedding Banquet* and *Eat Drink Man Woman*) were Oscar nominees. This more predictable but promising practice run features Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), a former *t'ai chi* master who moves from Beijing to New York to live with his son Alex (Bo Z. Wang) and Alex' all-American wife Martha (Deb Snyder). Plainly, the conflict between old Chu and his daughter-


Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
Seagram's Extra Dry
THE PERFECT GIN
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
DISTILLED BY
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
ALC 40% BY VOL (80 PROOF)
750 ML
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
©1995 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y., N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits. Distilled From Grain. 40% Alc. By Vol. (80 Proof).
BLUES IS BETTER WITH BUMPS.
BUMPY TONIC
Pour Seagram's Gin over ice
in a highball glass.
Fill with tonic water.
Squeeze lime wedge over drink
and drop into glass.
THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

Piven: Booked solid.

OFF CAMERA

When **Jeremy Piven,** 29, shows up on a movie screen, things start popping. He was the dentist who seduced Sarah Jessica Parker's newlywed sister in *Miami Rhapsody* and is an unemployed stockbroker energized by "an excitement disorder" in the TV sitcom *Pride & Joy*. He will soon be back on the big screen with Sean Young in a spoof titled *Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde*. "I play a pig who wants to have sex with her. She burns my face off and electrocutes me, but I won't die." Piven jauntily describes it as "a lot of fun."

His parents still operate the Piven Theater Workshop in Evanston, Illinois, where Jeremy grew up onstage. By the age of nine, he was improvising with fellow little-league thespian John Cusack ("We're close friends to this day") and admiring Piven-trained teenagers, including Rosanna Arquette and Aidan Quinn. He later departed Drake University to study acting in England and elsewhere.

Nowadays he keeps apartments in New York and Los Angeles and takes time out for the New Criminals, a Chicago theater group he runs with Cusack. At work in Manhattan on a movie called *Laying Low*, he seems solidly booked. "After this, I've got a job to do in *Heat* with De Niro and Pacino. Then I'll start a comedy called *Nickel and Dime* with Bill Murray."

Of medium height and devilishly handsome, Piven jokes about his receding hairline: "In my early 20s, I decided it didn't matter that I wasn't a pretty boy." He has also claimed that all he needs to be content is a girl, a dog and a couple pairs of clean underwear. "Well, I have the underwear, even clean socks. But no dog, no girl. Don't have time. Women are like cactuses. You have to care for them to make them flower. I can't even keep a plant."

in-law will be resolved in time by a lonely widow named Mrs. Chen (Lai Wang). That the time passes pleasantly is a tribute to Ang Lee's talent for bridging the culture gap with good humor and effortless style. ¥¥¥

•

A compelling true story unfolds in ***Bandit Queen*** (Arrow Releasing). Made in India, director Shekhar Kapur's film is the saga of a lawless national heroine named Phoolan Devi (vividly portrayed by Seema Biswas), who surrendered to the police in 1983 after an amazing career in crime. At the age of 11, as a hapless low-caste child, Devi is married off to a brutish man and forced into sex and slavery before she escapes—only to be arrested, kidnapped and raped until she herself emerges as the leader of a ruthless bandit gang. Robin Hood–style, Devi plunders villages but forbids harming women and children. Her most celebrated exploit is the systematic murder of the entire male population of one community in revenge for harboring the rival thugs who murdered her lover, Vikram (Nirmal Pandey). More shocking than artful, a slice of life far fiercer than fiction, *Bandit Queen* is a grabber from beginning to end. ¥¥¥

•

Maybe one has to be a French-film buff to appreciate ***Grosse Fatigue*** (Miramax). Actor Michel Blanc, a top Parisian celebrity, wrote and directed this movie in which he plays himself—and also portrays his own double—in a comic rumination on the price of fame. Inexplicably, Blanc's odd, seemingly improvised movie won an award for best screenplay at the 1994 Cannes Film Festival. Carole Bouquet, Philippe Noiret and other familiar French performers appear as themselves. At one juncture, Noiret strolls with Blanc along the deserted Champs Elysées, bemoaning that the moviegoing public seems to prefer American-style hype and violence to typical French fare. After seeing *Grosse Fatigue* (freely translated as "dead tired"), there's very little reason to wonder why. ¥¥

•

When it comes to high-tech adventure and excitement, it's hard to beat ***Crimson Tide*** (Buena Vista). Kicking off the summertime spate of action attractions, director Tony Scott's underwater epic co-stars Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, who go head-to-head over the command of a U.S. nuclear submarine that's armed to initiate World War Three with Russia. Is some of the plot predictable? Yes. But happily, nothing gets in the way of the nonstop testosterone rush. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bandit Queen (See review) She's Indian, abused, ruthless and wanted. ¥¥¥
Braveheart (Reviewed 6/95) Swinging a sword and donning a kilt, Mel Gibson strikes a blow for Scotland. ¥¥¥½
The Brothers McMullen (See review) Three Irish Catholic siblings strut their stuff and tell all. ¥¥¥½
Burnt by the Sun (6/95) Oscar's Best Foreign Film is a prime drama about a Russian family under Stalin. ¥¥¥¥
Crimson Tide (See review) Hackman and Washington make waves in a submarine. ¥¥¥½
Crumb (6/95) A fine artist's hellish family fully documented. ¥¥¥½
Erotique (Listed only) Is this what women want? Two movies about hating men, plus one (*Wonton Soup*) about a pair of hetero athletes. ¥¥
Forget Paris (7/95) Crystal and Winger not happily-ever-after. ¥¥¥
Grosse Fatigue (See review) Tired French look at French film folk. ¥¥
The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love (7/95) Uncloseted. ¥¥
Living in Oblivion (See review) All the fog generated on a movie set. ¥¥¥
Love and Human Remains (7/95) An urban jungle teeming with available singles. ¥¥¥
Mute Witness (See review) She stumbles onto a murder and cannot tell. ¥¥¥
Panther (7/95) How those rebellious black cats were declawed. ¥¥¥
The Perez Family (7/95) Happy landing in Miami for Cuban boat people. ¥¥¥
Picture Bride (6/95) From mail-order marriage, a Hawaiian love song. ¥¥¥
The Postman (6/95) Touching Italian tale of a poet and a peasant. ¥¥¥½
Priest (5/95) A gay Catholic churchman uncovers some disturbing habits. ¥¥¥¥
A Pure Formality (7/95) Polanski vs. Depardieu in a Gallic duel of wits. ¥¥
Pushing Hands (See review) A *t'ai chi* veteran learns the American way. ¥¥¥
Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker (6/95) Chinese lovers' blowup. ¥¥¥
Safe (See review) Wealthy wife has it all, but she's allergic to it. ¥¥
Sister My Sister (See review) Grisly tale of two housemaids' revenge. ¥¥¥
Smoke (See review) Hurt and Keitel weave lazy circles in the plot. ¥¥½
Wigstock: The Movie (7/95) Dolled-up drag queens in a big parade. ¥¥½
Wild Reeds (7/95) Back in the Sixties, French youth trying touchy-feely. ¥¥¥
Wings of Courage (7/95) A 3-D sampler—and as big as all outdoors. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

In front of the VCR, screen veteran **Kirk Douglas** confesses a short attention span: "If a movie doesn't grab me in the first 15 minutes," he admits, "it's back to the video store." A recent rental that rated an overnight stay was the 1992 Melanie Griffith thriller, *A Stranger Among Us*. "I watched it twice," he raves, "and had tears in my eyes both times. It's a gem." Of his own 82 films, Douglas recommends *Lonely Are the Brave* ("an environmental classic") as best of the lot, though he never watches himself on the screen. Instead, he prefers checking out the works of Pacino (*Scent of a Woman*), Chaplin (*The Gold Rush*), Brando (*Last Tango in Paris*) and, of course, son Michael. "I consider *Falling Down* Michael's best work," boasts Dad, "but I particularly like *Disclosure*. Mainly because it echoes the Biblical experience of Joseph and Potiphar's wife." Who knew? —DAVID STINE

OLD GOLD

Now in its third year, Fox Video's Studio Classics Collection mines Twentieth Century's film vaults for jewels (a consumer fan club helps choose the titles). While tried-and-true flicks have been picked in the past (*Laura*, *How Green Was My Valley*), this year's winners are decidedly offbeat. They include:

The Razor's Edge (1946): In post–World War One Paris, idealist Tyrone Power chooses loafing over high society sweetheart Gene Tierney. Anne Baxter won an Oscar as the hometown girl turned derelict widow.

The Diary of Anne Frank (1959): Essential post-*Schindler* viewing, this is the original 170-minute version of the Oscar-winning drama not seen since its premiere. Shelley Winters shines.

Leave Her to Heaven (1945): The original fatal attraction, with head case Gene Tierney so possessive of hubby Cornel Wilde, she drowns his disabled half brother. Now, that's a bitch.

Titanic (1953): If you have that sinking feeling, it's because this Clifton Webb–Barbara Stanwyck effort doesn't come close to the British-made *A Night to Remember*. Deep-six it.

The House on 92nd Street (1945): The Nazis want our atomic secrets in this trend-setting spy thriller based on a true story. It was filmed at the actual New York location and features a *Crying Game* twist.

Compulsion (1959): Orson Welles has a slick cameo as Clarence Darrow defending thrill killers Leopold and Loeb (Dean Stockwell and Brad Dillman). Today, he would be negotiating the TV movie rights.

No Highway in the Sky (1951): Transatlantic air traveler James Stewart is a scientist convinced the plane's wing is doomed from metal fatigue. Marlene Dietrich is first-class as a believing co-passenger.

Anastasia (1956): Impostor or grand duchess? Ingrid Bergman won an Oscar for her big comeback after being ostracized by Hollywood for having Isabella Rossellini out of wedlock. One of home video's most wanted.

How to Steal a Million (1966): Audrey Hepburn enlists Peter O'Toole to pinch a bogus statue from a supposedly impregnable Paris museum. Not a work of art, but a lot of rowdy fun.

Roxie Hart (1942): A roaring Twenties dancehall girl (Ginger Rogers) uses her gams not to dance but to wow a jury in a murder case she's trumped up to boost her career. —DONALD LIEBENSON

LASER FARE

Of the four new titles released by Columbia TriStar under the Best of the West sombrero, ***Bite the Bullet*** (1975) is the most welcome. Writer-director Richard Brooks concocted a brilliant scheme for a turn-of-the-century oater: Seven cowboys—and one cowgirl (Candice Bergen)—compete in a 700-mile horse race. The action, shot in Colorado, Nevada and New Mexico, remains gripping in the widescreen format. And while the same technical excellence holds for the other three films in the set—*Alvarez Kelly* (1966), *MacKenna's Gold* (1969) and *Major Dundee* (1965)—none has *Bite*'s bite. . . . Gen X scenarists eager to capture a taste of rock angst before Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love should check out Voyager's Criterion Collection edition of ***Sid and Nancy*** (1986), the perplexing love story of Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen. Included among the trove of extras: interviews with stars Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb; *England's Glory*, a 30-minute making-of documentary; and *Love Kills*, an homage to the ill-fated couple by Clash legend Joe Strummer. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO COLLECTION OF THE MONTH

He gave us killer pigeons, voyeur sleuths, necktie murderers and a solid argument against showering alone. Now from MCA/Universal comes the ***Alfred Hitchcock Collection***, 14 classics from Britain's inimitable master of suspense. Included in the perpetually rewindable batch are *Vertigo*, *Psycho*, *Torn Curtain*, *The Birds*, *Frenzy*, *Rear Window*, *Topaz*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and six others. All tapes repriced at $14.98 each.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Nobody's Fool*** (Newman soars as crusty small-town ne'er-do-well making amends with son, boss, world), ***Ready to Wear*** (Altman flushes out fashion biz phonies in all-star ramp romp; no *Player*, but stylish skewering—and what a finale).
DRAMA	***Heavenly Creatures*** (two New Zealand teen girls plan to off one's mum—chilling true tale cleverly told), ***Legends of the Fall*** (crazy papa Hopkins favors prodigal son Pitt; cornball saga whose rich visuals are better suited to the big screen).
COMEDY	***Dumb and Dumber*** (Carrey and Daniels live up to title and then some; moron's masterpiece, but only if you're in the mood), ***Miami Rhapsody*** (bride-to-be S.J. Parker discovers infidelity's a family affair; smart spin on bed-hopping in the Nineties).
FOREIGN	***Red*** (Swiss model finds chance encounters galore in third and best panel of Kieslowski's French triptych), ***Queen Margot*** (dense, detailed take on blue-blooded intrigue in 16th century France; Isabelle Adjani heats up history).
X-RATED	***Chasin' the Fifties*** (poodle skirts and cotton panties fly in nasty Ike-era vignettes—call it *Peggy Sue Gets Laid*), ***Reel Sex World 4*** (randy gang of 20-somethings wings to Hawaii and screws; docu-feel lends virtual carnality).

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

OF THE half dozen recent books about CIA traitor Aldrich Ames, the best documented is ***Betrayal*** (Random House), by three *New York Times* reporters, Tim Weiner, David Johnston and Neil Lewis. *Betrayal* provides riveting details about how Ames passed CIA secrets to the KGB and how the FBI finally nailed him. The *Times* team presents its account amid questions about the effectiveness of the CIA's internal policing, squabbling between the FBI and the CIA, and the role of spying in the post–Cold War era.

The case against Ames exploded in February 1994. Over a period of nine years, he had brazenly handed thousands of pages of CIA documents—usually originals—to KGB agents. In return, he was paid more than $2 million. As a direct result of Aldrich Ames' treason, at least a dozen Soviet and eastern European agents—virtually the entire CIA counterspy network—were executed or "disappeared."

Who was this master counterspy? He was a loser, an alcoholic incompetent, the sort of guy who would have been fired from any self-respecting corporation. Year after year, his CIA superiors gave him poor performance ratings. Year after year, they promoted him into more sensitive positions. Ames may have been bright enough, but he was frequently blotto after lunch. He was reprimanded for walking out of his office and leaving his safe open. Early in his career, he left a briefcase of sensitive documents in a New York City subway car. He got so drunk at meetings with his KGB handlers that he couldn't remember the time of their next meeting. Had he not been so dangerous, he would have been a comic figure. Weiner, Johnston and Lewis place most of the responsibility for the failure to spot Ames with the CIA's peculiar culture, which they describe as "a cross between Yale's Skull and Bones society and the Post Office."

At the same time that *Betrayal* berates the CIA's laxity, it points out the value of the Agency's Cold War mission. With half the agents, the CIA has outwitted the KGB on almost every front since 1947. The Ames case is a glaring exception. This tough, fair-minded assessment is impressive—exceptional in the annals of spy literature for not citing a single anonymous source.

Robert Ferrigno writes power-packed thrillers that exist on some plane of southern Californian hyperreality. The latest, ***Dead Man's Dance*** (Putnam), is filled with sharp-edged scenes of violence, confrontation and sensuality. This time, Quinn, the hard-driving investigative journalist familiar to Ferrigno's readers, searches for the killers of his stepfather. He must also come to terms with a separation from his wife and daughter. As Quinn closes in on the two psychopathic hired guns, they methodically add to the body count. Ferrigno drives his narrative rapidly, pushing the level of excitement higher.

BROCA STEADMAN

Betrayal: The story of Aldrich Ames.

Cloak-and-dagger treason, Michael Jordan's levitation and the Navy Seals at war.

Athletes rarely speak in terms of mysticism, but according to ***In the Zone: Transcendent Experience in Sports*** (Penguin) by Michael Murphy and Rhea White, on the field they often experience moments of ecstasy, altered perceptions, out-of-body sensations and extraordinary powers of strength. It may sound wacky when the authors suggest that Michael Jordan practices levitation. On the other hand, anyone who has attempted to sink a long putt can understand that Arnold Palmer seems to use psychokinesis to will a ball into the hole. Who hasn't been amazed to watch a quarterback throw one perfect pass after another?

In this updated version of their 1978 book, Murphy, co-founder of the Esalen Institute, and White connect these unusual feats with Eastern mysticism. They suggest there may be something more at work than coincidence and hyperbole.

The courage and daring of the U.S. Navy Seal teams have made them military legends. Created in 1962 as an extension of the World War Two Underwater Demolition Teams, these elite units specialize in antiguerrilla warfare. In ***Hunters and Shooters: An Oral History of the U.S. Navy Seals in Vietnam*** (Morrow), edited by Bill Fawcett, 15 of the tough guys talk about combat. It includes some of the most chilling, vivid, ground-level descriptions of war ever written.

These battle memoirs are sometimes raw and rambling, but their candor and remarkable level of detail give them power. With impressive precision, the soldiers recall specifics of weaponry, terrain, fighting action and friendship. Frank Thornton, the most decorated Seal of the Vietnam war, remembers the unreality of being told while he was on a mud bank in Vietnam in the middle of a moonlit battle that Apollo 11 had just landed on the moon. Fawcett, a field curator for the UDT/Seal Museum in Fort Pierce, Florida, allows the men to tell their own war stories, and they do so with an unvarnished directness.

Robert Timberg's ***The Nightingale's Song*** (Simon & Schuster) examines the interconnected lives of five Vietnam-era Naval Academy graduates—John McCain, James Webb, John Poindexter, Robert "Bud" McFarlane and Oliver North. The war brought them into various political roles in Washington and three of them into the Iran-contra affair. McCain spent five and a half years in North Vietnamese prison camps and became a U.S. senator. Webb wrote several novels about his Vietnam experiences and served as Secretary of the Navy under Reagan. Poindexter, McFarlane and North—all with distinguished military service records—became primary figures in Iran-contra as members of the National Security Council.

Timberg argues that by remaining supportive of Vietnam veterans and by defending the war, Reagan sang the nightingale's song that allowed these men to regain their pride and their voices. Part biography, part history, this is a provocative analysis of modern events.

BOOK BAG

Being Frank: My Time With Frank Zappa (California Classics), by Nigey Lennon: An intimate memoir of the remarkable musical iconoclast includes vintage photos and a discography.

Rage to Survive: The Etta James Story (Villard), by Etta James and David Ritz: James celebrates her 40th year in show business with a new CD and this gutsy chronicle of her struggles.

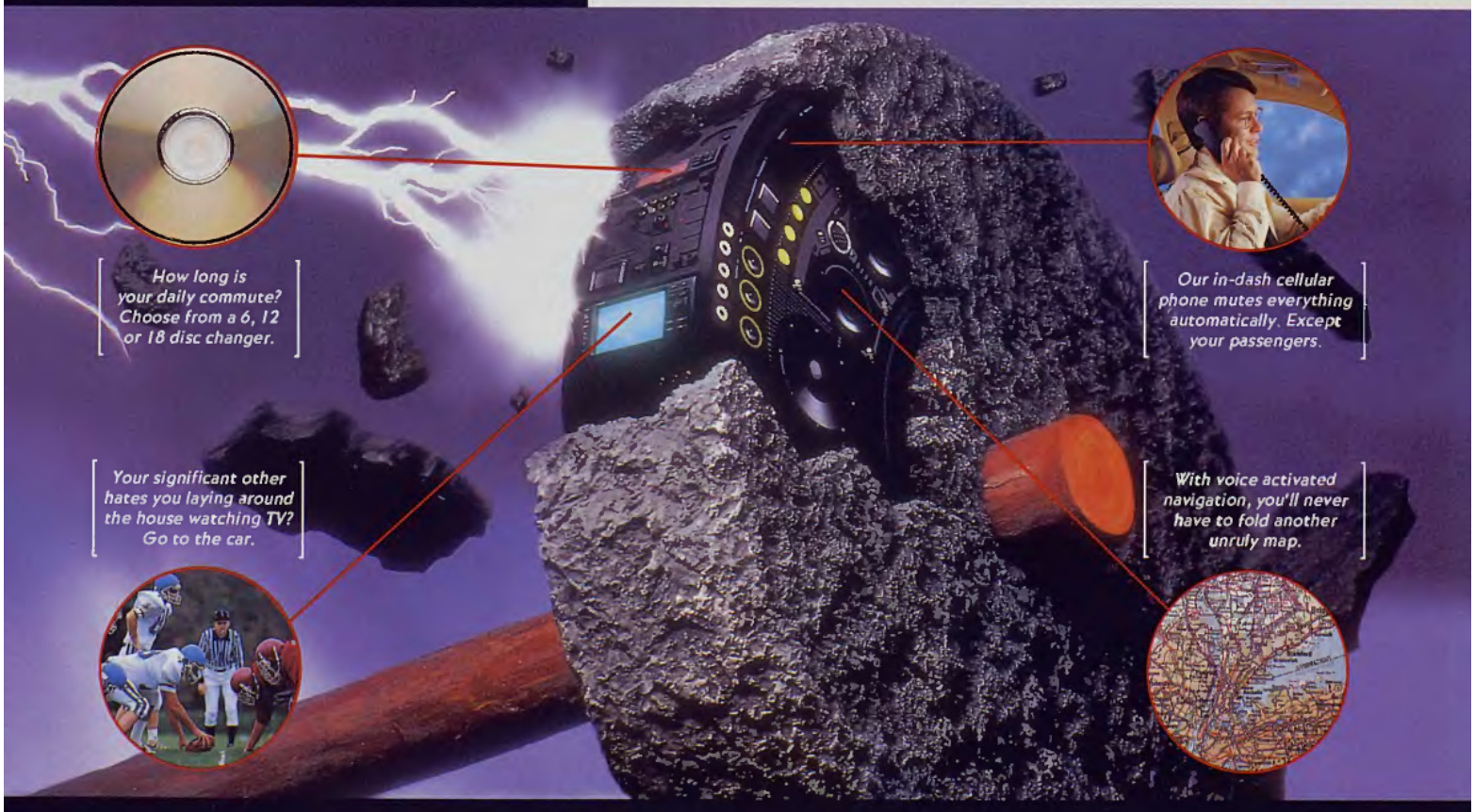
The Burglar Who Thought He Was Bogart (Dutton), by Lawrence Block: Burglar and antiquarian bookseller Bernie Rhodenbarr's latest caper involves a dead guy, a pretty woman and all of Bogie's movies. If there is a more perfect beach book, we haven't read it.

EVERY THREE MILLION YEARS, SOMETHING NEW COMES ALONG THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO HAVE.

Clarion introduces the next evolution in car audio: Car Multimedia. Giving you a choice of a voice-activated navigation system, a color LCD television, a multi-disc CD changer and an in-dash cellular phone that can be integrated into one system. Call 1-800-GO-CLARION and get our Car Multimedia brochure. Or pick one up at a car audio specialist while you're checking out Clarion's Car Multimedia System. That way you can experience what the future of car audio is all about.

With Alpha Touch, you can control all the commonly used functions with the tip of your index finger.

clarion
CAR AUDIO & BEYOND


How long is your daily commute? Choose from a 6, 12 or 18 disc changer.
Our in-dash cellular phone mutes everything automatically. Except your passengers.
Your significant other hates you laying around the house watching TV? Go to the car.
With voice activated navigation, you'll never have to fold another unruly map.

INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FIRST CAR MULTIMEDIA SYSTEM

© 1995 Clarion Sales Corp., 661 West Redondo Beach Blvd, Gardena, CA 90247. Clarion Canada, Inc. 2239 Winston Park Drive, Oakville, Ontario L6H 5R1 Canada. (905) 829-4600.

FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

CARBO-UNLOADING

Everybody knows that the road to a honed body and rosy health is paved with pasta. The message has been loud and clear for more than two decades: Eat less fat and more carbohydrates. A high-carb diet, say nutrition experts, is especially important for athletes. Consume lots of whole grains, go easy on the protein and banish fat from the training table. Fitness experts call it "carbo-loading" and explain convincingly how it gives us a competitive edge.

But according to Dr. Barry Sears in his provocative new book *The Zone*, the experts are wrong. Want to shed flab? Live longer? Kick butt on the track or basketball court? Then avoid pasta, bread and so-called energy bars. "Carbo-loading," Dr. Sears insists, "is an athlete's worst nightmare. If you want to perform better, eat more fat."

Sears' advice flies in the face of the conventional wisdom, but recent studies support his radical theories, and his credentials are solid: Formerly a researcher at MIT, Sears holds 12 medical patents in the field of cancer therapy. His dietary advice has been credited with contributing to eight gold-medal performances at the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona and with helping Stanford University's men's swim team win three consecutive national championships.

To appreciate Sears' theories, it helps to understand a bit of physiology. When you eat spaghetti or a dinner roll or any other carbohydrate-rich food, your body converts it into sugar in the bloodstream. Your brain relies on this sugar as its primary energy source, and much of the rest is squirreled away in the liver and muscles for future use, in the form of glycogen.

Your muscles burn these stores of carbohydrate during exercise. They can burn fat instead, but fitness experts have long insisted that glycogen is the preferred, high-octane fuel.

Sears disagrees. Fat, he argues, is a far more efficient fuel than glycogen, mostly because there's a lot more of it on hand. And carbo-loading is not just ineffective, it's downright harmful.

Sears points out that it is physiologically impossible for your body to pack away much carbohydrate. No matter how vigorously you carbo-load, no more than about 2000 calories can be stored as glycogen. "When you are exercising hard," he says, "you'll burn up your body's entire supply of stored carbohydrate in about two or three hours. As you run out, the brain is forced to compete with the muscles for the remaining glycogen," and when that's gone, everything grinds to a painful halt.

Unlike glycogen, your body's supply of fat is almost inexhaustible. "Even a very skinny person carries about 50,000 calories of stored body fat," says Sears. The only problem with burning fat instead of glycogen is that it has to get from your fatty tissues into the bloodstream for the muscles to be able to use it—a complicated process that's easily short-circuited by eating carbohydrates.

When you stuff your face with linguine, say, or any other carbohydrate, it causes a rapid rise in blood sugar. In an effort to put a lid on this sugar rush, the pancreas secretes a flood of insulin into the bloodstream, producing a backlash effect. This is why you crash and feel like taking a nap after a big meal. More significantly, insulin is an extremely powerful hormone that mobilizes the body to convert the new surplus of sugar into fat. "Even though carbohydrates are fat-free," explains Sears, "excess carbohydrates end up as excess fat."

Worse yet, all that insulin surging through your veins signals your body to put its fat stores under lock and key, making it impossible to burn fat as fuel. It's a triple whammy: Eating too much carbohydrate generates new fat, makes it impossible for your body to shed the fat it already has and robs your muscles of their main energy source.

According to the highly respected Pritikin diet, 75 percent to 85 percent of your daily calories should come from carbohydrates, ten percent to 15 percent from protein and five percent to ten percent from fat. Sears believes that such a high concentration of carbohydrate will make your insulin soar and over the long run "may be dangerous to your health."

Sears recommends a diet much higher in protein and somewhat higher in fat. "I know it's shocking," he acknowledges, "but you have to eat fat to lose fat. You have to stop thinking of food in terms of calories alone and start thinking of it as a mechanism for controlling the flow of powerful hormones." Just as carbohydrate triggers the release of insulin, protein and fat trigger the release of other, opposing hormones that neutralize the effect of insulin.

In the diet Sears promotes, each meal should have roughly equal proportions of protein and carbohydrate, plus a dollop of monounsaturated fat (this "good" fat is found in such foods as olive oil, peanuts and avocados. Bad fat comes from egg yolks, dairy foods and most deli meats). Equally important, no single meal should total more than 500 calories. If you get hungry between meals, you should eat snacks that maintain the same strict protein-carb-fat ratio.

Sears' diet runs contrary to current nutritional dogma, but the latest research into the relationship between insulin and obesity reinforces Sears' views. Although the jury's still out, he's starting to win converts. "I was skeptical at first," concedes Skip Kenney, coach of Stanford's national-champion swim team. "But we've had amazing results. I'm a believer now."

"There's nothing radical about my ideas," insists Sears. "My diet is actually quite similar to one your grandmother might recommend." It simply takes us back to the good old days, before carbomania swept the land.

MEN

By ASA BABER

It was evident before the Persian Gulf war that Saddam Hussein was willing to deploy the chemical weapons the U.S. had helped supply him during his long war with Iran and his fight with the Kurds. Not publicly known was the extent of his resources in this area.

In 1991, when United Nations inspection teams investigated Iraq's stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons, here are a few of the things they found: 75 tons of sarin (the deadly nerve agent used in March's Tokyo subway attack—half a milligram of sarin can kill a person), 60 to 70 tons of tabun (another nerve agent), 250 tons of mustard gas, 28 Scud missiles carrying sarin, 370 aerial bombs with mustard gas, 30 binary-chemical ballistic warheads containing nerve agents and 6000 empty nerve-gas containers (the type used to fill 122mm rocket warheads).

It should be noted that in operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm, we didn't merely send our troops against Hussein's potentially annihilating chemical and biological weapons in the field. Against the advice of many experts, we also bombed to smithereens the Iraqi warehouses and bunkers where those lethal materials were stored, throwing tons of noxious fumes into the atmosphere and exposing our own people to extended low-level doses of nerve gases and perhaps to biological weapons. And that scenario may have provided Hussein with the last laugh: It is possible that in bombing him, we poisoned ourselves.

A recent Duke University study funded by Ross Perot indicates that an interaction between anti-insect compounds and anti–nerve gas pills may also have contributed to the cluster of ailments known as the Gulf war syndrome.

Platoon commander Kimo Hollingsworth is positive he was poisoned. Hollingsworth was in great shape before he left for the Middle East. An active-duty artillery officer, he was deployed to the Persian Gulf with the 2nd Marine Division in December 1990.

On the first day of the ground war, 70 kilometers inside Kuwait, an artillery round exploded over his position with a soft popping sound (possibly from a chemical or biological weapon). On the third day of the war, Hollingsworth and his men were ordered to wear their protective clothing during a full biological

JOHN LABBÉ

A VERY DIRTY WAR

and chemical alert. They observed dead animals on the battlefield—and the presence of dead insects on the corpses of those animals (a sign that chemical or biological agents might have been employed). Throughout the war, the chemical sensors of American troops sounded continually.

"Numerous Persian Gulf war veterans witnessed an overhead fireball explosion in the vicinity of Al Jubayl, Saudi Arabia during the morning of January 20, 1991," reports Hollingsworth. "The Department of Defense first denied the incident happened. Then it explained that the explosion was a sonic boom. Finally, the DOD explained that what the veterans experienced was a cloud of ammonia from a nearby industrial facility."

In May 1991 Hollingsworth returned to the U.S. In September 1991 he went back to the Persian Gulf with another artillery battery. He returned home in March 1992 and was discharged in May 1992. His final military physical exam declared him perfectly fit.

But then his health—and the health of some of his peers—began to deteriorate. "Last August," Hollingsworth reported in February 1994, "I talked with my first sergeant from the Persian Gulf war. He is now deathly ill and not expected to live much longer." In addition, Hollingsworth himself had serious health problems.

"Late in 1992," Hollingsworth says, "I became ill with a violent case of the flu. My symptoms included coughing up dark-green sputum, chest pains, aching joints, low-grade fever, headaches, blurry vision, cold sweats, frequent urination and chronic fatigue."

Hollingsworth's condition worsened, and in May 1993 he went to the Veterans Affairs hospital in Washington, D.C. for a physical exam. A doctor there told Hollingsworth that coughing and chest pains are normal in some people. A social worker suggested to Hollingsworth that his condition was mental, that he had post-traumatic stress disorder.

Hollingsworth contacted his own specialist, was hospitalized for 12 days and was given intravenous antibiotics. His condition slowly improved. Today, still on oral antibiotics, he estimates he has recovered 85 percent of his health. "I'm one of the lucky ones," he says.

There are a number of "unlucky ones." An estimated 50,000 Persian Gulf war veterans are symptomatic today (including 10,000 men and women on active duty) and their numbers are increasing. Their families are affected, too, with numerous reports of illnesses, miscarriages and birth defects.

Uncle Sam, the ball is in your court. Your record in these sorts of situations has not been honorable. Remember how you exposed thousands of military men to nuclear explosions after World War Two to test the effects of radiation on unprotected troops (and then denied that there was any problem with those experiments)? Remember your slippery rhetoric concerning Vietnam veterans and the disastrous medical effects of Agent Orange?

There are two main reasons you are playing games with vets again, Uncle Sam. First, the prospect of having to pay for the continuing health costs of thousands of Persian Gulf war veterans is a major problem. Second, to admit that our forces were vulnerable in the Gulf war is to acknowledge that we are basically unprepared for a 21st century war. That's why you are stonewalling the people who served you.

Don't play it again, Sam.

Cuervo Especial® Tequila. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof). ©1993. Imported and bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT. Under license from the Trademark Owners.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Whenever one of my former girlfriends wanted to have sex, she knew how to get me going. She would walk up to me, unbuckle my pants and pull them and my boxers down to my ankles. The rush of suddenly finding myself half naked always gave me an instant erection. I had a bad experience with my new girlfriend, however, when we were in bed making out and I decided to pull off her panties. She got a little miffed at me, though she didn't stay angry and we still made love. But I'm curious about why she didn't seem to feel the same excitement that I always have when someone strips me down.—D.A., Rutherford, New Jersey.

Many women enjoy the erotic rush of having their clothes hit the floor in a matter of seconds. It's a safer bet, however, that your girlfriend enjoys the slow tease. What's the hurry, after all? The next time you make love, dedicate yourself to getting her panties in a knot. First, run your index finger under the elastic at her hips and thighs, back and forth, up and down, just to give her the idea that—zip!—she might be naked in an instant. Lift the material away from her wet labia, finger her, then kiss her gently through the material. Move on to her inner thighs. After a few minutes, begin to pull down her panties. But wait, you're getting ahead of yourself. Pull them back up and reassure her, "Not quite yet." Continue teasing her. John Gray, author of "Mars and Venus in the Bedroom," offers this advice on how to touch a woman: "God gave a woman a circular body to remind a man to move his hands and fingers in circles instead of getting right to the point" and "A man should remember that it is not what he does but how long he takes to do it that ensures a woman's fulfillment." When she starts begging you to let her get naked, pull her panties into the crack of her ass, then touch and stroke her buttocks and thighs. Then, perhaps, just maybe, since she's been good and you have a major hard-on, slide her panties off and use your tongue to explore her clitoris and labia.

I've had herpes for years but rarely read about the virus in the papers. Are scientists any closer to finding a cure or vaccine?—D.G., Washington, D.C.

A cure—no. A vaccine—possibly. If research continues to go well, scientists say there could be an FDA-approved vaccine on the market within a few years. Herpesvirus is a challenge because it travels via nerve cells, hides in the ganglia at the base of the spine and thrives on mucosal surfaces—two spots that provide natural buffers against antibodies. At least four companies are working on vaccines, and one has reached the final phase of testing, involving 1850 noninfected volunteers who claim multiple

sex partners and 400 couples in which one partner has herpes. The genetically engineered vaccine consists of fragments of the virus that fool the body into responding with antibodies, but can't reproduce themselves to fight back. That probably won't keep the virus from entering an uninfected person, but it may strengthen the immune response enough to prevent outbreaks. In other words, a booster shot wouldn't keep you from getting herpes—but if you did, you would never experience symptoms. That doesn't exactly ease our minds, and the best bet for herpes sufferers is still to avoid sexual contact during outbreaks and to use condoms otherwise. For more information, phone the American Social Health Association's Herpes Hotline, 919-361-8488.

I am 24 years old, just out of college and living at home. A few weeks ago I went out to dinner with my mother. During the meal I noticed that our very attractive waitress kept looking at me. We exchanged glances through the evening, and it was quite obvious she was interested. I have always been very shy, and although I have dated several women in the past, I still don't feel comfortable approaching a woman I don't know; I never know what to do or say. Any advice?—E.V., Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

There aren't many people who feel comfortable approaching someone they don't know, even to ask the time. But you're not working from scratch: The waitress' lingering eye contact is a classic sign of interest. (It's also a classic sign of disgust, but we're assuming you can tell the difference.) Many men have taken the leap of faith with far less evidence of any mutual curiosity; many men have also been shot down. If there were no mystery or daring in the process, there would be little excitement in hearing her say, "I'd love to." Here's a plan: Lose the mom. Visit the restaurant again when it's not bustling with other customers. Carefully select a seat ("You did a great job when I brought my mother for her birthday—will you wait on me again?") and strike up a conversation when your waitress-in-waiting takes your order: "What do you recommend? Do you like working here?" If she replies with grunts, back off. If she doesn't, keep talking when she brings your food and bill. Slight physical contact, smiles, probing questions or friendly conversation can indicate that a person feels comfortable with you. If you get those vibes, ask her out for coffee. If you've said more than two words to her by this point, it won't appear to come out of the blue. Finally, if she licks her lips slowly, drawing her tongue sensually back and forth while moaning softly and rubbing her thigh, order dessert.

Has there ever been any research on why some people are considered beautiful and others are not? I've been attracted to many types of women—slim, tall, short, with long faces, round faces, etc.—but find it curious that nearly everyone agrees that supermodels such as Carol Alt or Cindy Crawford are gorgeous.—D.R., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Well, if you want to get technical about it: Researchers have found that even across different races and cultures, men generally prefer women with large pupils, widely spaced eyes, high cheekbones, a small chin and upper lip, a generous mouth and shiny, smooth skin. A psychologist at the University of Louisville took the measurements further after asking 150 male students to rate 50 women's faces. Among the faces deemed pretty, each eye was one fourteenth as high and three tenths as wide as the face, the nose took up no more than five percent of the face, the distance from the bottom lip to the chin was one fifth the facial height and the distance from the middle of the eye to the eyebrow was one tenth the facial height. Surprisingly, when the faces of models are superimposed on that image, they don't match up. Instead, the composite resembles someone's mom. (You're drop-dead gorgeous, Cindy, but you're no madonna.) Women, meanwhile, consider a man's maturity and dominance with cues such as thick eyebrows, a strong jawline, prominent chin and cheekbones and a small nose. If your features don't match that scientific standard, don't despair: You probably have a great personality.

A friend says that he warms up his stereo amplifier for about a half hour before he uses it. Supposedly, this makes his stereo perform better. It sounds like a bunch of hooey to me. What do you

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

think?—P.L., San Jose, California.

"Listener" magazine recently polled five home audio pros on that question, and most agreed that giving your amp a half hour to rub the sleep from its eyes is a sound idea. Several went a step further, suggesting that audiophiles keep their amps, preamps and compact disc players powered constantly to avoid the wear and tear of going from cold shutdowns to warm humming and back again. Leaving your system on has some drawbacks, such as unexpected electrical storms that could damage your components. And who knows what freak accident might occur? One pro recalled a customer whose amp unexpectedly dumped its entire output, causing a speaker to catch fire. If you plan to be gone for days at a time, shut down and unplug everything. Finally, don't place too much faith in the cozy vibrations theory of music appreciation—your state of mind probably has as much to do with how your stereo sounds. As Victor Campos of the stereo component maker NAD explained in "Listener": "If you're well rested, you'll perceive sound in a certain way. If you've had three martinis, you'll perceive sound differently. If someone says that the tree in your front yard has to be cut down, and it'll cost you $890 to do it, things will sound different." In the last case, turn off your stereo before you sell it.

I'm planning a trip to Asia this fall. Since I am not a seasoned air traveler, do you have any suggestions to make my hours on the plane more comfortable?—N.H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No matter what you take along to fill the time, you don't want to spend 18 hours wearing tight jeans or bumming blankets, so choose loose-fitting clothes and take a sweater in case it gets chilly or you need a makeshift pillow. Add a pair of slippers with rubberized bottoms and a change of socks and you'll be the envy of fellow travelers. Pack a few toiletries—toothpaste and toothbrush, contact lens solution, a washcloth, a small bar of soap—to freshen up after dinner. Drink liquids once an hour or so, but avoid caffeine and alcohol (they aggravate jet lag). We suggest an inflatable neck pillow, a deck of cards and two or three disposable books, including a thriller and a guide to your destination. (Some friends have taken their laptops and all the games they've never had time to master.) Finally, be sure to stretch occasionally and take a walk around the plane. It'll keep you from getting stiff—and you never know who you might meet.

Two years ago I came home from work and began talking with our 18-year-old babysitter. Somehow we got onto the topic of hidden cameras. I joked that she should make a video for me and without a blink she disappeared into the spare bedroom, where we keep a video camera. She stayed there with the door shut for a few minutes and then announced she was done. I watched the tape that night and immediately felt guilty. She had stripped for the camera. My wife found the tape three months later in my sock drawer (I hadn't watched it again). Naturally, I'm now in deep shit. How can I explain why I didn't stop our babysitter from making the video?—O.E., Tacoma, Washington.

Why didn't you? Our guess is that you were titillated by the fact that a young woman would perform a private dance for you, and that you weren't likely to come across a tape that hot again. Tell your wife the first part; keep the second to yourself. Your wife feels betrayed because she realizes—as you should—that you subtly solicited the video and sat idly by when the babysitter closed the door to the bedroom. If it was just a weak moment, did you also have 90 other weak moments when you opened your sock drawer every morning without throwing the cassette out? Depending on how angry or upset your wife feels—and how reckless you are—hint that it would really turn you on to have her tape over the video with an erotic performance of her own. By the way, how much did that babysitter charge?

In January, the Advisor responded to a question by saying, "Pumping up can blow you out, and we would never recommend vacuum tubes for any penile activity." But what about vacuum therapy for impotence? My doctor prescribed a vacuum tube a few years ago that has really helped.—R.T., Los Angeles, California.

Medical vacuum tubes prescribed to treat impotence are another matter, naturally (we were thinking of dubious novelty items that promise to expand your penis to the size of a tree branch). Vacuum therapy, which is prescribed for 100,000 men annually, involves slipping the penis into a plastic cylinder, where a pump creates a partial vacuum that aids blood flow into the penis and creates an erection. The erection can be maintained safely for up to 30 minutes with a tension ring. Among other methods used to treat erectile dysfunction, 40,000 to 50,000 men annually choose injection therapy (the patient injects his penis with a drug that induces erection) and another 20,000 have penile implants. If you're having trouble getting or maintaining an erection, the first step should be a visit to your doctor. Erectile dysfunction can indicate more serious medical problems.

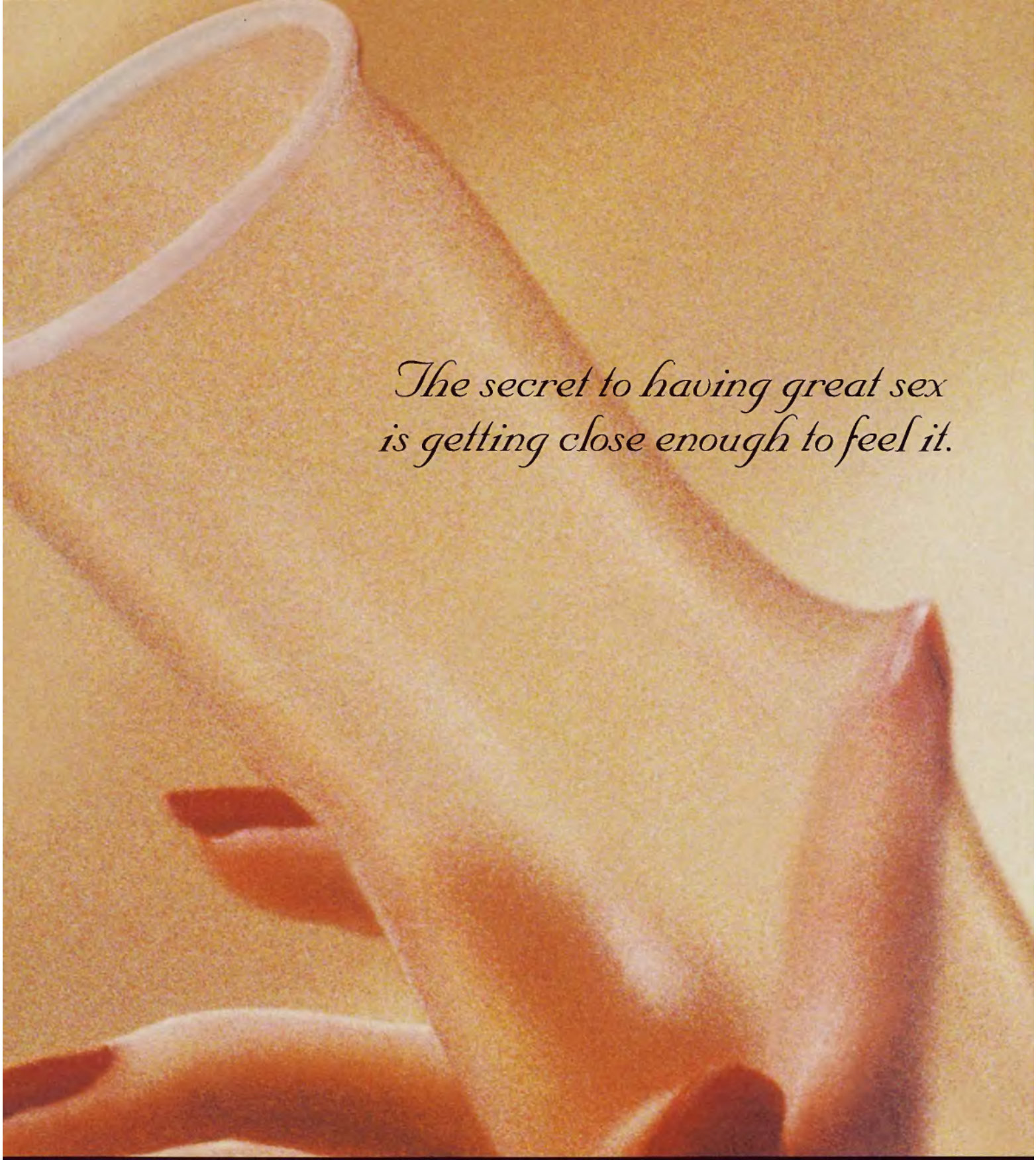
Lately I've noticed this message at the beginning of the VHS movies I've rented: "This film has been modified from its original version. It has been formatted to fit this screen." The opening credits of these movies are shown in the letterbox format (with black bars at the top and bottom of the screen), however, which makes me wonder why they feel the need to alter the rest of the picture.—L.P., Nacogdoches, Texas.

Many people don't like the black bars, which are the by-product of placing a rectangular theater format onto a square television screen by squeezing, stretching and trimming the edges of the film (if you watch closely, you'll notice that borders, people and objects often have been cut off during the pan-and-scan process that molds the film for the tube). The credits are spared this indignity because otherwise letters would be chopped off or distorted, and a film starring Arnold Schwarzen might confuse people.

While making love with my girlfriend, she inserted a finger into my rectum and rotated it. I had the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced. Is there a reason for this, or did the shock of feeling her finger in my asshole just catch me by surprise?—B.T., Leeds, England.

It's always refreshing to meet a woman who's anal inventive. Your lover has learned somewhere (probably from being on the receiving end) that the anus is filled with nerve endings and becomes engorged and aroused during intercourse just as genitals do. We suggest using a water-based lubricant if you plan to return the favor, and make sure to trim your fingernails, as the interior of the rectum is delicate. Cathy Winks and Anne Semans, authors of "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex," offer an excellent introduction to using a light touch on the anus to send your partner over the edge. After applying a lubricant, "circle your finger around the soft folds of anal tissue. Many people find that gentle stroking of the anal opening is all the anal stimulation they desire. If your partner becomes sufficiently relaxed, she or he may bear down and slide right onto your finger. Your fingertip should reach toward the front of the body rather than crook up toward the tailbone. The sphincter muscles may tense up automatically as soon as you enter, so hold your finger still at first until the anus relaxes around it. Then feel free to insert your finger deeper, exploring the outer rectum. You can circle your finger, tap and stroke the walls of the rectum or move your finger gently in and out." If your partner has never experienced anal penetration, don't be surprised if she or he finds the sensation unsettling when you first slide in. By the way, Winks and Semans also advise that you "take the time to look at your partner's anus. You may be surprised at how sweet and innocent it looks—not like an 'asshole' at all." That changes everything: What are we supposed to yell at bad drivers?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611 or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*



NEW AVANTI® CONDOMS ARE MADE FROM A TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED, UNIQUE POLYURETHANE MATERIAL THAT IS BOTH STRONG AND SENSITIVE. THIS MATERIAL IS TWICE AS STRONG AS LATEX, SO IT CAN BE MADE THINNER AND MORE SENSITIVE THAN LATEX. AVANTI CONTAINS NO LATEX ALLERGENS, MAKING IT IDEAL FOR LATEX SENSITIVE CONDOM USERS. AVANTI POLYURETHANE CONDOMS ARE CLEAR, ODORLESS, AND SAFE FOR USE WITH OIL-BASED LUBRICANTS.

The Sensual Revolution.

Important Consumer Information: You may use this polyurethane condom if you or your partner is allergic to latex. *You should know:* •The risks of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), including AIDS (HIV infection), are not known for this condom. A study is being done. •There are laboratory tests on this polyurethane material. These tests show that organisms even as small as sperm and viruses like HIV cannot pass through it. **Latex condoms** for men, if used correctly with every act of vaginal intercourse, are highly effective at preventing pregnancy, as well as STDs, including AIDS (HIV infection). ©1995 London International U.S. Holdings, Inc.

The DIRECTV® Playboy TV Quiz:

IS ANYONE GOING TO BELIEVE YOU BOUGHT DIRECTV JUST FOR THE SPORTS?

- ❑ It's worth a shot
- ❑ No. But I'll try digital picture on 'em

Quiz over. Start talking.

For tons of sports, plus Playboy TV
Call 1 800 392-4388

YOU CHECKED, "IT'S WORTH A SHOT."

No cable system has more sports than DIRECTV. That'll make a believer out of anyone. There's NFL SUNDAY TICKET™, NBA LEAGUE PASS℠ and NHL CENTER ICE℠: hundreds of games you probably couldn't get before. Plus DIRECTV Sports Choice™ with tons of college games.* Good answer.

OK, YOU PICKED "DIGITAL"

Seeing DIRECTV is believing. The 18-inch RCA-brand DSS® satellite dish is totally digital. The better to see and hear the tons of movies, commercial-free audio and your favorite cable channels. And, oh yeah—Playboy TV.

PLAYBOY TV ®

DIRECTV.

IT'S PERSONALIZED TV

Obviously you know that Julie Lynn Cialini is the 1995 Playboy Playmate of the Year. But did you also know that she's a DIRECTV subscriber? *Blackout restrictions apply. Sports packages and Playboy TV are for private viewing only. NFL SUNDAY TICKET available in commercial locations with an appropriate license agreement. Commercial signal theft is subject to civil and criminal penalties. Sports packages are non-transferable and 15 days after purchase are non-refundable. Sports packages and Playboy TV are available with a DIRECTV subscription for an additional cost. NBA LEAGUE PASS is a service mark of NBA Properties, Inc. NHL CENTER ICE is a service mark of the National Hockey League. NFL SUNDAY TICKET is a trademark of the National Football League. ©1995 DIRECTV, Inc. DIRECTV, DSS, Sports Choice, and "DIRECTV. It's Personalized TV." are official trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of GM Hughes Electronics.

BE GENTLE, JUSTICE

why do female felons get off easy?

By ARMIN A. BROTT

It's difficult to miss the pervasive discrimination against women and minorities in the workplace and almost every other area of our society—with one notable exception. When we turn our attention to the criminal justice system and its sentencing habits, an equally shocking bias against men is seen.

American men commit the majority of serious crimes, including murder, rape, robbery, assault and drug trafficking. It's not surprising, then, that seven times more men are arrested on felony charges than women. What is surprising is that after conviction, 19 men are imprisoned for every woman. Some attribute this difference to the fact that women commit less serious crimes. But statistics compiled by crime researchers and the U.S. Department of Justice over the past two decades indicate otherwise.

For burglary, while nine men are arrested for every woman, 30 men are imprisoned before one woman goes to jail. For aggravated assault, ten men are arrested for every woman, but 79 times more men are incarcerated. Even for white-collar felonies such as fraud—the only serious crime for which more women are arrested than men—nine men are jailed for every woman.

There are other, more subtle biases. One government study found that after a woman is arrested, she is almost twice as likely to be released on her own recognizance (in layman's terms, the accused promises not to skip town). Women are also more likely to have bail set in amounts they can afford. According to the most recent Justice Department figures, 81 percent of women accused of felonies were given pretrial releases, as compared with 59 percent of men.

Some claim that the problem is racism, that the percentage of African American men processed by the justice system is so high that it skews the figures. But when race is removed from the equation, gender bias is still prevalent. Five blacks are arrested for every white, but six blacks are imprisoned for every white. That's a difference of 20 percent. Seven men are arrested for every woman, while 19 men are imprisoned for every woman. That's a difference of 170 percent.

According to the Justice Department, the situation gets no better once criminals reach prison. On average, male felons receive prison sentences that are 47 percent longer than those of women convicted of the same crime (the greatest difference is for aggravated assault). One might argue that longer prison terms for men are the result of the severity of their crimes and more extensive criminal records. But studies that control for these factors tell a different story. Researchers Matthew Zingraff and Randall Thomson report in the *International Journal of the Sociology of Law* that, with the exception of fraud, "women and men with comparable backgrounds do not receive comparable sentence lengths." Zingraff and Thomson also found that gender contributed more to the determination of sentence than race, age or prior convictions. A Justice Department study later supported these findings when it calculated the average sentences for Americans who received less than life terms or the death penalty for killing their spouses. Men who are convicted of killing their wives received an average sentence of 17.5 years. Women convicted of killing their husbands were given six years.

MARVIN FRIEDMAN

Why do so many judges use a light touch when sentencing women? Gender-bias researchers Jon Ryan and Ian Wilson suggest that the answer is based on three stereotypes. First, many judges see women as being less capable than men of committing crimes. Second, women are viewed as more easily reformed, so less severe punishments are necessary to straighten them out. Third, women are thought to be less of a threat if released back into society.

For more than 20 years, women have complained that similar stereotypes have kept them out of boardrooms, politics and combat. They rightfully resent being treated like children who require big, strong men to protect them. Why then should society allow sexist judges to gallantly rescue damsels in distress? Such chivalry is nothing more than paternalism in disguise—a paternalism that demeans the people it tries to protect. In the case of our criminal justice system, it's time we started giving female felons the same sentences we hand out to their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons.

Armin A. Brott is the author of "The Expectant Father."

READER

SEX OFFENDERS

In "Sex Crime & Punishment" (*The Playboy Forum*, May), Marty Klein provides an excellent overview of the issues and politics surrounding sex offenders. Fear and collective misinformation have led to a multitude of legal responses that are misguided and ineffective.

Technology does exist to provide a fairly accurate picture of the sex offender. Over the past decade assessment and diagnosis of sex criminals have improved. Psychological testing, structured interviews and computerized penile plethysmographs (which gauge the state of a man's arousal) can give us a good read on personality, sexual arousal patterns and the client's psychological ability to manage his behavior. Unfortunately, these skills are seldom known to professionals in mental health and corrections.

Computerized penile plethysmography offers great potential for the diagnosis and treatment of sex offenders. William Farrell has spent decades gathering data and perfecting this system. Last year state officials in Nebraska forced Farrell to destroy much of his work, because it included explicit sexual pictures of children and adolescents. These photos are essential in determining a man's arousal. The actions of Nebraska are akin to asking scientists to find an effective treatment for AIDS without being allowed to research HIV.

Most sex offenders are never properly treated, and what treatment there is, is in its infancy. Klein cites a number of reportedly successful treatments. The picture seems overly optimistic. Successful outcomes are contingent on personality, stability and type of arousal pattern. An exhibitionist with a history as a family man and a positive employment history is much more likely to respond positively to treatment than a sociopathic, fixated pedophile.

But, the larger problem stems from the fact that, with few exceptions, sex offenders are treated by paraprofessionals or by professionals who have received little training in human sexuality. Those programs that do boast the participation of a Ph.D. or medical doctor limit those doctors' roles to consultation.

The American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists looks to establish national standards in the certification of persons who work with sex offenders. These standards would cover both professionals supervising sex offenders (such as probation and corrections officers) and those providing treatment. This effort, in conjunction with other national organizations, is an attempt to bring the issues presented by Klein into sharper focus.

William Kelly
Chairman
Sex Abuse Certification Implementation Committee
American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists
New York, New York

FOR THE RECORD

HIGHER GROUND

"A very real gender and sexual revolution started in the Sixties and has built momentum with each decade. Every time sexual speech has emerged from persecution and hiding, every time sexuality has been considered in public policy and dignified debate, my life has improved in spades. For sexual discussion to move so quickly from the criminal and pathological to the realm of the creative and political is phenomenal, a triumph of honesty and democracy over hypocrisy and elitism. Right now, fundamentalists of all persuasions have only been titillated with a glimpse of the largely middle-class erotic renaissance. Yes, I know they're appalled, but they ain't seen nothin' yet. Frankly, I'm sure my sex life could be better—so much better than I could possibly imagine—if their hands had never been around my throat."

—AUTHOR SUSIE BRIGHT ON ELEVATING SEXUAL CONSCIOUSNESS, IN THE INTRODUCTION OF HER LATEST BOOK, *Sexwise*

MASTURBATION 101

Chip Rowe thinks masturbation should be taught ("Masturbation 101," *The Playboy Forum*, May)? Guess again. Craig Rogers, a California State University student, recently filed a $2.5 million sexual harassment claim against a female professor for teaching the joys of autoeroticism to a psychology class. Guest lecturer Joanne Marrow, a former nun turned lesbian activist, showed the class slides of female genitalia and discussed dildos and vibrators. Rogers, who is a fundamentalist Christian, thought that the lecture amounted to "crude, unadulterated male-bashing" that left him feeling "raped and trapped." He says that, as a result of the trauma, he suffered mental anguish and loss of concentration prior to his final exams and had to seek counseling. Wouldn't you call this hypersensitivity absurd?

Miles Long
New York, New York

Welcome to the sensitivity sweepstakes. Rogers filed his suit under a California law intended to protect female students from speech or behavior by male teachers that could lead to a hostile, offensive or otherwise adverse learning environment. We've written about abuse of sexual harassment laws in "Kangaroo Campus" ("The Playboy Forum," October 1994) and we have to ask: How much pain and suffering occurs when someone looks at slides of the opposite sex? We echo the sentiments of Professor Marrow's attorney: "If every lecture has to be inoffensive to every student, then you may as well shut down the university."

LESSON PLANS ON SEX

Attitudes about children and sexuality are quite different in the U.S. from

those in the Netherlands. Our schools give sexual education to children starting from the age of seven. Sexuality is not only an adult thing, but also something that children experience in a spontaneous way. This spontaneity gradually disappears in different ways for boys and girls, because of the different ways we deal with them. Sensory experiences are important for the development of a child's identity, self-esteem and relational abilities. Many adults have trouble with their sexuality because they could not give their own shape to certain ideas and feelings in their childhood. The people who develop sex ed lessons in the Netherlands are of the opinion that with the sex roles as we know them, society maintains an inequality, with men in dominant roles. Since these roles sneak into education at a young age, they want to put them into discussion. The lessons are rather detailed. Teachers tell about sex: What sex is, how your body changes, masturbation, what sperm is, alternatives to fucking, condom use, honesty, avoiding obligatory sex, venereal diseases, AIDS and various ways to caress your partner sexually. So, while there are no demonstrations, sex is openly discussed in our classrooms.

Jan Heemskerk
Editor-in-Chief, *Playboy Netherlands*
Amsterdam, Netherlands

READER TO READER

It was refreshing to read the response by David Kveragas ("Crusaders," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, April). I would like to comment further. Father Trosch believes a client of an abortion center could be carrying the next Christ. Zealots often claim that anything done for Christ is the righteous thing to do, no matter what it involves. This theme fueled the Crusades, the witch-burning rituals and, lately, the murders of doctors who perform abortions. But if Christ is not at the core of the same acts, the acts quickly change to violence. Murder is a crime, no matter who does it. Murdering abortionists is no different than blowing up cars in Israel. I do not believe either Christ or Muhammad would have supported the radical positions taken by some of their followers today. We should treat murderers equally in the eyes of the law.

Ed Munir
Eagan, Minnesota

There are a few inaccuracies in Bradley Miller's missive ("Nanny Boys," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, January). We conservatives never run "stealth" campaigns. Miller claims that "when made aware of it, most religious people reject the heart of the nanny-Right agenda." Oh, really? I have a hard time imagining religious people rejecting the Ten Commandments or the idea that morality should not be a matter of individual choice. Individual liberty is a great idea, but not if it is to come at the expense of civilization.

James Heckel
Arlington, Virginia
(continued on page 41)

PLAYBOY
LAWSUIT IN CINCINNATI

Here we go again.

Three days after Christmas 1994, county prosecutor Joseph Deters wrote to the manager of a Barnes & Noble bookstore in Cincinnati and accused him of displaying five magazines and a novel that Deters judged "harmful to juveniles." You may have heard of them: The book is a lesbian erotic novel, Robbi Sommers' *Kiss and Tell*; the magazines are *Nuthing Sacred*, *Your Flesh*, *Subliminal Tattoos*, *Heavy Metal* and the January issue of PLAYBOY.

Deters cited an Ohio law that bans the "display, description or representation" of any material that contains sex, masturbation, sexual arousal, nudity, bestiality, "extreme or bizarre violence, cruelty or brutality," "human bodily functions of elimination," "repeated use of foul language," "physical torture, dismemberment, destruction or death of a human being" or "criminal activity that tends to glorify or glamorize the activity" and "has a dominant tendency to corrupt."

Cincinnati has always been a curious place—a major American city where uptight moral crusaders have all but stamped out sexual freedom and expression. During his years as county prosecutor, current sheriff Simon Leis drove owners of adult bookstores, adult theaters and strip clubs out of town, attempted to shut down a production of *Oh! Calcutta!* and a critically acclaimed exhibit of Robert Mapplethorpe photos, and declined to prosecute a couple who kidnapped their daughter to "deprogram" her because they believed she was a lesbian. As sheriff, he filed charges last year against a suburban Barnes & Noble for selling a copy of the literary sex journal *Libido* to an 11-year-old girl (Deters advised Leis against taking the case to court—the sheriff did and it was promptly thrown out).

The crusading Leis has publicly feuded with his former protégé, Deters, who has not prosecuted an obscenity case in four years on the job. Instead, Deters has developed a strategy of his own. By threatening costly legal action unless businesses allow him to define what is "harmful," he avoids having to take on the Constitution directly or risk the sort of judicial rebuff that greeted the more brazen sheriff. Last year, for example, Deters dismissed criminal charges against two hotels after they agreed to remove adult videos from their rental machines. As part of the agreement, if adult movies are ever again stocked in the machines, the hotels must close their doors.

With support from the American Bookseller's Foundation for Free Expression and a number of publishers and music and video distributors, PLAYBOY filed suit against Deters and Leis in March, questioning the constitutionality of the prosecutor's action and the statute that prompted it. —CHIP ROWE

CURSES!

CENSORED AGAIN

editors drop fig leaves on the language

By CHIP ROWE

Two years ago, *Men's Health*—a magazine read almost entirely by people with penises—asked Robin Williams how to save a stand-up routine. Williams' reply: If all else fails, "go for the d—k joke."

That's how the word—a stand-in for "dick"—appeared in the magazine. A copy editor explained that parent company Rodale Press feared spelling it out might upset some anonymous reader who could pick up the magazine in a doctor's office or from a neighbor's coffee table.

Every day, people say, sing and scribble words such as dick, prick, fuck, shit, motherfucker, asshole, cunt and goddamn with great passion, ignorance or conviction, and every day editors excise the guts of the language for fear that somewhere, somehow, someone may possibly be offended.

Consider some of the more ridiculous examples we've come across:

- The *Los Angeles Times* censored all of the cusswords in a story by media reporter David Shaw that examined why newspapers censor cusswords. In another infamous incident, a *Times* editor changed "69-car pileup" to "70-car pileup" to avoid "titillating or offending readers."
- *The New York Times* refused to print an ad with the headline LIES. DAMNED LIES. STATISTICS (based on a phrase popularized by Mark Twain) until it was changed to LIES. MORE LIES. STATISTICS.
- When the rap group 2 Live Crew was hauled into a Florida court because its song lyrics were allegedly obscene—an important and newsworthy First Amendment case—no daily newspaper found the courage to print the words. To this day, few Americans who don't own the album have any idea what the group sang beyond reading that it was "crude and graphic."

If you ask the editor of a newspaper or magazine why he or she censors certain words, you'll likely be told that you're reading a "family" publication. "Editors regard themselves as the moral guardians of children, who aren't reading the newspaper anyway," explains Shaw. Funny, that concern doesn't prevent them from printing photos of mutilated Rwandan war victims, or from writing about a Supreme Court nominee accused of discussing a pubic hair on his Coke can, a boxer convicted of raping a teenage beauty contestant, or priests accused of child sexual abuse. If you were to protest the reporting of any of these subjects, the response would be much more high-minded: We cover the news. Don't shoot the messenger.

Publications that decide honesty is the best policy and report the language as it is spoken—including *The New Yorker* and other respected magazines—always get heat from a small number of readers who object to seeing their worst linguistic nightmares in print. They're missing the point: The censorship of language implies something far more insidious—namely, that editors believe that they have a duty to change reality, and with it, the news.

The modern collision between reality and propriety began in 1964, when Mario Savio helped launch the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. The FSM demonstrated that while society could quickly recognize and punish language that it considered obscene, it had a tough time confronting hateful actions.

Shaw notes an example. When detective Mark Fuhrman was on the stand during the O.J. Simpson trial, he was under fire for supposedly using the word nigger ten years earlier. The *Los Angeles Times*' extensive coverage of the testimony avoided repeating the slur. Shaw pointed this out to the editors, who explained that they didn't want to offend readers and that everyone knows the word anyway. "Everyone knows that O.J. Simpson is on trial for murder, but we don't make it 'the M-word,'" Shaw responded. "Nigger is the ugliest word in the language, but murder is more obscene."

Many editors believe that disguising controversial words with dashes or comments such as "expletive deleted" or as "the N-word" constitutes a compromise. But if "everyone knows the word," as Shaw was told, why not spell it out? Why make a reader guess if s—tty represents shitty, smutty or slutty,

as *Entertainment Weekly* did last autumn? And if you are going to disguise words that might offend some readers, what about h——s—ual, ab—tion or even s–x?

In any case of censorship, major or minor, larger issues surface. Time Inc., which publishes magazines such as *Entertainment Weekly*, *Life* and *Southern Living*, has a policy that generally forbids obscenities in print. In *Time*, for instance, you'll sometimes get the nonword c———, which could be cocksucker or cunt (you're left to decide). Or the editor will resort to euphemisms. At *Sports Illustrated*, a motorcyclist's appraisal of a ride, "It was this close to being better than sex," became "It was this close to being better than making love." The perplexed writer responded, "How about 'It was better than making love in the missionary position for the sole purpose of procreation within marriage'?" Clearly, speech codes represent a class and race consciousness. The Time Inc. title *Vibe*, aimed at young urban blacks, contains "more curse words in one issue than in the entire history of Time Inc.," one top editor boasted in a trade publication. "We don't censor it. It's acceptable in that context." In other words, because young urban blacks aren't as civilized as white folks, they won't be upset by rough language.

A similar problem surrounds the word bitch, which leaped into the news after Newt Gingrich's mom used it in reference to Hillary Clinton. All but the most prudent publications printed the word, though you'd be hard pressed to find any that would so easily put "asshole" or "prick" into type. One reader noted as much in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, writing that "similarly vulgar words hurled at men do not appear on commercial television or in newspaper articles." Apparently men are more sensitive about name-calling.

An effective way to battle censorship is to expose and ridicule it. The satirist Paul Krassner used a novel approach during the height of the Cold War by printing a poster that read FUCK COMMUNISM. The verb was offensive, the sentiment was not, and moralists were stymied. We suggest an update: FUCK CENSORSHIP. Whenever a publication lets a prudish minority dictate what sort of language—and news—the rest of us can see, ask which letters or words, exactly, were deleted. If editors are willing to take liberties with language they deem offensive, what else are they keeping from you?

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 39)

In the April issue, Allen MacCannell described how men are being harassed in the newsgroup alt.feminism ("Politics in Cyberspace," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*). Irate flamers put male poster's names in message headers, saying that these men condone rape. There is a solution to negative repercussions from non-PC postings: Anonymous remailers allow people to speak their minds without fear of reprisals. They can even be used for two-way dialogues with no danger of discovery. Right now these remailers provide protection against the most rabid university thought police, and are rapidly evolving to provide anonymity against government intrusion. As supporters of free speech, you should make your readers aware of this resource.

Lance Cottrell
San Diego, California

The founding fathers wrote under pseudonyms—it was the only way to debate without fear of reprisal—and the stakes were the future of the country. While we understand the principle behind anonymous remailers, we don't endorse them. Today, most unsigned opinion is graffiti.

MORE TRICKS

Your "Stupid Government Tricks" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) mentions the USDA spending $34.6 million for research into screwworms, even though the worm has been eliminated from the U.S. I have seen how devastating this pest can be on domestic and wild animals, as well as on humans, so to label the research as a waste is completely inaccurate. True, the screwworm has been eradicated from the U.S., Mexico and part of Central America. Those annual funds are being spent not for research but to extend elimination all the way to Panama, where a biological barrier will be more effective in stopping the pest's northward movement. Eradication of a pest from an area does not ensure it won't be reintroduced. Texas A&M University researchers estimate that an outbreak in 1976 cost consumers more than $200 million. The current USDA spending on this program will undoubtedly benefit the people of Mexico and Central America. But the main beneficiary of this program is the U.S. If this pest were to be reintroduced here, we would not be equipped to cope with the labor-intensive affliction.

Alberto Broce
Department of Entomology
Kansas State University
Manhattan, Kansas

John Kohut's "Stupid Government Tricks," though amusing, was riddled with distortions regarding the Postal Service. First of all, the Postal Service did not, as stated, lay off 33,000 employees. Those employees were borderline retirees who were offered incentives to leave. The Postal Service is currently reducing its workforce through attrition. As for the priority envelope, it was never considered or labeled a guarantee. The two-day envelopes were destroyed because of customer confusion and because of complaints regarding the differences between priority mail and overnight express, which is guaranteed.

Joseph Warda
Eureka, California

Author Kohut responds: "Why stop with the screwworm in Panama? Let's use U.S. tax dollars to drive the varmints to Tierra del Fuego, or better yet, the sea. As for our esteemed Postal Service, early retirement is just Nineties biz-speak for layoff. I don't know of many private enterprises that regularly reward executives for limiting annual losses to $1.3 billion. What happens after several more years of such performances? I know who will be left holding the bag."

COMICS

If the deadpan humor of William Helmer ("Comics: Threat or Menace?" *The Playboy Forum*, April) is any indication of the long-term effects of trash comic book consumption, then the fanatical right has every reason to be worried. Free exchange of art, knowledge and ideas is the greatest antagonist to a totalitarian objective. Thank you for continuing to feed my mind, and for continuing to provide such thought-provoking entertainment.

Laura Garth
Los Angeles, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

THE BAD APPLE

can a computer program root out

HOW TO POLICE WAYWARD COPS. The headline in the *New Scientist* caught our attention immediately. Why was an English science magazine covering the internal affairs of a police department?

The story proved fascinating. The Chicago police department had "enlisted the help of artificial intelligence to pinpoint potential rotten apples on the force." Something called a neural network system had "already identified 91 officers whose behavior suggests that they may become a liability to the department."

Now, we know that sometimes cops in Chicago, and elsewhere, go bad. They skip work, beat up innocent bystanders, steal, sell or take drugs and occasionally commit murder. The notion that a computer program could predict such behavior was intriguing. And, we suspected, dangerous.

We decided to investigate.

The Chicago police department had indeed done a computerized analysis of bad cops. It fed the software the records of 191 cops who had been fired and 382 cops with unblemished careers. The computer looked at disciplinary and attendance records, performance reviews and more. It chose what was important, delving into educational, marriage, medical and driving records; it also tallied the offending officers' race, sex, Social Security numbers and badge numbers.

Next, a trial run by a university computer lab confirmed the patterns the police department had found. Internal affairs then went ahead with a full run on police in the department. The computer devoured the records of 12,500 officers and pegged 91 "at risk." The rank and file started screaming. The police officers' union protested. While the system may have the ability to finger wrongdoers before they do wrong, it could also finger cops who would never sour—and that was un-American.

We talked with people on both sides of the controversy.

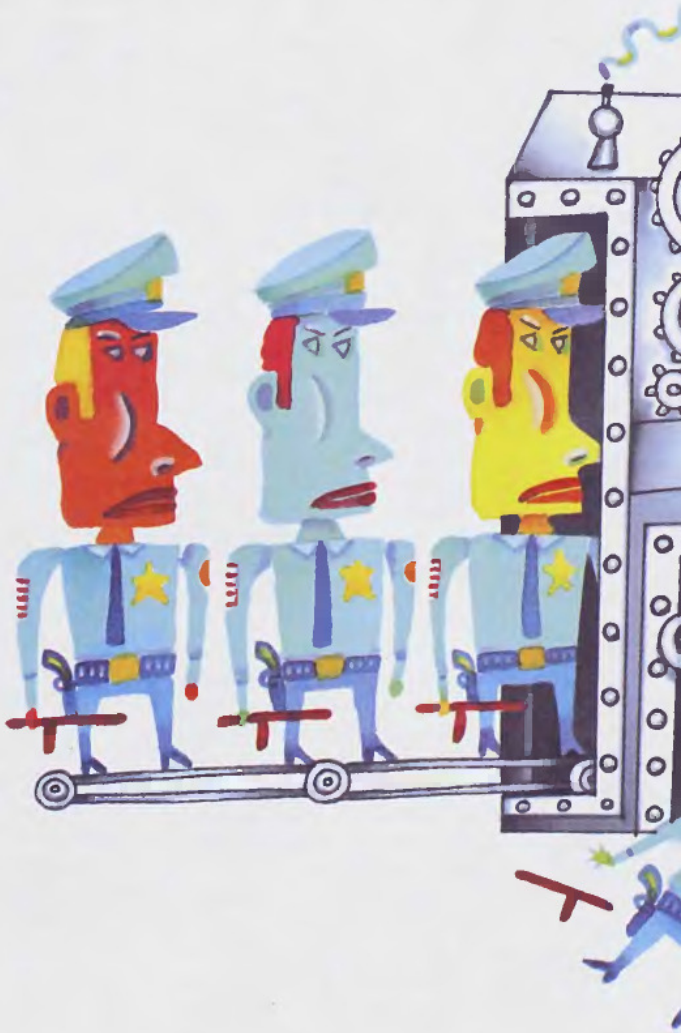
Robert Geinosky of the Chicago police department's internal affairs division told us the neural network was simply an attempt to remove the human element from the process that roots out bad cops. Geinosky works out of the CPD's antiquated headquarters downtown and has too small a staff to sort through all of the department's personnel records. The department is under pressure to modernize, and the neural network was seen as an exemplary move forward.

Geinosky, a former street cop, worked hard on the new system, developing most of the database himself. Internal affairs can be a lonely post. Officers don't like being policed. They work closely together and are loathe to squeal on one another. The idea that an impersonal computer could circumvent the cops' code was seductive. Geinosky explains, "There are cases where a supervisor doesn't want to [crack down on] another officer because he feels it may be detrimental to that person's career and there is friendship involved—and added work." The program, Geinosky claims, looks objectively at officers' records. If more than 99 percent of the factors in the record of an active officer were to match those of the rogues, he or she would be called in for a consultation, encouraged to get counseling and put on a list of officers in the Behavior Alert program.

The problem lies in what constitutes a match. If a bad cop were Irish or African American, then sizable chunks of the police force might be a match.

William Nolan heads Chicago's Fraternal Order of Police, the officers' union. He saw the potential for discrimination and responded, "On the police force, we're all blue."

Harold Kunz minds the legal affairs of the Fraternal Order. Kunz' office is jammed with memorabilia from a long career: team trophies, certificates of commendation and lots of photos with other officers. A campaign poster for



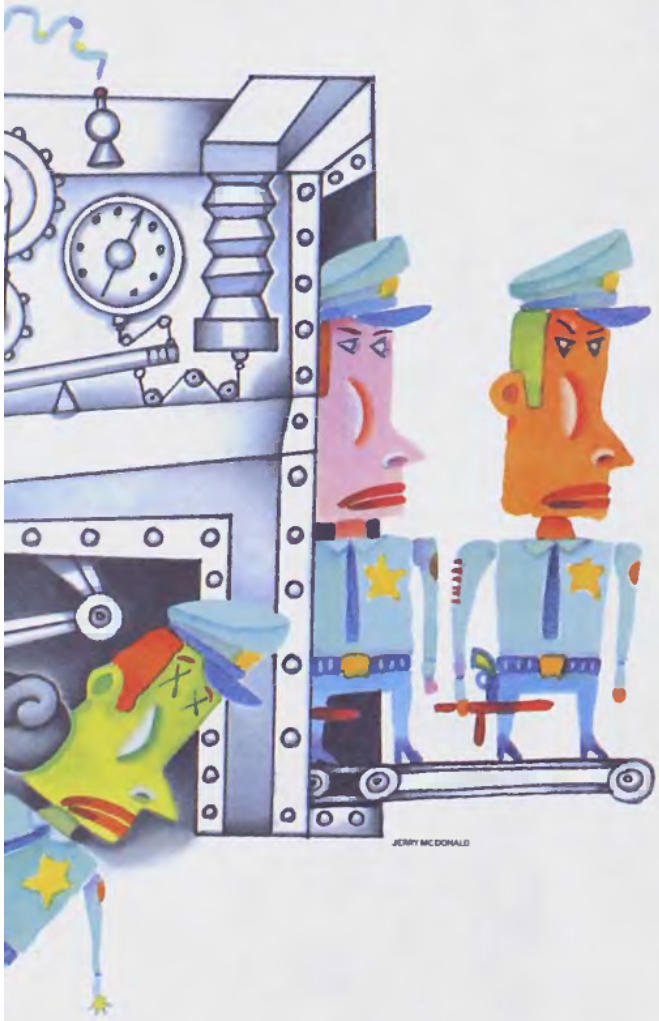
and a signed picture of Oliver North hang behind his chair. Kunz knows all cops aren't good. On his desk is a stack of business cards from a drug-treatment center for visiting officers to take.

The police call the computer "the crystal ball." Not surprisingly, Kunz thinks the crystal ball goes too far. The program "labels officers as behavior

COMPUTER PATROL

corrupt cops? By TED FISHMAN

problems without looking closely at their behavior," he says. "Getting labeled as a potential problem means your bosses won't want you and future bosses won't want you. The label can be used against you if anything goes wrong in your life—like a divorce—and your records are opened in court."



Kunz says the program condones the kind of unfairness and prejudgment police are supposed to avoid in their own work.

Chicago developed its crystal ball from a commercial software package called Brainmaker. It's touted as simulated biological intelligence. Experts in artificial intelligence call it "Brain-in-a-Box." The Brainmaker's neural networks try to mimic the way neurons in the brain acquire and process data and learn from it, working around missing information to build an image of reality. Perhaps it was the novelty of the software that seduced the Chicago police. The world's most powerful computers have never approached the speed and precision of the human brain. Or even the brains of frogs and bunnies. Neural networks have helped with limited tasks such as discerning what kinds of people might have trouble meeting their mortgage obligations, or helping contractors find flaws in concrete. Some people have used them to predict stock prices and the outcomes of dog and horse racing. Nolan, who dismisses the software as "a toy," points out the obvious: If Brainmaker could crack the stock market or successfully predict the outcome of horse races, everyone who owns a copy would be rich.

The department has set itself on a quest for the Holy Grail of artificial intelligence—predicting complex human behavior. No one has succeeded yet. Not the Department of Defense with its billions spent on battlefield robots, not researchers at supercomputing centers still struggling with much simpler problems, such as teaching machines to catch baseballs.

Jim Jubak, author of *In the Image of the Brain: Breaking the Barrier Between the Human Mind and Intelligent Machines*, says, "Using neural networks to predict when people will go bad is absurd. Is taking a kickback on a parking ticket the same as shaking down drug dealers? Any time you're looking for more complex behavior, the network will spit out garbage."

Jubak also cites the obvious problem of ferreting out today's wrongdoers based on the behavior of yesterday's. "The department assumes that people are dumb and machines are smart. But bad cops in 1995 know how bad cops in 1985 got caught."

Of course, that leaves the computer's net to snare good cops who aren't particularly interested in how bad cops got caught. According to a spokesman for internal affairs, the crystal ball wasn't intended to identify cops actively involved in corruption. A cop could deal drugs on the front steps of the precinct house, but if he didn't match the profile, no one would notice.

Raymond Risley, a superintendent at internal affairs, told the *New Scientist* that the program would identify officers whose minor misbehavior could signal major trouble ahead. The police union stepped in to protect its membership from such speculative interference. No one will see the 91 names that were generated in the test run. And that's as it should be—even cops are innocent until proven guilty.

We wonder who else is asking a computer to play judge, jury and executioner. The people at Brainmaker say their program is already used to classify psychiatric patients and to summon jurors. Will the government or big businesses start to make hiring decisions based on computer-generated profiles? Are they already? If your vital stats match those of a vice president who absconded with company funds, will you be fired? If your EKG matches that of someone who had a heart attack, will you be denied insurance?

We have no doubt that elsewhere in America, techies are finding new uses for programs like Brainmaker—taking the pain and gravity of human judgment out of the picture. The question is: Who will protect you?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE PRIMAL BUST

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—*Lawmakers wanted to get tough on perverts who expose children to lewdness, but they ran into trouble. What would happen if Junior*

woke up, wanted a drink of water and discovered his parents making love? The expression "knowing or reckless or intentional" threatened parents with jail. After discussion, lawmakers agreed that failing to bolt the bedroom door may be careless but was not reckless, at least in the legal sense.

EQUAL WAIT

INDIANAPOLIS—*A lawmaker added a new wrinkle to a bill that would require Indiana women to receive counseling and wait 18 hours before undergoing elective abortions. State Senator Anita Bowser, declaring such a law one-sided and unfair, has offered an amendment that would require the same counseling and waiting period for men seeking vasectomies.*

GLADIATOR GAMES

EDMONTON, ALBERTA—*A bizarre case on trial in Canada gives new meaning to the phrase a woman scorned. A former model is accused of injecting her ex-lover, a prominent Canadian photographer, with human immunodeficiency virus during a round of sadomasochistic sex. Witnesses testified that the woman, in an act of revenge after the breakup of their seven-year relationship, plotted to lure the victim into a kinky weekend for old times' sake. The nostalgic rendezvous, which included nipple rings and blindfolds, allegedly included the woman drugging and whipping the complainant before injecting him with tainted blood. He has since tested positive for HIV.*

HOMEWORK FROM HELL?

KALISPELL, MONTANA—*The West Valley School District must pay $38,000 to the library aide it fired for lending her personal books to two seventh-grade students doing research on witchcraft in the Middle Ages. The girls had no luck finding helpful titles in the library, so Debbie Denzer offered books from her home—two academically respected volumes on the occult and women in history. After the girls' parents complained, the school sacked the librarian for exposing the students to Satanism and feminism.*

CONTACT TRACING

ATLANTA—*Should health officials be allowed to track down the sexual partners of people with HIV? The Centers for Disease Control offers compelling data in favor of contact tracing. A report linked a single HIV-infected person to 142 others through a chain of sexual encounters or shared needles. Of those, 50 were found to be HIV-positive.*

SPLITTING HAIRS

ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN—*A bar owner and local authorities have gone to war over televised nudity that tests the state liquor board's rules on tavern entertainment. The flap arose when an off-duty policeman observed patrons exhibiting more than a casual interest in the show on the tavern's television set, a Cinemax broadcast of "The Getaway." When a nude woman appeared on the screen, the officer advised a change of channel, but the bartender refused. The state's liquor rules prohibit the showing of nude scenes by electronic means, which, up to this point, has been interpreted to mean pornography shown via videocassette recorders. If held liable, the bar could be fined up to $300 and have its license suspended. The tavern owner blamed the "mix-up" on Consolidated Cablevision, claiming he did not subscribe to that particular station. Guess the Disney Channel doesn't draw them in like it used to.*

PROFESSORS OF PROSTITUTION

AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS—*Would-be Dutch prostitutes now can take a course designed to teach them the world's oldest profession. The year-old Prostitution Info Center, a cooperative formed by Amsterdam's hookers, offers a training program for women interested in the calling. The six-session course covers intricacies of the law, bookkeeping, how to build a regular clientele and expertise in the use of condoms. After a series of classroom sessions, students apply the theories, visiting sex clubs and practicing their own seduction skills. What is the most important aspect of the program? Dealing with the taxman. How else are you going to know that whips, leather and creams are deductible business expenses?*

HIGH LOB

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—*We have heard of unique forms of drug delivery: trailer truck, cigarette boat, balloons, spray cans, cakes and beehive hairstyles. Now comes*

one to rival the U.S. Open. The Reuters news agency reports that Australian prisoners have come up with a new trick for getting narcotics. Friends on the outside put the drugs in tennis balls and bat them over the walls.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

BEACH BLANKET POLITICS

conservatives have declared war on hollywood. maybe they forgot who invented family values

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Is Hollywood really run by a bunch of sex-crazed exploiters of violence determined to destroy what remains of American family values? That's what Pat Robertson and his Christian Coalition claim, and now Republican presidential candidates are trumpeting the same hysterical message.

As an encore to Dan Quayle's attack on Murphy Brown in the last election, the usually sober Bob Dole promises that "If I'm the president of the United States, I'm going to urge consumers to turn off their TV sets and not patronize these movies."

But the conservative crusade is bogus. Hollywood is driven by profit, not politics. The stuff it turns out relies heavily on sex and violence because that's what sells. This was true in the past, when most movie moguls, from Jack and Harry Warner to Darryl Zanuck, were staunch Republicans, and it's true today now that a few are Democrats. These guys go for demographics, not political ideology. Anyone who believes that Republicans don't exploit sex and violence hasn't surfed the channels lately.

Rupert Murdoch is an ardent conservative with a long record of financing right-wing politicians such as Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Yet his Fox network has given T and A a prominence impossible during the decades when the three networks had a monopoly on taste. Not one of the older networks would have permitted a single airing of *Studs*, *Melrose Place* or that epitome of family values, *Married With Children*.

So who's the enemy? Pat Buchanan launched his presidential bid with a pledge to chase Hollywood's "purveyors of sex and violence back beneath the rocks from whence they came." I hope he's not going to go after Bruce Willis, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sylvester Stallone—Republicans down to their larger-than-life bones. True, those guys make violent movies, but they're no different from earlier Republicans John Wayne and Clint Eastwood—and nobody would call those two un-American.

While we're discussing patriotism and Hollywood, let's remember that since World War Two, Americans have been led into war by actors. John Wayne never experienced actual combat, but millions inspired by his film heroics did. For all the talk about leftists in Hollywood, the movie industry during the Vietnam war was also a major recruiter for the military. Wayne's *The Green Berets* was a big-budget action movie. Jane Fonda's *Coming Home*, about the dismal reception for a paraplegic veteran, wasn't made until three years after the war.

Nor is there any truth to the right-wing charge that Hollywood is out to undermine family values. That charge was leveled by Bob Dornan, another Republican presidential candidate, who claims that "we have a debased culture in Hollywood that ridicules and assaults religion and tears valor, hope and virtue out of our country." He must be talking about *The Lion King*, which gets a bit raunchy, and not *Forrest Gump*, which traditional-values conservatives loved. The right-wing *National Review* gave *Gump* an award for conservative values even before the film won any Academy Awards.

The entertainment business profits by allowing us to escape to lives we don't have. That's why Hollywood can't be at war with traditional values. Images of the perfect family were invented by the entertainment industry and continue to have no other existence. As Ben Stein, a screenwriter and former Nixon speechwriter, concedes, TV is "the primary teacher of family values in this country. Even the Bundys stay together. All the problems on TV are solved with human understanding and love. TV hasn't changed, really, since *Ozzie and Harriet*."

Hollywood would just as soon sell the Lord as the devil if it would win sweeps week or fill theaters. That's what George Vradenburg, a Fox executive vice president, tried telling a gathering of conservatives summoned by the *National Review* to denounce Hollywood. "We produce what will attract audiences. R-rated movies are significantly more profitable than G-rated movies. If movies are out of touch with America, why do Americans watch them? This business is driven by commercial considerations."

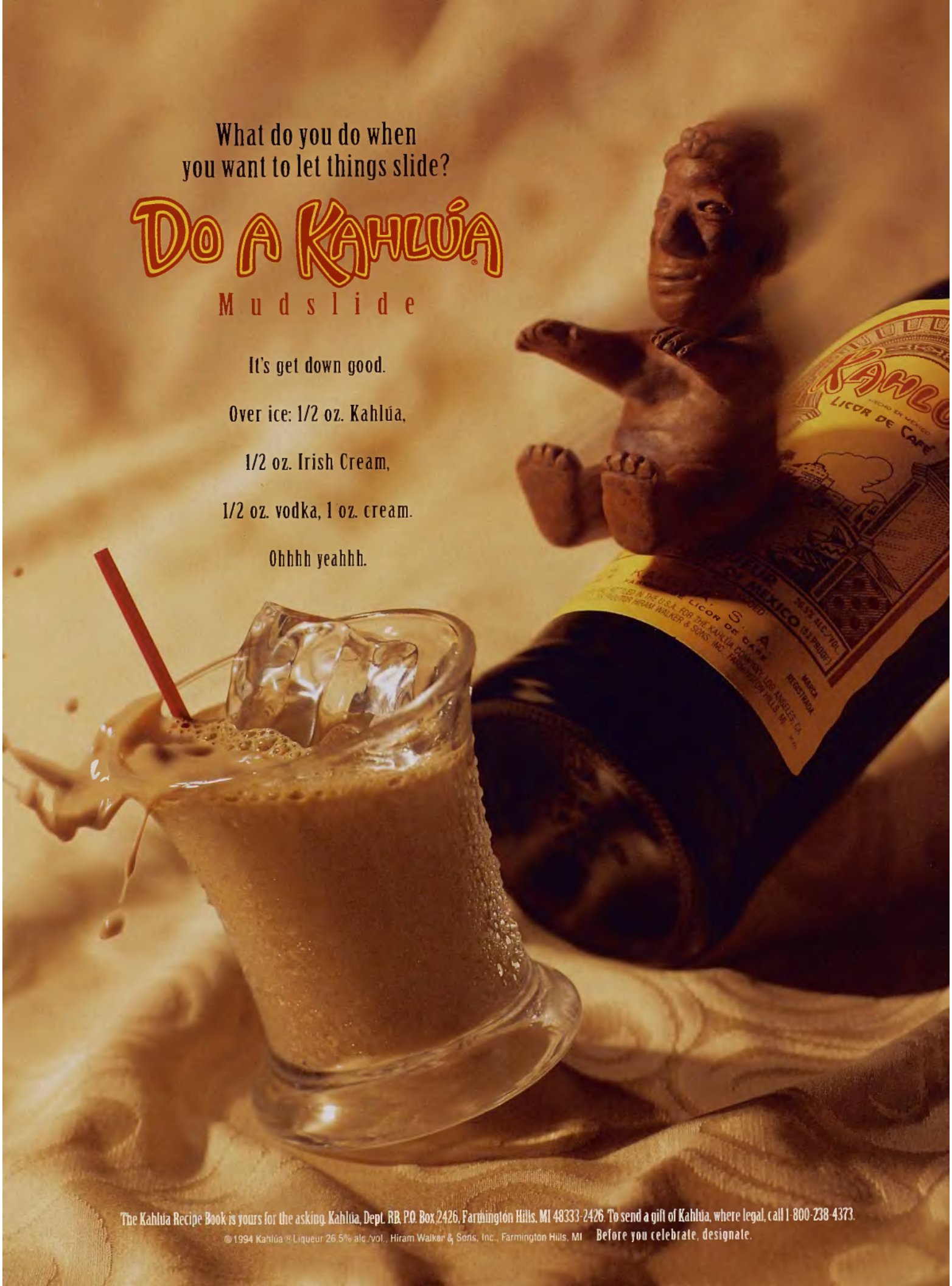
There was a time when politicians knew enough to look the other way when Hollywood gave Americans the movies they wanted. Back then, Republicans didn't worry about the Christian Coalition and didn't confuse Hollywood images with the real world. They took movieland celebrity for what it was: something to be exploited.

At the Nixon Library in Yorba Linda, California, I picked up one of my most treasured mementos: a coffee mug emblazoned with a picture of Richard Nixon and Elvis Presley shaking hands over the words THE PREZ AND THE PRINCE. Nixon liked that one so much that he had T-shirts made with the same image. The mug and T-shirts commemorate a terrific moment in political history, when Nixon appointed Elvis an honorary drug enforcement officer. That's class. Hollywood stars are royalty, and the president should pay homage. After all, the prime minister of England nods to the Queen, but that doesn't mean the Queen runs the country. And neither does Barbra Streisand.

Conservatives should follow the example of Ronald Reagan, who appeared in his share of T and A movies and had the good taste to invite Michael Jackson and his chimp Bubbles to the White House. Reagan also had a cozy relationship with MCA chief Lew Wasserman and made a video to honor him and his wife on their 50th wedding anniversary. Reagan knew who made him, not just as a movie star but as president. Similarly, George Bush made a big deal out of attending the premiere of *My Stepmother Is an Alien* because it was produced by his generous contributor and buddy Jerry Weintraub.

This gets at the source of the problem between the GOP and Hollywood. Recently, the moguls and stars have given more money to the Democrats, so the Republicans' gloves have come off. People who grew up loving *Beach Blanket Bingo* are suddenly yammering about the good old days when Hollywood made movies of value.

If the Republicans want to lecture Hollywood about values, maybe they should start with violence. Maybe Hollywood could cut back on blowing up buildings for a while. Come to think of it, perhaps when Bruce Willis campaigns for Republican candidates he should caution his audience that the car bombings featured in *Die Hard With a Vengeance* are not intended to inspire the ultraright wing.


What do you do when
you want to let things slide?
Do a Kahlúa
Mudslide
It's get down good.
Over ice: 1/2 oz. Kahlúa,
1/2 oz. Irish Cream,
1/2 oz. vodka, 1 oz. cream.
Ohhhh yeahhh.
The Kahlúa Recipe Book is yours for the asking. Kahlúa, Dept. RB, P.O. Box 2426, Farmington Hills, MI 48333-2426. To send a gift of Kahlúa, where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.
© 1994 Kahlúa® Liqueur 26.5% alc./vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI
Before you celebrate, designate.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BERRY GORDY

a candid conversation with the maestro of motown about building an empire against all odds, clashing with michael jackson's father—and why he left all of it behind

On the jacket of Berry Gordy Jr.'s autobiography, "To Be Loved," are testimonials by some of the people who have been affected by him: Smokey Robinson, Dick Clark, David Geffen, Lee Iacocca, Barry Diller, Mike Ovitz, Sidney Poitier and Diana Ross. But Gordy's influence was not felt only by his peers in the entertainment and business worlds. There is hardly an adult anywhere in the world who doesn't recognize at least some of the music that came from Gordy's Motown Studios. As Clark says, "Berry's music, that Motown magic, provides the soundtrack of our lives."

A list of the artists who created that soundtrack reminds everyone what a potent musical force Motown was: the Four Tops, Marvin Gaye, the Jackson 5, the Marvelettes, Martha and the Vandellas, Lionel Richie, Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, the Supremes, the Temptations, Mary Wells, Stevie Wonder. For five weeks in 1968 and 1969 Motown artists held the top three spots on "Billboard's" Hot 100 chart. It would be an amazing achievement for any record company. But for Motown—whose acts were primarily African American and whose music captured America's urban essence—such success made history.

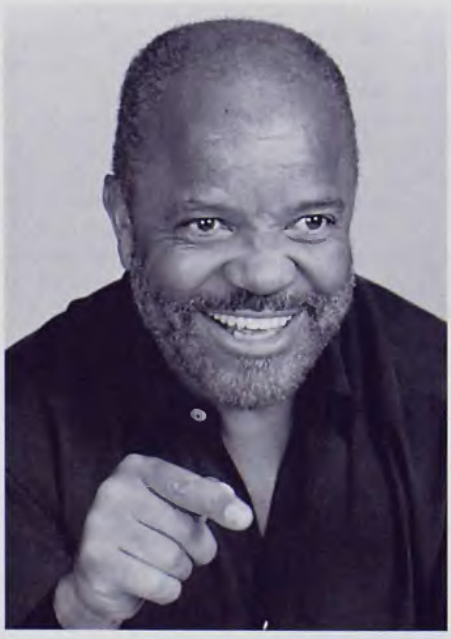
Motown was Berry Gordy, the enigmatic, tenacious, revered and occasionally reviled mogul who launched the record company in his hometown of Detroit. Gordy also wrote many of the company's hits on his own or in collaboration with other Motown writers, discovered and nurtured the Motown acts, produced and arranged the records and was integral in the creation of the world-famous Motown sound. In addition, he acted as the stars' manager, agent and, often, surrogate father. He also oversaw Motown's marketing, manufacturing, sales, public relations, distribution, finances and whatever else came along.

Gordy founded Motown and his other record label, Tamla, in the late Fifties. The first record he released was one of his songs, "Come to Me," recorded by Marv Johnson. The $800 it cost came from a loan Gordy took from his family. Other records followed, the company grew and by the mid-Sixties Motown was the hottest label in the world. The Beatles and Rolling Stones, among others, covered Motown songs, and the original versions sold millions of copies.

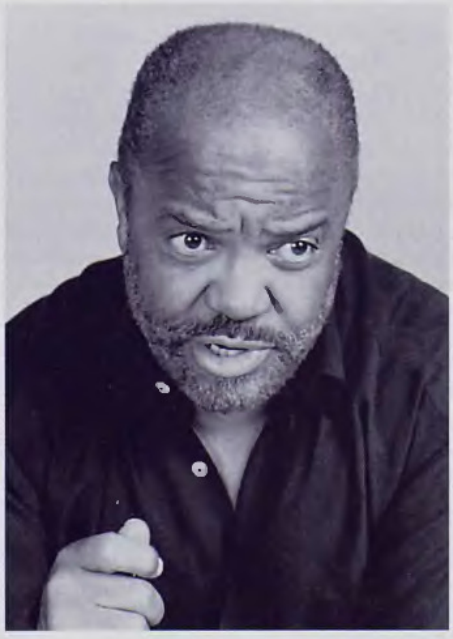
Motown enjoyed show business breakthroughs—the Supremes at the Copacabana, the Jackson 5 on the "Ed Sullivan Show," Marvin Gaye's unforgettable performance of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the 1983 NBA All-Star Game—as well as some less pleasant moments. The Motortown Revue was traveling through the South when the bus that carried the performers was fired upon. At the same time, critics accused Gordy of selling out by making music that crossed over to whites. There were business setbacks, too. Most notably, Motown was crippled by the defection of some of its key acts, including the Jackson 5 and in particular, Michael, who went solo and made the biggest-selling album in the history of the record business—for Epic Records, not Motown.

In the early Seventies Gordy moved his thriving company to Hollywood and into the movie business. Though the Motown film division never took off, there were a couple of artistic and commercial successes: "Lady Sings the Blues," starring Diana Ross as Billie Holiday, and "Mahogany," starring Ross and directed by Gordy. But Gordy was distracted by moviemaking, and changes were sweeping the record business. Distribution was being consolidated and costs were skyrocketing. Gordy got into financial trouble, particularly when other Motown acts—including Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye—deserted the company.

As his economic woes mounted, Gordy almost sold Motown in 1986 and two years



"We didn't dwell on black audiences or white audiences. The first song I tried to sell was a song I wrote for Doris Day, a white-sounding song for a white girl. So I sold out my white roots when I changed to black music."



"Stardom affects people in many different ways, and some can make it through the vicious circle. Others get caught in drugs some go mad with power, some forget who their friends are, some forget who they are."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Not all rap music is about 'niggers, whores and bitches.' Some of it is reflective of the rappers' lifestyles and the frightening way in which they have to live. It's put on record now for everyone to hear."

later accepted a $61 million offer from MCA. Though Gordy was criticized for selling—Jesse Jackson, for one, felt he was letting down the black community—he claims he had no choice. Gordy retained his music publishing company, Jobete, which earns an estimated $20 million a year.

Money like that was unthinkable when Gordy was a child in Detroit. His parents were enterprising and hardworking, starting a number of businesses, including a grocery store, a plastering business, insurance sales and a Christmas tree lot. But making ends meet was hard, and at one point his father was forced to go on welfare.

Young Gordy planned to follow in the footsteps of his heroes, boxers Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson. Gordy was a promising featherweight, but he also enjoyed writing songs—despite the fact that novice composers have trouble paying the bills. He opened a record store and worked on an assembly line at a Lincoln-Mercury plant until he decided, at last, to devote himself to songwriting full-time. When he wanted more control over the production of his songs and realized he could make more money if he weren't paying so many middlemen, he decided to start his own record company. Motown was built in large part on Gordy's songs (including classics such as "You've Made Me So Very Happy" and "Money [That's What I Want]"), which were recorded by almost every one of the company's artists.

Motown and Gordy had more than their share of detractors. Throughout the years, the company was haunted by allegations that Gordy had cheated and manipulated his artists and that he was backed by the Mafia. He was married and divorced three times, has eight children, lived for a number of years with PLAYBOY *Playmate Lee Ann Michelle and had a long romance with Diana Ross. One of his ex-wives, Raynoma, wrote a book in which she accused him of cutting her out of Motown's success. There were also lawsuits by former colleagues, including songwriters and performers.*

Though these charges accumulated, Gordy refused to comment—he was too busy building Motown to be distracted. He did not break his silence until he published "To Be Loved: The Music, the Magic, the Memories of Motown," an entertaining memoir that made best-seller lists around the country. Because Gordy was now talking openly, we sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** *to speak with the 65-year-old at his Bel Air mansion. Here's Sheff's report:*

"This was the first interview I have conducted with an audience. A cameraman filmed the entire event ('Mr. Gordy records everything for the archives,' I was told) while one, and occasionally two, secretaries sat in and took shorthand notes.

"Gordy entered the first session at about ten in the morning wearing beige cashmere and soft moccasins. He squinted because of the intense lights set up for the filming and insisted that they be shut off ('it's much too early for that,' he said). When the lights were doused, he stretched, shook out his hands and rotated his head—warm-ups left over from his days as a boxer.

"He spoke casually and confidently, clearly enjoying the opportunity to talk. When he reminisced, he often closed his eyes and sermonized in a preacher-like voice. Occasionally he would ask one of his assistants to find a recording of a song he was talking about—an old blues record or a recording by Smokey Robinson. Gordy became lost in the music, but there were a few times—when he played a recording of the Temps singing a new version of the Contours' hit 'Do You Love Me' for example—when I was the one who had to be reminded that it was time to get back to work."

PLAYBOY: After refusing to address the rumors about you and Motown for so many years, why did you finally decide to tell your story?

GORDY: I wish Martin Luther King had written his own book, or JFK. I would have loved to hear their stories in their own words. Beyond that, though I don't like being public, I felt I had to set the record straight. As Motown was growing, I wanted to refute the misinformation, rumors and gossip, but I chose not to. I had to live by the advice I gave to the artists on the label: Don't be distracted from your goals. I told the artists never to answer rumors, and I had to practice what I preached. But I was torn. I particularly wanted kids to understand that no company as beautiful as Motown could have been built in the devious ways that were rumored.

I learned ages ago that money cannot make you happy. And I realized that unless you have money, you can't make that statement.

PLAYBOY: Let's tackle the rumors. Did you make deals with the Mafia?

GORDY: No. That rumor grew from an article that appeared in a small neighborhood news sheet. It said, based on nothing, that Motown was being taken over by the Mafia. When it came out, we laughed at it. But the item was picked up by larger papers. It may have been perpetuated by the fact that Barney Ales, an Italian, was running our powerful sales department.

PLAYBOY: You were sued by artists and former employees who claimed you cheated them.

GORDY: You don't stay in business for 35 years by not paying people, and most of the people who worked for me over the years know what I stood for: fairness, honesty and integrity. Yet the stories, once they started, fed on themselves.

PLAYBOY: Some of the bad feelings seemed to come from the way you controlled your artists' lives.

GORDY: Maybe so. I did try to control almost everything. It was my ball game—my vision, my dream. Many of those artists became superstars, but when they first came to me they were just kids off the street who needed direction. Even some of the lesser Motown artists are still performing, making records, appearing on television, making money. What people don't know is that we carried many artists for years before they ever got a hit. Some never did. The artists received whatever they were due, and a whole lot more—care, personal attention, grooming, advice, direction.

PLAYBOY: But that's the point of the criticism: You were paternalistic. You were able to exploit these artists because they relied on you for everything.

GORDY: To exploit is not necessarily bad. To make use of someone's talent in a positive way benefits everyone. It was that "exploitation" that made many of them little stars, big stars and superstars. I wouldn't let anything go out that I didn't think was right. I knew that every Motown artist represented Motown and was a reflection of Motown. Also, I worked with other aspects of their lives, because raw talent wasn't enough. It had to be nurtured and developed. We had a charm school, chaperones. We made sure the artists paid their taxes.

PLAYBOY: Was that in exchange for one-sided contracts?

GORDY: That's a bunch of bull. We used contracts that were standard in the business, but here's what happens: Usually, when you sign an artist who's a nobody, whatever contract you give them is more than great. Six months later when they have a hit, the contract isn't good enough, at least according to the lawyers and managers who want to take over their careers. Everyone has heard that Elvis Presley paid 50 percent of everything to Colonel Parker. That was a lot, but it may have been worth it to Elvis. Elvis became a multimillionaire because of Parker, so maybe he made a reasonable deal.

PLAYBOY: But, by that example, Parker may have exploited a naive kid desperate to make a record.

GORDY: Maybe so, but wouldn't you have signed that contract if you had been Elvis and had a chance to become a star?

PLAYBOY: Does that make it fair?

GORDY: I'm not saying it makes it fair. But if I had been Elvis, I would have signed. I heard that Joe Dewey and Mike Intel refused to sign with Colonel Parker.

PLAYBOY: We've never heard of them.

GORDY: That's the point.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that the

There is no excuse for dirty fuel injectors.

Nothing's going to help you if you drive your truck like this. But even with normal driving, your fuel injectors can become dirty and clogged. One bottle of STP Super Concentrated Fuel Injector Cleaner in your tank quickly starts cleaning your entire fuel delivery and intake system. So use STP to help your engine deliver dependable power and performance.

DRIVE A BETTER CAR

STP®

Colonel, and certainly Motown, was in a position to take advantage of young, inexperienced performers?

GORDY: Absolutely, but so was every other company. Listen, the real contract between the artists and our company was that we would invest our money, creative forces and marketing skills on the gamble that the artist had a talent that would prove to be commercial when fully developed and properly exploited. If we were wrong, we would eat the investment and the artist owed us nothing. If we were right, we would recover our investment and make a profit. The artist would get paid the royalty contracted for, become a professional performer and, we hoped, a star. If that happened they would certainly get a higher royalty rate when their present contract ran out, or, if they were hot enough, we would resign them before it ran out. That's the way I did business, and yes, it was fair. But the funny thing is that money has never been the big motivation for me. Throughout my years in this business, I have seen that money may not be the root of all evil, but it's certainly the root of lots of it.

PLAYBOY: This from the man who wrote, "The best things in life are free, but you can give them to the birds and the bees. I need money, that's what I want."

GORDY: [*Laughs*] Yeah, but I learned ages ago that money cannot make you happy. And I also realized that unless you have money, you can't make that statement. Yes, everybody wants money, and I view that as part of the game. The winners of the game make more money and they live better. But in the end, the things that sustain you, that make you proud, you can't buy with money.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt guilty about all the money you've made?

GORDY: Never. Smokey Robinson had been with me five or six years when he came to see me and said, "I think I'm going to die." I asked him what was wrong. He said, "I'm so scared because I'm so happy. I just know something's going to happen." I said, "You're talented, you have worked hard and you've earned it. You deserve what you have and you shouldn't feel guilty about it." I learned this from my father. He had to go on welfare for a while—and he hated it—but he never felt guilty about taking money from the government because he had always worked and supported the government when he was able to. It's the same with success: Nobody gives it to you. You have to earn it.

PLAYBOY: You write a great deal about your father in your book. Was he your biggest influence?

GORDY: I have admired a lot of people: Joe Louis, Thurgood Marshall, Jackie Robinson, Sugar Ray Robinson, Nat King Cole. But my father was my hero. It was the way he did things. He was the person I really wanted to prove something to.

PLAYBOY: What were your parents like when you were growing up?

GORDY: They were hard workers. Pop always believed that honest labor was the only way. He worked and sacrificed for us all his life. He was funny, too. A great storyteller. But he was tough. He would beat your ass when necessary. I got mine beat a lot. My parents migrated from the South to Detroit in 1922. Mother had been a teacher in the South but couldn't teach in the North with the credentials she had. She went into her own business, which was called Friendship Mutual Insurance Company. As a kid I was so embarrassed when my friends would come over to play and my mother would ask them, "Is your mother protected?" "From what?" they'd ask. "If something should happen to your father," she said. She was so sincere about people being protected she would sell insurance to anybody. My father, who had been on welfare during the Depression, rented a lot and sold just about everything—car parts, Christmas trees and watermelons. We all grew up working with him. He was a plasterer, too, and he and Mother opened a grocery store.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good kid?

GORDY: I was a little bit of a renegade, sort of the black sheep—but a black

"DORAL GUARANTEES PREMIUM TASTE"

SEE PACK FOR DETAILS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FULL FLAVOR, FULL FLAVOR MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

sheep in a loving way. I got in trouble quite a lot, but everything my parents did was done out of love for me. I stole something once and was beaten; I never stole again.

PLAYBOY: What was your Detroit neighborhood like?

GORDY: At first we lived on the west side of town. My father thought that was the best place to raise his kids. When we lived there, I always heard about Hastings Street, on the east side, where it was so violent you could be killed. Then we moved one block from Hastings. I was terrified, but I got there and loved it. Hastings Street was where the bars were, the pawnshops and clubs, blues coming out of the bars, women hanging around outside the bars with nothing to do.

PLAYBOY: Did you become acquainted with those women?

GORDY: Finally, yes. At first I didn't know what they did for a living, but when I found out it was like, Wow! My first time with one of them was when I was 14. I was so excited that I thought that I would explode. I walked this two-block area where they were all standing. I had money in my hand, trying to be cool, but none of them said anything. I thought, Am I too young or just too ugly? Finally, one woman who I had thought was cute said, "Hey, you want to do some business?" I was so shocked I said, "Uh, like what?" She said, "Like fuck, that's what."

I followed her through back alleys to this little room. I had already gotten my pants partway off when she said, "You gotta pay me first." The room was dark and my pants were stuck on my foot and I was struggling to find my money. Finally, I paid her. I remember it was like riding wild horses on a magic carpet. It was phenomenal, all two minutes of it.

PLAYBOY: About that time you took up boxing. How good were you?

GORDY: Good. Very good.

PLAYBOY: So you could have gone on?

GORDY: Yes. I used to think of myself as Killer Gordy. I was a disciple of Sugar Ray Robinson. I had a lot of heart and a lot of determination.

PLAYBOY: So what happened to make you turn to songwriting?

GORDY: One day I was training at the gym and sat down to rest. I looked up at two posters on the wall. One was for a battle of the bands between Stan Kenton and Duke Ellington. The other was for a match between two young fighters. I noticed that the fighters were about 23 and looked 50. And the bandleaders were 50 and looked 23. I had my answer. That's when I jumped into songwriting.

PLAYBOY: How do you write a song?

GORDY: It's done in a hundred ways. Sometimes the words first. Sometimes the music first. Sometimes all together. Anything any way. Once I decided I was going to devote all my time to writing, I became a writing fool. Anything I saw could end up in a song—a license plate number, a paper clip, the way somebody sits. Wherever the idea would come from, I would try to figure out something different about it, give it a twist—or something to make it unique. Try to find a different way to say "I love you" or "you're special" or "I'm sad."

PLAYBOY: How did you go about trying to sell the songs?

GORDY: The first song I tried to have recorded was *You Are You*. I wrote it with Doris Day in mind. She was the American girl-next-door. I knew that she would record it if she heard it, so I sent it to her in Hollywood but never heard back from her.

PLAYBOY: How were you making a living in those days?

GORDY: I came back from the Army and opened a jazz record shop and tried to

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
DORAL
Elizabeth Harding, Ellen Mitchell
Dunwoody, GA
PREMIUM TASTE
DISCOVER THE DORAL DIFFERENCE
"It shows that they have confidence in the product, and believe in the quality."
Ellen
©1995 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

educate people about jazz. But my customers in Detroit were automobile-factory workers who wanted the blues. They wanted music that made them feel good. Blues made them feel good—or it made them feel good to feel bad. So I went out of business.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

GORDY: I went into selling cookware. I heard that you could make a lot of money selling pots and pans door-to-door.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good salesman?

GORDY: Yes. People would invite their friends over and I would cook for them—as many as 20 people at a time—and sell these pans. I did very well until my father went out with me one day. After I made a sale, I was so proud, trying to impress him, but he was upset. He said I was taking advantage of poor people who couldn't afford it. Somehow what he said made sense and I never sold another pot after that. So I tried songwriting again, but I got married and we had a baby and then another and another. My mother-in-law got me a job at a Ford foundry. I worked there for one day and hated it. Then she got me a job at an auto plant. After the foundry, the Lincoln-Mercury plant was fantastic. The place was clean and I liked the assembly line.

PLAYBOY: What was your job?

GORDY: Cars came down the line and I would jump inside and put on the trim—the chrome around the windows. I hooked it in place and screwed it in and the car would move on to the next person, who would jump into it.

I was so good at it that I could go down the line and get ahead of myself by four or five cars. Then I'd come back and have time to wait for the next cars to come down. I spent the time singing and writing songs. I'd write them down on scraps of paper.

PLAYBOY: What made you quit the plant?

GORDY: I was saving money, working 12 hours a day sometimes and Saturdays and Sundays, lots of overtime. Still, I never thought about leaving until one lunchtime when I heard some guys talking about how many more years they had until they could really start to live, meaning how many years they had until they would retire. One said he had five, another had seven. I realized I had, like, 33. I thought, This is crazy. I'm not going to wait till I'm 65 to live. I had saved enough money and all I would get was more money. It was time for me to do something that I really loved. So I quit.

PLAYBOY: How did this go over at home?

GORDY: With my wife and in-laws—not good. Even though I had saved money and bought a home, I was back to being a bum again. Then one day I learned that my wife was divorcing me. That's when I wrote the song *To Be Loved*.

PLAYBOY: Of all Motown songs, why did you choose *To Be Loved* as the title of your autobiography?

GORDY: It's what I've always wanted and what I feel people want most in life. I wrote that song at one of the lowest points of my life. I was very depressed about the divorce, because I was real close to my three kids. I wanted to lead them the right way, the way I had been led by my parents. It was important to me to have great communication with them, and I thought I had lost that. I went to my sister Gwen's house and told her I was getting divorced and she took it lightly. I said, "But my kids. . . ." She said, "The kids will always love you, the same as we do." When she said that, I started crying. That night, I sat down at her little electric piano and wrote the song. I was sad and depressed about what had happened, but I felt loved. I started playing some chords, and the words came easily: "Someone to care, someone to share, lonely hours and moments of despair, to be loved, to be loved. Oh, what a feeling to be loved." That kind of emotion is something that we feel very few times in our lives.

PLAYBOY: When did you finally sell a song?

GORDY: My sister introduced me to Al Green, a club owner who managed some acts, including Jackie Wilson. He also owned a music publishing company and was looking for writers. I started working with him. I met a man named Roquel Billy Davis and agreed to write with him. The first song of ours to be recorded was *Reet Petite*. I did a little bit of writing on it, not much, just some of the verses—I was good on verses. Jackie Wilson recorded it and it was a big hit.

PLAYBOY: How did the success of the record affect you?

GORDY: I was thrilled. I thought my troubles were over forever and I'd be rich and have all the girls I wanted. The cycle of success that happens to everybody who gets famous began for me.

PLAYBOY: Explain that cycle.

GORDY: When anyone becomes a star, they go through changes brought on by fame and fortune. Few people can survive it. People treat you differently.

PLAYBOY: Do women?

GORDY: Everybody does. I saw it all over the place. The first time I saw Jackie perform was at the Armory in Flint, Michigan. It was always a real treat. When he hit the stage it was unbelievable—women were throwing panties on the stage. Once, I was at one of Jackie's shows and the most beautiful girl I had ever seen was sitting there. We started talking and I wanted to get to know her better. She was the epitome of class and sweetness. She sort of ignored me at first, but when we began talking, I asked if I could call her sometime. It wasn't proper, she said. She said we might meet sometime in the future at one of these shows. I thought, Oh man, that means I'm going to have to come to every show to see her again. After a while we got friendly and we were laughing and stuff like that, and I thought maybe I'd try to kiss her—just on the cheek, a little kiss. "No no no no! I'm not that kind of girl!" We didn't know each other well enough and all that. I was thinking, This girl is too good to be true! She has such virtue, she is so good—who knows? This was future wife material.

We finally agreed to meet at the same spot after the show, but when I came back she wasn't there. So I went backstage, where Jackie was with a tremendous number of girls hanging around him, as always. There was Jackie, half clothed, locked into it with some girl, which he always was. Her dress was up, practically over her head. I got closer and realized it was my girl—with her tongue halfway down Jackie's throat.

PLAYBOY: So much for your future wife.

GORDY: Yes, unfortunately. But this taught me a little something about human nature—about the power of a star. Jackie was a magnet.

PLAYBOY: Were all your acts affected by the adulation they received?

GORDY: How could you not be? It affects people in many different ways, and some can make it through the vicious circle. Others get caught in drugs, some go mad with power, some forget who their friends are, some forget who they are.

PLAYBOY: Do most entertainers learn their lessons the hard way?

GORDY: Many of them do. It is so easy to forget who you are.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get for you in your cycle of success?

GORDY: I'm a quick learner. A while after my first big hit on United Artists, I put out a second record that didn't do too well. I went to New York and took some friends to United Artists. I wanted to show off. I got there and expected to be treated like the king of all kings, but this time they didn't seem to know who I was. I said, "I'm Berry Gordy," but no one had any time for me. I realized how true it was that you're only as hot as your last hit. That was a big lesson for me. I thought, Fuck all this trying to be more important than I am. Let me get my ass back to Detroit and focus on what I should be focusing on. Also, it helped that I was working with all these other people, trying to keep them in line. I never had time to get too far out of line myself.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to start your own record company?

GORDY: I wanted to produce my songs the way I wanted them produced. First I set up Jobete Music to handle the publishing of my songs. Smokey was my first writer.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet him?

GORDY: When I was writing for Jackie, Smokey came in with his group to Jackie's manager's office to audition, but they were rejected. I felt real compassion for

(continued on page 124)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who believes that life is fueled by passionate preoccupations, whether it's a monthly sports car rally or a Saturday afternoon spent polishing the Porsche. For him, cruise control is an oxymoron. That's why he reads PLAYBOY every month. It's the magazine that keeps him on track. One out of every five men who race cars reads PLAYBOY. Almost 2 million readers own a sports car. For peak performance, he reaches for PLAYBOY every time. (Source: Autumn 1994 MRI.)

La Veneziana

fiction by Vladimir Nabokov

there's only one way to experience a great painting—you must actually enter it, plunge into its depths

IN FRONT OF the red-hued castle, amid luxuriant elms, there was a vividly green grass court. Early that morning the gardener had smoothed it with a stone roller, extirpated a couple of daisies, redrawn the lines on the lawn with chalk and tightly strung a resilient new net between the posts. From a nearby village the butler had brought a carton within which reposed a dozen balls, white as snow, fuzzy to the touch, still light, still virgin, each wrapped like a precious fruit in its own sheet of translucent paper.

It was about five in the afternoon. The ripe sunshine dozed here and there on the grass and tree trunks, filtered through the leaves and placidly bathed the court, which had now come alive. There were four players: the Colonel himself (the castle's proprietor), Mrs. McGore, the host's son Frank and Simpson, a college friend of his.

A person's motions while playing, like his handwriting in quieter moments, tell a good deal about him. Judging by the Colonel's blunt, stiff strokes; by the tense expression on his fleshy face, which looked as if it had just spat out the massive gray mustache towering above his lip; by the fact that, in spite of the heat, he did not unbutton his shirt collar; and by the way he served, legs planted firmly apart like two white poles, one might conclude, first, that he had never been a good

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

player, and second, that he was a staid, old-fashioned, stubborn man subject to occasional outbursts of seething anger. In fact, having hit the ball into the rhododendrons, he would exhale a terse oath through his teeth, or goggle his fishlike eyes at his racket as if he could not forgive it for such a humiliating miss. Simpson, his partner by chance, a skinny blond youth with meek but mad eyes that fluttered and glinted behind his pince-nez like limp, light-blue butterflies, was trying to play as best he could, though the Colonel, of course, never expressed his vexation when the loss of a point was the other's fault. But no matter how hard Simpson tried, no matter how he leaped about, none of his shots was successful. He felt as if he were coming apart at the seams, as if it were his timidity that kept him from hitting accurately and that, instead of an instrument of play meticulously and ingeniously assembled out of resonant, amber catgut strung on a superbly calculated frame, he was holding a clumsy dry log from which the ball would rebound with a painful crack, ending up in the net or in the bushes and even managing to knock the straw hat off the circular pate of Mr. McGore, who was standing beside the court and watching with no great interest as his young wife Maureen and the light-footed Frank defeated their perspiring opponents.

Frank had arrived that morning with his friend to vacation at his father's, and had found Mr. and Mrs. McGore, whom he already knew and who had been visiting at the castle for more than a month. The Colonel, inflamed by a noble passion for paintings, willingly forgave McGore his foreign origin, his unsociable nature and his lack of humor in exchange for the assistance this famous art expert gave him and for the magnificent, priceless canvases he procured. Especially magnificent was the Colonel's most recent acquisition, the portrait of a woman by Luciani, sold to him by McGore for a most sumptuous sum.

Frank and Maureen, having won five straight games, were about to win the sixth. Frank, who was serving, tossed the ball high with his left hand, leaned far back as if he were about to fall over, then immediately lunged forward with a broad arching motion, his glossy racket giving a glancing blow to the ball, which shot across the net and bounced like white lightning past Simpson, who gave it a helpless sidewise look.

"That's it," said the Colonel.

Simpson felt greatly relieved. He was too ashamed of his inept strokes to be capable of enthusiasm for the game, and this shame was intensified by the extraordinary attraction he felt for Maureen. The players bowed to one another as was the custom, and Maureen gave a sidelong smile as she adjusted the strap on her bared shoulder. Her husband was applauding with an air of indifference.

"We must have a game of singles," remarked the Colonel, slapping his son on the back with gusto as the latter, baring his teeth, pulled on his white, crimson-striped club blazer with a violet emblem on one side.

"Tea!" said Maureen. "I'm dying for some tea."

Everyone moved into the shadow of a giant elm, where the butler and the black-and-white maid had set up a portable table. There was tea dark as Munich beer, sandwiches consisting of cucumber slices on rectangles of crustless bread, a swarthy cake pocked with black raisins, and large strawberries with cream. There were also several earthenware bottles of ginger ale.

"In my day," began the Colonel, lowering himself with ponderous relish into a canvas folding chair, "we preferred real, full-blooded English sports: rugby, cricket, hunting. There is something foreign about today's games, something skinny-legged. I am a staunch advocate of manly holds, juicy meat, an evening bottle of port—which does not prevent me," concluded the Colonel as he smoothed his large mustache with a little brush, "from enjoying robust old paintings that have the luster of that same hearty wine."

"By the way, Colonel, the *Veneziana* has been hung," said McGore in his dreary voice, laying his hat on the lawn by his chair and rubbing the crown of his head, naked as a knee, around which still curled thick, dirty-gray locks. "I picked the best-lighted spot in the gallery. They have rigged a lamp over it. I'd like you to have a look."

The Colonel fixed his eyes in turn on his son, on the embarrassed Simpson and on Maureen, who was laughing and grimacing from the hot tea.

"My dear Simpson," he exclaimed emphatically, pouncing on his chosen prey, "you haven't seen it yet! Pardon me for tearing you away from your sandwich, my friend, but I feel obligated to show you my new painting. The connoisseurs are going crazy over it. Come on. Of course, I don't dare ask Frank."

Frank made a jovial bow. "You're right, Father. Paintings perturb me."

"We'll be right back, Mrs. McGore," said the Colonel as he got up. "Careful, you're going to step on the bottle," he addressed Simpson, who had also risen. "Prepare to be showered with beauty."

The three of them headed for the house across the softly sunlit lawn. Narrowing his eyes, Frank looked after them, looked down at McGore's hat abandoned on the grass by the chair (it exhibited to God, to the blue heavens, to the sun, its whitish underside with a dark greasy spot in the center, on the imprint of a Viennese hat shop), and then, turning toward Maureen, said a few words that will doubtless surprise the unperceptive reader. Maureen was sitting in a low armchair, covered with trembling ringlets of sunlight, pressing the gilt meshwork of the racket to her forehead. Her face immediately became older and more severe when Frank said, "Now then, Maureen. It's time for us to make a decision."

•

McGore and the Colonel, like two guards, led Simpson into a cool, spacious hall, where paintings glistened on the walls. There was no furniture other than an oval table of glossy black wood standing in the center, all four of its legs reflected in the mirrorlike walnut-yellow of the parquet. Having conducted their prisoner to a large canvas in an opaque gilded frame, the Colonel and McGore stopped, the former with his hands in his pockets, the latter pensively picking some dry gray pollenlike matter out of his nostril and scattering it with a light rolling rub of his fingers.

The painting was very fine indeed. Luciani had portrayed the Venetian beauty in half-profile, standing against a warm, black background. Rose-tinted cloth revealed her prominent, dark-hued neck, with extraordinarily tender folds beneath the ear. The gray lynx fur with which her cherry-red mantelet was trimmed was slipping off her left shoulder. With the elongated fingers of her right hand spread in pairs, she seemed to have been on the point of adjusting the falling fur but to have frozen motionless, her hazel, uniformly dark eyes gazing languidly from the canvas. Her left hand, with white ripples of cambric encircling the wrist, was holding a basket of yellow fruit; the narrow crown of her headdress glowed atop her dark-chestnut hair. On the left the black was interrupted by a large right-angled opening straight into the twilight air and the bluish green chasm of the cloudy evening.

Yet it was not those details of stupendous umbral interplay, nor the dark warmth of the entire painting, that struck Simpson. It was something else. Tilting his head slightly to one side and blushing instantly, he said,

"God, how she resembles——"

"My wife," finished McGore in a bored voice, scattering his dry pollen.

(continued on page 60)

"Listen, Gaston. I think something's coming over the grapevine."

FOR TRACI ADELL, the past year has been an education in how to swim with the sharks without being bitten. It's not an experience she would care to repeat.

"I was an innocent person," explains Traci. "I had just moved to Los Angeles from Memphis—I was so naive. Then, all of a sudden, I was thrown into this huge media event and my life was chaotic for four or five months. Thank God I've learned a lot from it."

That media event began when Traci's Playmate layout appeared in the July 1994 issue. It was a splashy debut—readers loved her. One in particular, O.J. Simpson, was so taken with Traci that he called her in Maryland, where she was filming the movie *Life 101*. The day was Sunday, June 12, and the two talked on the phone for 35 to 40 minutes. When Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman were found murdered later that night, Traci was sucked into the vortex of tabloid journalism. The phone call itself was hardly extraordinary. "He was just a guy trying

WHEN O.J. PHONED TRACI

one fateful sunday last year, playmate traci adell took a phone call that changed her life

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

to get a date. I was picking his brain, trying to figure out how he turned his football career into a business. That's why I had moved to Los Angeles in the first place—to learn how to get an idea off the ground and into the marketplace, whether it's a movie I'm passionate about, or a story or a book. I want to know how to create it and get it into people's homes."

But the media were on a feeding frenzy. No story was too small or insignificant to escape full-scale investigation. At first, Traci told only her boyfriend—an O.J. Simpson fan—and a few friends about the call. Her best guess is that friends of friends leaked it to the tabloids, and she promptly found herself on the front page of the *Globe*. The next thing she knew, *A Current Affair* offered her what looked like a no-win proposition: "Either I could go on the air and tell the story of my talk with O.J., or they would do the story without me and make me look like a bimbo. My acting career was going well, and I didn't want to be portrayed *(text concluded on page 146)*

La Veneziana (continued from page 56)

"I'll be tormented to my dying day. I shall become like one of those wretches I've run into in Chelsea."

"It's incredibly good," whispered Simpson, tilting his head the other way, "incredibly. . . ."

"Sebastiano Luciani," said the Colonel, complacently narrowing his eyes, "was born at the end of the 15th century in Venice and died in the mid-16th in Rome. His teachers were Bellini and Giorgione and his rivals Michelangelo and Raffaello. As you can see, he synthesized in his work the power of the former and the tenderness of the latter. It's true he was not overly fond of Santi, and here it was not just a matter of professional vanity—legend has it that our artist was taken with a Roman lady called Margherita, known subsequently as *la Fornarina*. Sixteen years before his death he took monastic vows upon receiving from Clement VII a simple and profitable appointment. Ever since then he has been known as Fra Sebastiano del Piombo. *Piombo* means lead, for his duties consisted of applying enormous lead seals to fiery papal bulls. A dissolute monk, he was fond of carousing and composed indifferent sonnets. But what a master. . . ."

The Colonel gave Simpson a glance, noting with satisfaction the impression the painting had made on his speechless guest. It should again be emphasized, however, that Simpson, unaccustomed as he was to the contemplation of artwork, could not fully appreciate the mastery of Sebastiano del Piombo, and the one thing that fascinated him—apart, of course, from the purely physiological effect of the splendid colors on his optic nerves—was the resemblance he had immediately noticed, even though he was seeing Maureen for the first time. And the remarkable thing was that the *Veneziana*'s face—the sleek forehead bathed, as it were, in the recondite gloss of some olivaster moon, the totally dark eyes, the placidly expectant expression of her gently joined lips—clarified for him the real beauty of that other Maureen who kept laughing, narrowing her eyes, shifting her pupils in a constant struggle with the sunlight whose bright maculae glided across her white frock as she separated the leaves with her racket in search of a ball that had rolled into hiding.

Taking advantage of the liberty that an English host allows his guests, Simpson did not return to the tea table but set off across the garden, rounding the star-shaped flowerbeds and soon losing his way amid the checkerboard shadows of an avenue in the park, with its smell of ferns and decaying leaves. The trees were so old that their branches had had to be propped up by rusted braces, and they hunched over like dilapidated giants on iron crutches.

"God, what a stunning painting," Simpson whispered again. He walked unhurriedly, waving his racket, stooped, his rubber soles lightly slapping. One must picture him clearly: gaunt, clad in rumpled white trousers and a baggy gray jacket with a half-belt; and also take careful note of the rimless pince-nez on his pockmarked, button-like nose, his weak, slightly mad eyes and the freckles on his convex forehead, his cheekbones, and his neck, red from the summer sun.

He was in his second year at university, lived modestly, and diligently attended lectures on theology. He and Frank became friends not only because fate had assigned them the same apartment (consisting of two bedrooms and a common parlor) but, above all, like most weak-willed, bashful, secretly rapturous people, because he involuntarily clung to someone in whom everything was vivid and firm—teeth, muscles, the physical strength of the soul, which is willpower. For his part, Frank, the pride of his college, who rowed in a racing scull and flew across the field with a leather watermelon under his arm, who knew how to land a punch on the very tip of the chin where there is the same kind of funny bone as in the elbow, a punch that would put an adversary to sleep—this extraordinary, universally liked Frank found something very flattering in his friendship with the weak, awkward Simpson. Simpson, incidentally, was privy to something odd that Frank concealed from his other chums, who knew him only as a fine athlete and an exuberant chap, paying no attention whatsoever to occasional rumors that Frank was exceptionally good at drawing but showed his drawings to no one. He never spoke about art, was ever ready to sing and swig and carouse, yet suddenly a strange gloom would come over him and he would not leave his room or let anyone in, and only his roommate, lowly Simpson, would see what he was up to. What Frank created during these two or three days of ill-humored isolation he either hid or destroyed, and then, as if having paid an agonizing tribute to his vice, he would again become his merry, uncomplicated self. Only once did he bring this up with Simpson.

"You see," he said, wrinkling his limpid forehead and forcefully knocking the ashes from his pipe, "I feel that there is something about art, and painting in particular, that is effeminate, morbid, unworthy of a strong man. I try to struggle with this demon because I know how it can ruin people. If I yield to it completely, then, instead of a peaceful, ordered existence with finite distress and finite delights, with precise rules without which any game loses its appeal, I shall be doomed to constant chaos, tumult, God knows what. I'll be tormented to my dying day. I shall become like one of those wretches I've run into in Chelsea, those vain, longhaired fools in velvet jackets—harried, weak, enamored only with their sticky palettes. . . ."

But the demon must have been potent. At the end of the winter semester, without a word to his father (thereby hurting him deeply), Frank went off in third class to Italy, to return a month later directly to the university, suntanned and joyous, as if he had rid himself once and for all of the murky fever of creation.

Then, with the advent of summer vacation, he invited Simpson for a stay at his father's, and Simpson accepted in a burst of gratitude, for he was thinking with horror of the usual return home to his peaceful northern town where some shocking crime occurred every month, and to his parson father, a gentle, harmless man who devoted more attention to his harp and his chamber metaphysics than to his flock.

The contemplation of beauty, whether it be a uniquely tinted sunset, a radiant face or a work of art, makes us look back at our personal past and juxtapose ourselves and our inner being with the utterly unattainable beauty revealed to us. That is why Simpson, in front of whom the long-dead Venetian girl had just risen in her cambric and velvet, now reminisced as he ambled along the violet dirt of the lane, soundless at this evening hour; he reminisced about his friendship with Frank, about his father's harp, about his own cramped, cheerless youth. The resonant forest stillness was complemented now and then by the crackle of a branch touched one knew not by whom. A red squirrel scurried down a tree trunk, ran across to a neighboring trunk with its bushy tail erect and darted up again. In the soft flow of sunlight between two tongues of foliage, midges

(continued on page 137)

"Naturally, I'm upset. I wasted the best tan of my life on him."

ALL THE DRINKING GAMES, COME-ON LINES, FIX-IT TRICKS AND PON FARR FETISHES YOU NEED TO SURVIVE IN A WORLD GONE TREK CRAZY

KEEP ON TREKKIN'

ARTICLE BY DANIEL RADOSH

THERE MAY have been a time when you thought of the words Star Trek as the punch line to a joke. *Star Trek* fans were pasty-faced 14-year-old boys. The object of their obsession was at most cult and probably not more than kitsch. Obviously, it wasn't anything important.

Then you realized how wrong you were. Maybe it was back in 1976, when NASA named the space shuttle prototype the U.S.S. Enterprise, or six months ago, when Paramount chose a fourth *Star Trek* series as the flagship of its new television network. Or it could have been any number of landmarks in between: when *Star Trek: The Next Generation* became the highest-rated first-run syndicated show in history; when seven *Star Trek* feature films raked in more than $500 million; when more than 100 *Star Trek* novels became best-sellers; when readers of *TV Guide* named *The Next Generation*'s Patrick Stewart—a bald guy—the sexiest man on TV.

Fact is, it's impossible to be alive in this culture without significant *Trek* awareness. In the spirit of intergalactic scholarship, we present the ultimate package of *Star Trek* lore. (For those of you who get lost, there's a glossary on page 64.) Read on, and prosper.

"WANNA SEE THE CAPTAIN'S LOG?"

Even green women like to be romanced. Here are some pickup lines used by various Starfleet crew members.

"Are you wearing some unusual kind of perfume, or something radioactive, my dear?"—MCCOY TO ONE OF MUDD'S WOMEN

"Commander, tell me about your sexual organs."—GENDERLESS ALIEN TO RIKER

"I am programmed in multiple techniques. A broad variety of pleasuring."—DATA TO TASHA YAR WHEN SHE ASKED HIM IF HE WAS "FULLY FUNCTIONAL"

"I can see you are a woman not only of breeding but also of wit and sagacity."—PICARD TO A HOLODECK COUNTESS

"Kiss me."—KIRK TO ANDROID BABE, OSTENSIBLY TO TEST HER PROGRAMMING

"Grrrr."—WORF TO ALIEN TEMPTRESS KAMALA

Bonus 1: A holodeck-date brush-off line. "It's been a lovely program and you're a terrific guy, but I just don't feel that way about you."—CHRISTI HENSHAW TO LA FORGE

Bonus 2: Why technogeeks can't get laid in the 24th century, either. "I just don't get it. I can fieldstrip a fusion reactor. I can realign a power-transfer tunnel. Why can't I make anything work with a woman like Christi?"—LA FORGE, ANSWERING HIS OWN QUESTION

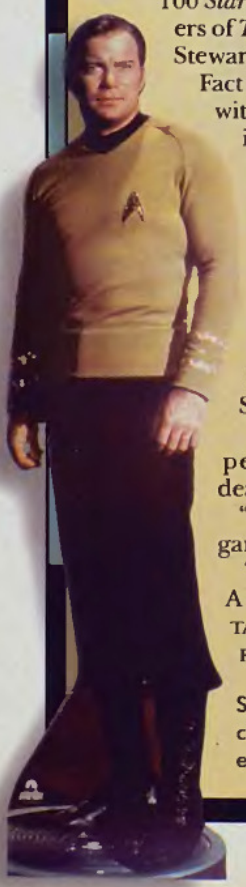
THIS OLD STARSHIP

Is something in need of repair, but you have trouble remembering the appropriate technobabble? Use this clip-and-save troubleshooter.

Symptom: Power fluctuation in the transporter's annular confinement beam.
Possible cause: Field imbalance.
Adjustment: Check the Heisenberg compensators and run a level-one diagnostic of the pattern buffers.

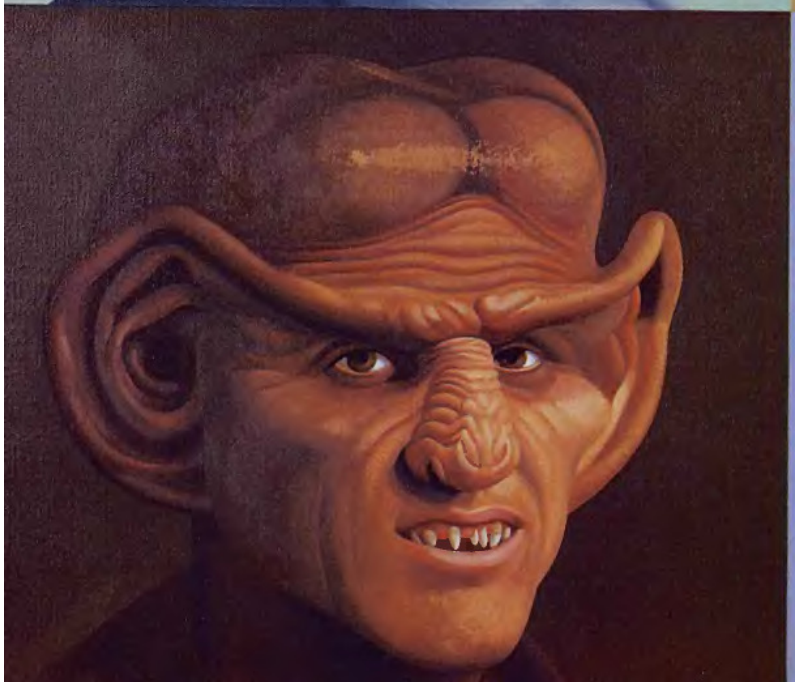
Symptom: The power requirements of shuttle craft do not match those of your starship.
Possible cause: Incompatible polarity.
Adjustment: Use a variable phase inverter to align the ship's power with the circuits of the shuttle craft.

Symptom: Warp drive not supplying enough energy.
Possible cause: Natural limitations of the matter–antimatter reaction chamber.
Adjustment: Use multiple injector streams to hit more than one dilithium crystal facet.



Star Trek's greatest alien hits (opposite, clockwise from top right): a lounge-lizard lady; a mischievous Talaxian named Neelix; Data's android offspring; Quark, the most famous Ferengi ever; your generic Cardassian warrior; a thirsty Kazon boss man who lives on a desert planet.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN



Symptom: Someone is unconscious.
Possible cause: Doesn't matter.
Adjustment: 2cc Cordrazine. 25cc if Klingon.

THE INTERGALACTIC PROFESSIONAL BARTENDER'S SCHOOL

Chateau Picard: Fine wine from the Picard family vineyards of La Barre, France.

Finagle's Folly: Mixed drink invented by McCoy. Yes, he's a doctor, but damn it, he's a thirsty doctor.

Prune juice: Earth beverage. An appreciative Worf declared it "a warrior's drink."

Raktajino: Klingon iced coffee popular at Quark's bar.

Romulan ale: Baby-blue grog powerful enough to be banned by the Federation.

Samarian sunset: A delicate balance of liquors that appears clear until the rim of the glass is tapped, whereupon it develops a multicolored glow. A good drink when you have a little money left over in your special-effects slush fund.

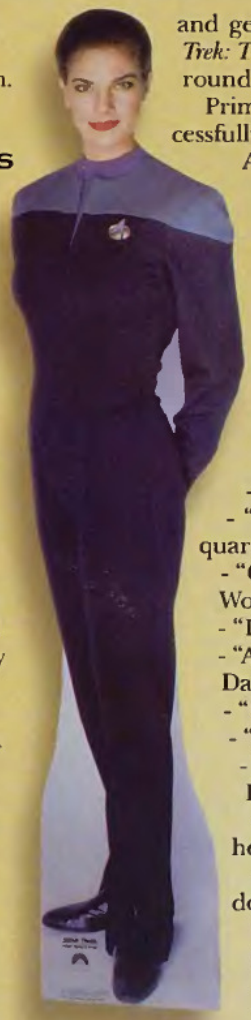
Saurian brandy: OK drink, classy bottle.

Synthehol: Hangover-free alcohol substitute. Like a 24th century O'Doul's.

Tzartak aperitif: Its vapor point is one-half degree below body temperature, so it evaporates upon contact with the tongue.

MILLER SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

Trekkers don't just sit around watching *Star Trek* all day. They sit around watching *Star Trek* and getting drunk. Here's one version of the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* drinking game making the rounds on college campuses and the Internet.



Prime directive: Have one sip of beer per successfully met condition.

Anybody says:
- "Open hailing frequencies."
- "Medical emergency."
- "Belay that order."
- "Energize."
- "You have the bridge."
- "Hell," "damn" or any other profanity. (See Riker's special swearing rules that appear later in this list.)

Picard says:
- "Make it so."
- "Engage!"
- "Proceed."
- "Come" (two sips if it is said in his personal quarters).
- "Captain's log"; two sips if it's supplemental.

Worf says:
- "Impressive."
- "Admirable."

Data says:
- "Fascinating."
- "Interesting."
- "Accessing."

Riker:
- Swears (two sips if it's "hell," whole beer if he asks, "What the hell is going on?").
- Walks forward as if he were trying to knock down an imaginary door with his forehead.
- Brags about his trombone.

Picard:
- Straightens his uniform.
- Tries to speak French.

GLOSSARY

* **BORG**—Half robot, half human, all evil.
* **CARDASSIANS**—Snake-like aliens with a fondness for torture.
* **DELTA QUADRANT**—The other side of the galaxy.
* **EMPATHIC METAMORPH**—Beautiful female alien who lives to serve men. No, really.
* **THE FEDERATION**—Like the UN, only not a laughingstock.
* **FERENGI**—Short, moneygrubbing aliens with big ears.
* **HOLODECK**—Produces holographic but extremely lifelike simulations of any environment. A playroom for restless (and occasionally horny) starship crew.
* **HOLOSUITE**—Holodeck in the back room of seedy bars.
* **KLINGONS**—A warrior race. Very spiritual, and they spit when they talk.
* **MUDD'S WOMEN**—Artificial mail-order brides.
* **PON FARR**—How Vulcans go into heat.
* **THE PRIME DIRECTIVE**—"Thou shalt not interfere in the normal development of any society." It has lots of loopholes.
* **Q**—A guy with godlike powers, a warped sense of humor and a lot of time on his hands.
* **REPLICATORS**—Extraordinarily convenient technology for making anything out of nothing.
* **ROMULANS**—Like the Klingons but with smoother foreheads, and they never befriended humans.
* **STARFLEET**—The navy of the United Federation of Planets.
* **STARFLEET ACADEMY**—The Annapolis of Starfleet. Estahlished at the Presidio in 2161.
* **STARFLEET COMMAND**—The brass. Meddling bureaucrats, but their HQ has a nice view of the Golden Gate Bridge.
* **TEN FORWARD**—The forwardmost point of the Enterprise D's Deck Ten. Also, the name of the lounge there.
* **TRANSPORTER**—How to get there from here.
* **TRILL**—Human on the outside, slug on the inside. By sheer luck, Deep Space Nine's resident Trill, Dax, currently sports the body of a hot babe.
* **TURBOLIFT**—Elevator.
* **VISOR**—Visual instrument and sensory organ replacement. For blind people.
* **VULCANS**—Logical, emotionless aliens with pointy ears.
* **WARP DRIVE**—Engine.
* **WORMHOLE**—Corridor through space.

STAR TREK MERCHANDISE SUPPLIED BY STAR TREK: THE OFFICAL FAN CLUB
Where & How to Buy on page 155.

Data:
- Performs a self-diagnostic.
- Reveals his innards.
- Pets or holds Spot.

Geordi:
- Sees something other people can't.
- His VISOR is taken or is knocked off.

Beverly:
- Can't figure out some bizarre medical problem.

Troi:
- Talks about chocolate; two sips if she eats something chocolate.
- Has an empathic insight about something that's really obvious.

Wesley:
- Talks back to his mom.

O'Brien:
- Speaks.

Anybody:
- Drinks; four if it's Picard drinking Earl Grey tea.
- Reads a book.
- Is addressed by first name; two if there's some kind of sexual tension going on.
- Appears in dress uniform (one sip per scene per officer).
- Appears in casual clothes (one sip per scene per officer); two if it's Beverly in a sweater or Picard in his chest-revealing bedwear.
- Plays an instrument; two if it's Data.
- Preaches the Prime Directive; two if it's not Picard.
- Preaches about "humanity's unique potential."
- Implies that Ten Forward is a happening place.

Alerts:
- Yellow alert: one sip.
- Red alert: two sips.
- Intruder alert: three sips.

Any time:
- There's an argument in a turbolift.
- A shuttle craft seems like an unsafe place to be.
- Something goes wrong with the holodeck.
- An "old earth saying" is brought up; two if Data has to have it explained to him.
- Klingon is spoken; two sips per scene in which Klingons are alone and have no obvious reason to speak English but do so anyway.
- A female character has flawless makeup after she's been through the wringer.
- There's a token alien in the background with no lines; two if it's a Vulcan.
- A communicator isn't working or is blocked.

"DAMN IT, JIM!
I'M A DOCTOR,
NOT A BRICKLAYER!"
—"BONES" MCCOY

"SPACE,
THE FINAL FRONTIER.
THESE ARE THE
VOYAGES OF THE
STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.
ITS FIVE-YEAR
MISSION: TO EXPLORE
STRANGE NEW
WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT
NEW LIFE AND NEW CIVILIZATIONS, TO BOLDLY
GO WHERE NO MAN
HAS GONE BEFORE."
—OPENING NARRATIVE
FROM THE ORIGINAL
"STAR TREK"

*

"I WAS OUT SAVING
THE GALAXY
WHEN YOUR
GRANDFATHER WAS
STILL IN DIAPERS."
—KIRK TO PICARD
IN "STAR
TREK: GENERATIONS"

*

"LIVE LONG
AND PROSPER."
—MR. SPOCK

- Somebody uses a communicator or intercom without going to a panel or touching anything.
- There's a countdown.
- The Enterprise does battle (shots must be fired): two sips per scene.
- The living quarters of the Enterprise separate from the ship before battle: the whole beer.

TREK LIT

The easy joke about Trekkies—sorry, *Trekkers*—is the one William Shatner made in that notorious *Saturday Night Live* skit: "Get a life." There are indeed some enthusiasts who aren't content with the shows and movies—or even reality as the rest of us know it—and get a Trek life by living and writing it for themselves.

Consider the space warior wanna-bes who practice their Klingon language skills by studying the official dictionary and audiotape, or by taking a fan-sponsored correspondence course. Advanced linguists are translating Shakespeare's writings and the Bible into Klingon.

Meanwhile, over at Pocket Books, the publishers of the Star Trek series dish out a never-ending supply of fantasies to their obsessive audience.

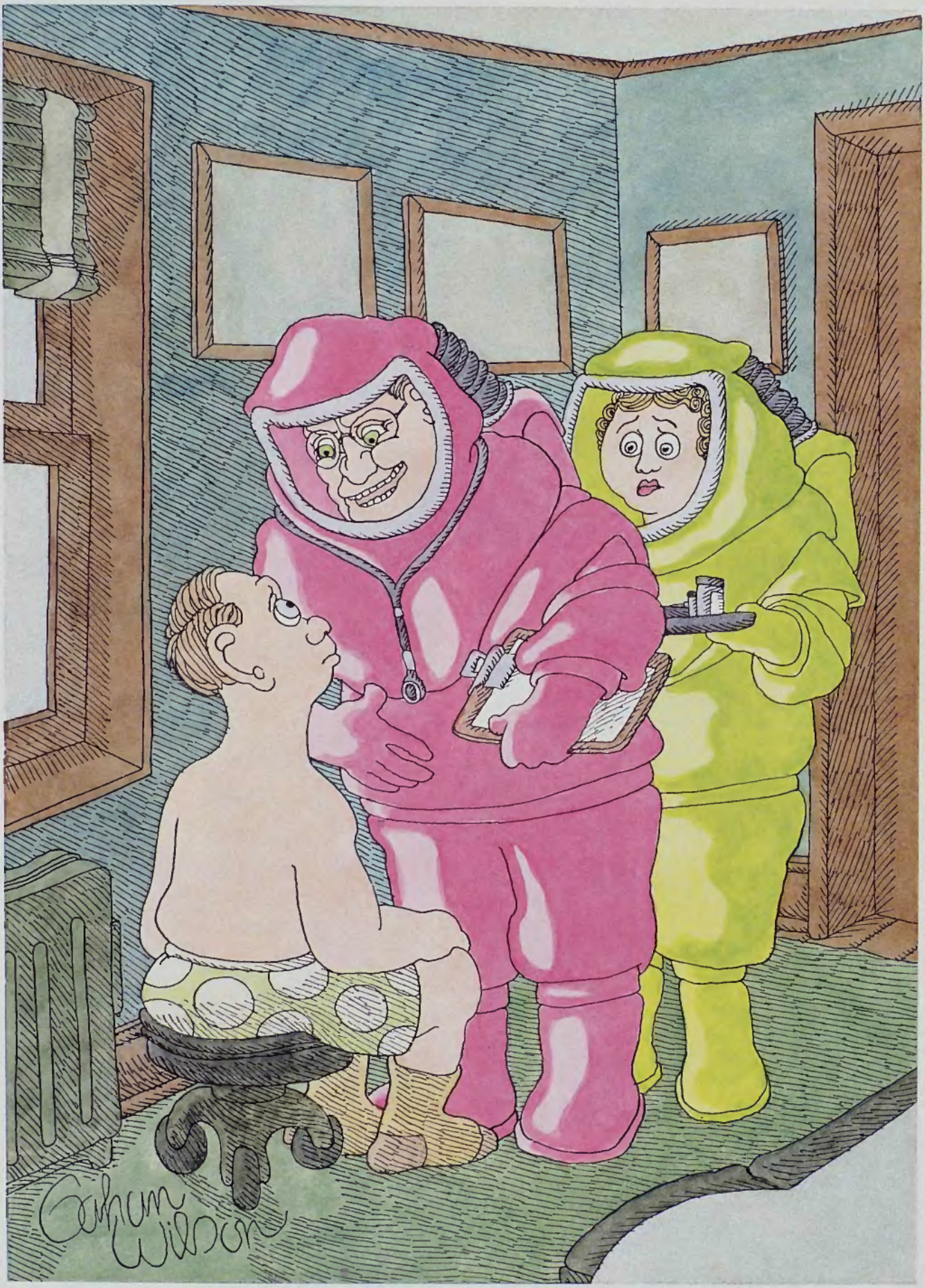
Since the mid-Eighties, *Star Trek* novels have become best-sellers. It's no surprise that Pocket Books, a division of Paramount's Simon & Schuster, decided to crank out two *Trek* books a month.

The downside of having such a devoted audience—especially when it's a devoted audience of Trekkers—is that they want to write *Star Trek* novels almost as much as they want to read them. John Ordover, a *Trek* editor, receives about a thousand unsolicited *(text concluded on page 136)*

FULL SENSOR SWEEP

How do *Star Trek* (The Original Series, or ***TOS***, in fan lingo), *Star Trek: The Next Generation* ***(TNG)*** and *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* ***(DS9)*** stack up to one another? This chart compares key elements. Plus, some reasons to keep your eye on the new series, *Star Trek: Voyager* ***(STV)***.

✶	TOS	TNG	DS9	STV
ATTITUDE	Swashbuckler moralizing. Wreak a little havoc, chase alien tail, zap guys in rubber monster suits, tack on a lesson at the end.	Beneficent imperialism. Spread Federation touchy-feeliness throughout the galaxy. Holster those phasers—you have to think to solve problems.	Grumpy. Bicker incessantly with co-workers. Repair machinery.	Spunky. Try to uphold the values of the Federation, but don't be afraid to try to kick a little alien butt.
ATMOSPHERE	Retrofuturistic, moderately campy and a touch psychedelic. Classic *Trek* brilliantly conjures up the 23rd century with colored lights, fog machines, shiny clothes and inventive music.	Gleamingly high-tech. A dazzling array of computer screens, holographic projections and multihued spatial anomalies—just the stuff to make you proud of what our descendants will accomplish.	Stygian. Designed by nasty Cardassians, the DS9 space station is all dark battlements and clanging metal. The new tenants' attempts to install a shopping mall only make the place gloomier.	Federation-standard sleekness makes room for incongruously primitive elements. The lost *Voyager* falls back on cooking to supplement its food replicators.
SEX APPEAL	The Secondary Directive: Alien women from primitive societies will wear fur bikinis, alien women from advanced societies will dress like Sixties go-go dancers.	Should bodacious Betazoid Deanna Troi, a practicing therapist, wear such low-cut outfits? Is it true what they say about Klingon men?	For a woman who's part slug, Jadzia Dax is pretty hot. How far down do those spots go, anyway? Major Kira seems like she'd rather hold a whip than a phaser. And when are we going to see those holosuites in action?	Tom Paris morphs Kirk's smooth moves. Half human, half Klingon B'Elanna Torres spent part of the *Voyager* premiere popping out of a bathrobe, which should tell you something.
ALIENS	It takes guts to insist that a dust mop, a giant pancake or a piece of fabric can be a viable alien life-form. Too bad Klingons are basically big white guys wearing shoe polish and Fu Manchus.	An endless procession of oddly shaped ears, noses and foreheads. The real creativity, though, is in the exploration of alien psychology.	Obviously, all that makeup on Odo is meant to distract us from the fact that he's just Clayton from *Benson*.	Obviously, all that makeup on Neelix is meant to distract us from the fact that he is just Pete from *Benson*.
ACTORS WITH ALIEN-SOUNDING NAMES	DeForest Kelley	Marina Sirtis, Brent Spiner	Nana Visitor, Armin Shimerman, Siddig El Fadil, Rene Auberjonois Cirroc Lofton	Roxann Biggs-Dawson
ACTING	The way William Shatner chews scenery, it's a wonder he never got Styrofoam poisoning. The rest of the cast isn't much better. There's so much ham it's no surprise that the Enterprise crew includes no Jews.	Invariably referred to as a Shakespearean actor, Patrick Stewart earns his praise. He can even outemote Shatner: Compare his "There are *four* lights!" with Shatner's "I am Kirok!" Data is superexpressive for an emotionless being.	A very even cast. All capable, though no one stands out.	The cast may be a trifle stiff, but Kate Mulgrew as the first female Trek captain and Tim Russ as her Vulcan sidekick are top-notch.
BEST INVENTION	The transporter. Originally, a money-saving device to avoid having to film a spaceship landing every episode. But imagine life without the phrase, "Beam me up, Scotty."	The holodeck. Television you can live inside, and an irresistible plot device. Fittingly, the holodeck is based on transporter technology. Now if we could only kill Picard's alter ego, Dixon Hill.	Latinum (i.e., deep-space dough). Rifts in the space-time continuum are fine, but good old-fashioned cash lust is DS9's single best contribution to the *Trek* universe.	What did you say that new warp drive runs on?



"Please don't be alarmed, Mr. Parker, but those preliminary tests indicate the advisability of a few precautions."

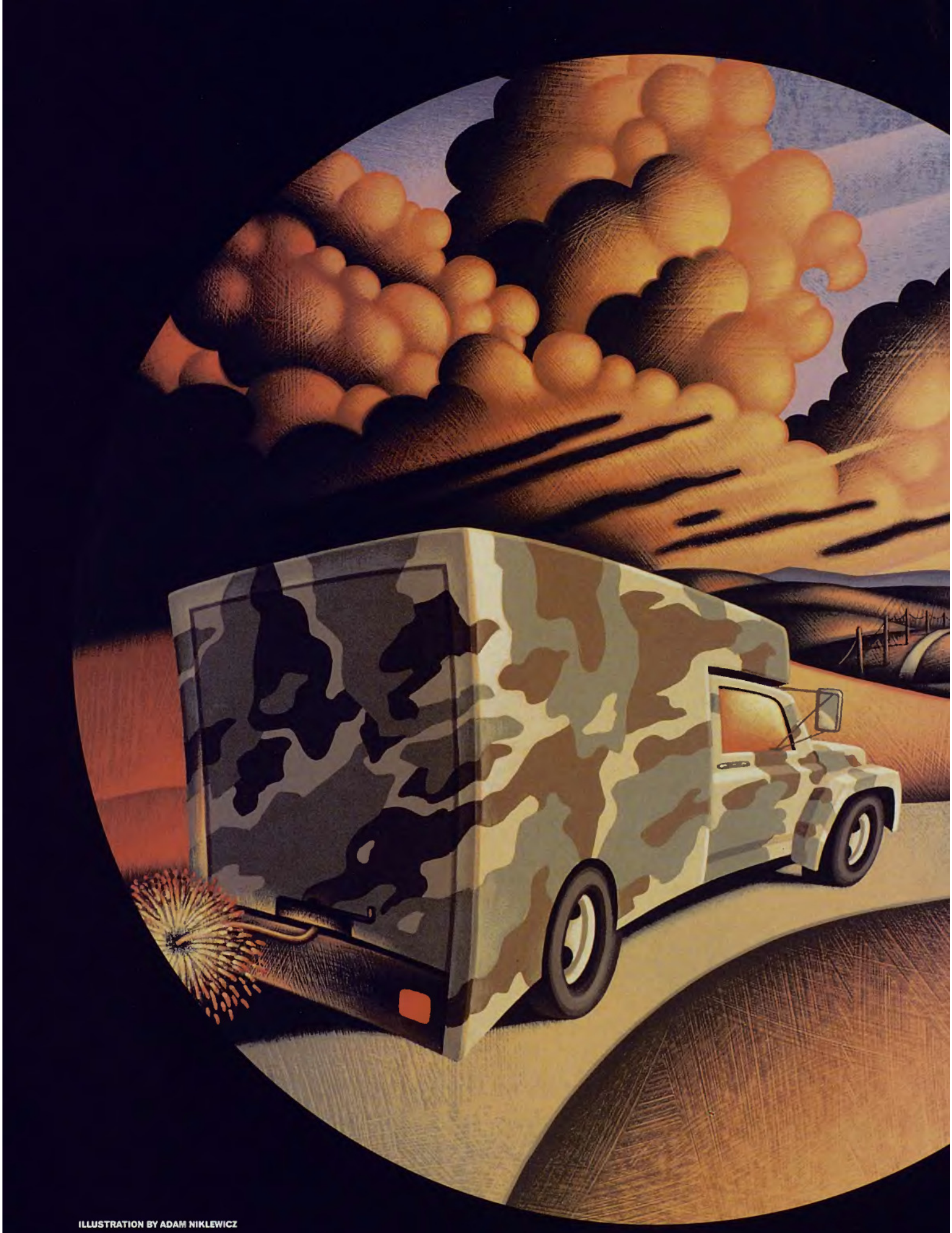
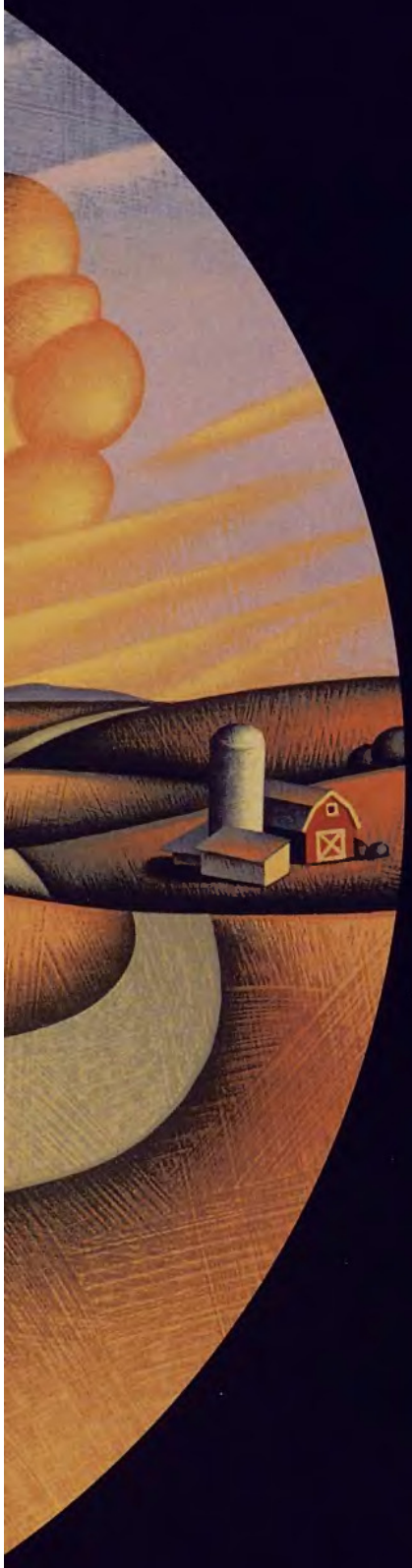


ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM NIKLEWICZ

article by
MICHAEL REYNOLDS



DAY OF THE ZEALOTS

oklahoma city wasn't the beginning, and it certainly isn't the end

ON A GRIM April morning I stood in a bathroom of a Branson, Missouri hotel, surrounded by a quartet of white supremacists. I shared the sink with a "Christian patriot" named Don.

There was a picture of a blood-streaked baby in my mind as I wiped my hands with a paper towel. This particular snippet of CNN footage had been haunting me since I had seen it in the Atlanta airport 48 hours earlier. This was not the place to be having sympathetic thoughts about the Oklahoma City victims. I wadded up the spent towel and tossed it into the wastebasket and looked at Don.

This broad-faced Oklahoma farmer took us all in with his dead blue eyes and said, "They've been taking this country from us, piece by piece, for years."

A grin stripped Don's teeth as he peered malevolently at me over his Wal-Mart glasses.

"But we got a piece of it back in Oklahoma City."

We all laughed.

I was in a different country from the one I had left a few days before.

Here in this country, in the Ozark hills, faithful white kinsmen, patriots of the New Jerusalem, had gathered for three days of paranoia, hate, fear and wrath. Here in the tawdry mecca of bad white culture, sandwiched between the likes of Mickey Gilley and Roy Clark, some 600 adherents to the American jihad convened under an innocuous banner proclaiming the Second Annual Super Conference of the International Coalition of Covenant Congregations.

Here, in this congregation of "Christian" men, women and children, there were no tears for the mangled and dead of Oklahoma City, no prayers for lost babies and weeping mothers. No, we were here to renew our resolve to

destroy the Antichrist, the Jew (the seed of Satan), to annihilate the homosexual, the abortionist, the race traitor, to drive the mongrels and mud people from the continent, to wipe out every trace of the tyrannical federal government and its FBI-BATF-IRS-EPA-FEMA police state that has conspired to bring us under the heel of the evil new world order.

I had traveled to this paranoid netherworld on April 19 because of the significance of the date. It was the second anniversary of the Waco inferno. It was the execution date for Richard Wayne Snell, a member of Covenant, Sword and Arm of the Lord, a group that thrived 50 miles south of here during the early Eighties.

Snell had murdered a Texarkana pawnbroker during a robbery intended to raise money for a race war, shot the man in the head because Snell thought he was Jewish. After attempting to blow up a natural gas pipeline, he went on the run and ended up killing a black Arkansas state trooper. The 64-year-old Oklahoman was executed 12 hours after the blast in Oklahoma City. Snell died unrepentant, with a promise that hell would follow in his wake.

Both Waco and Snell, along with the Randy Weaver–FBI incident, had been behind battle cries on a number of right-wing faxes, fliers and Internet postings for more than a year. As April 19 drew close, these warnings of righteous wrath reached a shrill note and then went quiet. A few of my temporary colleagues and I knew it was a good bet that some kind of action would take place on the 19th, but none of us was prepared for the horror that erupted in my old hometown.

•

I milled around the book tables at the back of Crystal Hall, a large auditorium apparently named for the trio of acrylic chandeliers hanging from the drop ceiling. On the tables were books and pamphlets that ranged from demolition manuals to organic diet guides. There were dominion theology volumes from Christian reconstructionists that called for an America governed by "God's law," political tracts from the John Birch Society, the Populist Party, the Gun Owners of America and the National Association for the Advancement of White People, plus intricate maps of the new world order and its roots in the Sanhedrin, Illuminati, Vatican and Council on Foreign Relations.

There were outraged testimonies to fallen martyrs: Gordon Kahl, the anti-Semitic member of Posse Comitatus (an extreme antitax group) who was killed in 1983 after murdering two federal agents; Vicki and Sam Weaver, the wife and son of white supremacist Randy Weaver, who were killed in 1992 during a shoot-out at their Idaho stronghold; and, of course, David Koresh and the Waco Branch Davidians.

Officially, this was a gathering of Christian Identity, a movement that has its roots in a Victorian English curiosity called British Israelism, and there were hundreds of cassettes featuring Identity ministers, Identity music and Identity medical regimens.

I took a seat among the congregation and looked carefully at the faithful gathered around me. They were mostly men, but there were families with beautiful babies and children, and two or three long-haired back-to-nature guys with beatific smiles, their wives glowing with peppermint-soap complexions. Plenty of militia types. Hard-faced ex-cons and military vets. Out-of-the-hills farm women from Appalachia and shopping-mall wives. The pastors in JCPenney and Western-styled suits with crisp white shirts and out-of-date neckties. It was fundamental white America besieged. All drawn together in a warped faith based on race, fundamentalism, conspiracy and heavy weaponry.

•

At the Southern Poverty Law Center in Montgomery, Alabama, where I work, the Klanwatch Militia Task Force monitors the activities of the racist right within the new militia movement. In October 1994 Law Center cofounder Morris Dees wrote a letter to Attorney General Janet Reno warning of the increased involvement of white supremacists in the militias.

As far back as 1982 Klanwatch had obtained an injunction halting a Klan paramilitary force in Texas called the Texas Emergency Reserve, which had five compounds in that state. Headed by Louis Beam, then Grand Dragon of the Texas Ku Klux Klan, the outfit was training 2500 Klansmen and others in the arts of demolition, deployment, weapons and full-scale military operations.

Four years later Klansmen Glenn Miller and Stephen Miller (not related) formed the White Patriot Party in North Carolina. They managed to field at least a thousand white racists armed with semiautomatic assault weapons. Members of the party were later involved in the machine-gunning of a gay bookstore that left two people dead. They also attempted to hijack a TOW missile from a military convoy and use it to blow up the Southern Poverty Law Center. Dees later joined with the U.S. Attorney General in North Carolina in bringing down the Millers' terrorist army.

Many of these self-proclaimed patriots were spewing the same old anti-Semitic, antigovernment paranoia that has been around since the late Sixties. Many of them also had strong links to some of the most dangerous elements of the extremist right—the Klan, Aryan Nations, Posse Comitatus and, especially, Identity.

Identity's philosophy is based on several best-selling books of the mid-Victorian era, in which the densely woven theory of British Israelism contends that the true tribes of Israel are Anglo-Saxons. Anti-Semitism played no part in the theory's original manifestation. But in 1948 virulent racist Wesley Swift formed his Church of Jesus Christ Christian in southern California, where he was joined by two other anti-Semites, Bertrand Comparet and Colonel William Potter Gale. The trio joined the British Israel message with fundamentalist Christianity to form Christian Identity or Christian Israel.

According to Christian Identity's message, Adam was the first white man, the first true Israelite. Before Adam, God created people of color, "mud people," who were without souls. After Adam was given Eve, Eve coupled with Satan and delivered Cain—the seed of Satan—who in turn mated with the pre-Adamic "beasts" to form a mongrel tribe called the Edomites, otherwise known as Jews. The Edomites are the physical embodiment of evil in the world, and have been behind every catastrophe since they murdered Christ. They were behind the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, World Wars One and Two, Korea, Vietnam. Economic crises, income taxes, public schooling, the United Nations and the federal government all are part of a diabolical plan to enslave the world—the white Christian world.

In the beginning there were just a few hundred Identity adherents. Today there are tens of thousands, with many thousands more influenced by the group's message. The Reverend Norman Olson, leader of a Baptist congregation and commander of Michigan Militia, the best-publicized and largest militia in the country, is reportedly an Identity minister. Olson's militia has been linked to accused Oklahoma City bomber Tim McVeigh. (The militia denies McVeigh was ever a member.) Michigan Militia chief of staff Ray Southwell is a deacon in Olson's church. Both men resigned from militia positions on April 28, 1995, the day

(continued on page 76)

Hollywood started seeing double in 1989. That's when two voluptuous Vikings had a giant billboard erected on Sunset Boulevard that showed them accompanied by only two words: BARBI TWINS. PLAYBOY ran pictorials of Sia and Shane in September 1991 and January 1993, and now they're stopping traffic worldwide. Indeed, their noblest fan is Prince William, heir to the British throne, who decreed: "The Barbis are the best pinups in the world." We quite agree, your Highness.

THE CHARMED LIFE OF Tommy Lee

HOW DOES HE DO IT?

article by Christopher Napolitano & Stephen Randall

THIS IS Tommy Lee. He doesn't seem so special, does he? He's not that handsome and he's not doing tattoo parlors any favors with that ugly scrawl on his neck. His body has spent more time in rehab than in the gym. And we won't even mention the hair.

So what does Tommy have that you don't? Well, for starters, he has a cool job—he's a rock-and-roll drummer—but it's with Motley Crue, arguably the worst band ever to escape from a garage. Here's something else Tommy has that you don't: Pamela Anderson, a.k.a. Mrs. Tommy Lee. She replaces Tommy's previous wife, Heather Locklear. In between, he had a tempestuous affair with the equally desirable Bobbie Brown. Let's throw caution to the wind and assume that there have been other women as well. Attractive ones. This leaves us with two questions: What is Tommy Lee doing right? And what can we learn from it? Naturally, Tommy Lee is reluctant to share his secrets. Like most drummers, he's not much of a talker, preferring to communicate by hitting things. But a look at the life and times of Tommy Lee gives us a few clues about his phenomenal success with women. Read them and take heart.

Make her feel like she's one in a million. When he first connected with Heather Locklear on the phone, he won her over by telling her he was watching her on TV at that very moment. Heather was no dummy. She realized she wasn't on TV that night; Tommy was watching *The Fall Guy*, not *Dynasty*. "I immediately knew he thought I was Heather Thomas," remembers Locklear. Tommy had an explanation: "The first time I saw Heather I got so flipped out, I think I lost part of my mind." As is so often the case with drummers, it was hard to tell.

Make her feel like she's one of a million. During the era of Crue's control, Tommy "T-Bone" Lee admits he used to "fuck anything with a pulse." These days, you can replace the word fuck with marry.

Look for women who understand you. When tabloids reported that Lee had been caught socializing with a model in a hotel room, Heather Locklear immediately focused on the real problem. "Tommy was bummed that he wasn't matched up in the story with someone better looking," she told *People*.

Chicks like it when you keep your attic empty. "The first president of the United States really doesn't matter to me. I don't give a shit. I wasn't around then," Lee says. "I don't need that upstairs."

Find interesting ways to say I love you. Anyone can send a card. Anyone can send flowers. But it was Tommy Lee, who, finding himself in a distant city far from true love Heather, struck just the right note when he called her and held the receiver up to his left arm. Sitting at home in Los Angeles, Heather could hear a distinct humming sound. It was a tattoo needle, carving out a black rose with Heather's name in Tommy's flesh. A beautiful start to a thorny relationship.

Share your natural gifts generously. For most of us, just being the Crue drummer would satisfy our artistic impulses. Not Tommy. He's the Crue drummer but he drums in a simple ensemble of suspenders and G-string. And sometimes less. When he was arrested in Cincinnati for exposing himself, wife Heather was concerned. "Honey, I heard you were arrested for showing your thang," she fretted over the phone. "Nah, gorgeous," Tommy reassured her. "I just hung a BA."

Be nice to her parents. Right before he met Heather's dad, he frantically started taking out all his many earrings. Dad was unfazed by the obvious holes in Tommy's head.

Show your love for art. Tommy's not a museum kind of guy. Instead of going to see art, he brings art with him wherever he goes. For instance, *(concluded on page 134)*

On the town with Tommy Lee (clockwise from top left): Tommy shows up at a party with Pom; with Heather in the glom-metol Eighties, before he chonged his spots; the big teose with Heather circa 1988; the tongue thot licked the world, working over the tonsils of Bobbie Brown ot the Eddie Van Halen golf tourney; more Heather and loce; the green-condom-eyed monster on the prowl; he ond Pam shore a worm ond loving embrace; celebroting the Grommy with Pommy in 1995; doing the old "look into my eyes" routine with Pom; ducking into their wedding reception. Center: His firm grip on slinky Heother soon slipped.

SOLE SURVIVORS

WHETHER IT'S DRESS SHOES, SHOE BOOTS OR SLIP-ONS, THE SMART STYLE THIS FALL IS A TWIST ON TRADITION

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

SOME PEOPLE think men's shoe styles never change, but this photo will set them straight. The classic wing tip, for example, is now being offered as an ankle-hugging shoe boot that looks sharp while providing extra support and warmth. (Wear it with a dark business suit and save the suede desert boot in the middle row for chinos, cords or tweeds.) Wing tips are also available in casual suede (regular height, not a shoe boot), and oxfords have been toughened and textured with pebble-grain leather. For those who like the look of spectator shoes, there are styles that combine the latest fall colors (tan and olive) and different textures (polished leather and suede). Slip-ons give a casual look that works best with a sports jacket and trousers or jeans, not a suit. Check out updated suede penny loafers such as the one by Salvatore Ferragamo in the middle row, a buckled monk strap in suede or a high-vamped style with welt-tip stitching. In fact, all of the newest slip-ons have high vamps. So it's a dead giveaway that you're wearing last year's loafers if you're showing too much sock.

Bottom row, left to right: Colfskin wing tip by Kenneth Cole, $188. Calfskin oxford by Polo Ralph Lauren Footweor, $225. Colfskin shoe boot by Moraolo, $325. Colfskin-ond-suede wing tip from Cole-Haon's Bragono Collection, $295. Middle row, left to right: Coshmere-suede penny loafer by Solvatore Ferragomo, $355. Suede wing tip from To Boot by Adam Derrick, $260. Pebble-grain leather oxford by Fratelli Rossetti, about $330. Nubuck desert boot by J.M. Weston, $305. Colf-suede monk-strap slip-on by Bruno Mogli, $230. Top row, left to right: Suede oxford from To Boot by Adom Derrick, $195. Colfskin leother-ond-suede two-tones by Bruno Mogli, $260. Deerskin slip-on by Donno Karon, $325. Colfskin oxford with elastic vamp from CO2, by Comoedia, obout $200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

ZEALOTS (continued from page 70)

Larry Pratt's prepared theme was that Christians were ordered by God to take up assault rifles.

before their affiliations with the anti-Semitic religion were made public. For more than a year Olson and Southwell had loudly proclaimed that they had nothing to do with racists or white supremacy.

John Trochmann has been linked to the Aryan Nations and Identity movements. Along with his brother David and nephew Randy, Trochmann operates the Militia of Montana, which works in tandem with the Michigan Militia and Mark Koernke, the high-profile paramilitary advocate who became quite well known after the Oklahoma City bombing. The influence of these two groups was enormous in the formation of hundreds of militias across the nation. These two militias were crucial in establishing a nationwide network of like-minded, well-armed fanatics.

•

I was sitting in the middle of some 600 of them when Pete Peters came bounding onto the stage to deliver an unscheduled prayer. Peters is one of the most influential figures on the racist right, an Identity minister from Laporte, Colorado who has reached hundreds of thousands of listeners and viewers through his *Scriptures for America* broadcasts. He is a close friend to Aryan Nations founder Richard Butler and former Klan Grand Dragon Louis Beam. A little-known meeting nearly three years ago may have set the stage for a campaign of domestic terrorism the likes of which has not been seen since Reconstruction. In October 1992 Pete Peters invited more than 160 "white Christian men" to Estes Park, Colorado for a three-day strategy session. During that weekend in the Rockies a network of militant antigovernment zealots was created. Alliances were formed from diverse factions—Identity, Posse Comitatus, the Klan, Aryan Nations, reconstructionist and other fundamentalist Christians, neo-Nazis, tax resisters, Second Amendment advocates and anti-abortion extremists.

Onstage now, Peters informed us that he had just gotten off the telephone with his folks in Colorado and that the federal government had linked the Oklahoma City bombing to white supremacists.

"Join me," Peters called in a nasal bray as he raised his arms to the ceiling. "Oh, Lord Yahweh, our creator, Yeshua, his son! Deliver us from the Antichrist enemies who plot against us! Strike them down! Thwart their satanic plots against your people! Smite them down, Lord. Keep us, your people Israel, safe from your enemy, the Antichrists who have done this thing and put it on us, your people! We pray, in Christ's name. Amen."

"Amen!" we echoed.

This frightening theme would be rapped out again and again as different "pastors" and "patriots" took the podium in the following sessions.

The most intriguing of these was Larry Pratt, executive director of both Gun Owners of America and the Committee to Protect the Family Foundation, an organization that raises funds for anti-abortion extremist Randall Terry. Pratt is a slight, bespectacled Presbyterian who travels between the Beltway and the extreme reaches of contemporary American fanaticism. The former Virginia legislator has been in constant contact with an array of extremist bodies for more than a decade, from racist meetings like the one in Branson to Peters' Estes Park strategy sessions to visits with militia officers in the Philippines and members of Guatemalan death squads.

"Maybe I should begin with a few remarks on what has happened," Pratt says. "I was in front of the FBI building in Washington just before noon. It was 11 o'clock, I guess, out in Oklahoma. There were a number of us there at a rally to commemorate what was done to those people at Waco by the FBI. And the media were all trying to make this connection between the Davidians and what happened in Oklahoma City. So I told them, 'Yeah, I do see a connection between what happened to the Davidians and what happened in Oklahoma City. And that was that whoever did that in Oklahoma City had sunk to the level of the FBI.' The government behaves as a beast. It did in Waco and we have somebody, whoever it might have been, whatever group it might have been, assuming they can't rely on the Lord to take vengeance."

Pratt's prepared theme was that Christians were ordered by God to take up assault rifles. It wasn't an issue of rights or governance. God simply said, "Get an assault rifle, or else."

"We have a lot of confusion in our land, and the bottom line is that it is a spiritual battle. This is not a political issue. This is something that comes first and foremost from the Scripture. What I see in scripture is not that we have a right to keep and bear arms, but that we have a responsibility to do so."

•

Fifteen years ago the Arkansas-based Covenant, Sword and Arm of the Lord, an Identity community of some 200 members, put out a statement regarding their Endtime Overcomers Survival School. "In this class we teach people the scriptural basis for war and a Christian army. Exodus 15:3 says 'I, the Lord, am a man of war: the Lord is my name.' God is a man of war, reaping vengeance on his enemies and the enemies of his elect. At CSA we try to teach that 'beans and bullets' are not enough—faith in Christ Jesus is mandatory in order to survive!"

The CSA also reported on a supposed world government plan for foreign troops to police the United States. Substitute "new world order" for "world government" and you have the same scenario that the militia movement has been promoting for the past two years.

•

"Folks, this tragedy in Oklahoma tells us that unless we know the savior, without knowing him, we won't have peace. This is the kingdom message."

David Barley, of America's Promise Ministry in Idaho, had the podium. His voice began evenly but soon took on the timbre of an angry terrier. "They say we are a bunch of white separatists. You bet we are!"

We responded with quite enthusiastic applause.

"They are out to do the same thing to us that they did in Oklahoma City. They don't talk about Waco."

Barley rolled his head around in disgust.

"Well, who were the evil cowards in Waco? Didn't they hide?"

Barley had us pitching anger back and forth. We bounced our butts on our chairs.

"Johnnie Reno, uh, Janet Reno. She's putting out hints about white supremacists and extremists and militia groups. 'They're up to something,' she says. You had better believe it! They are out to do the same thing. They first demonize you people, me, those people who love Jesus Christ, those people

(continued on page 120)

"Hi, could we come in and talk to you about hedonism?"

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BOB Z CAN READ YOUR MIND

how else can you explain why films directed by bob zemeckis have raked in more than $2 billion in ten years?

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

WE LIVE IN AN ERA of hero directors. It began in the Seventies, when movies such as *Jaws*, *The Godfather* and *Star Wars* established a category of entertainment called the blockbuster and catapulted the people who made them to positions of eminence that Frank Capra, John Ford or even Alfred Hitchcock could not have imagined. Now, ordinary moviegoers, along with card-carrying members of Hollywood's guilds, drop such names as Spielberg, Coppola, Lucas or Scorsese and other moviegoers nod sagely in response.

All the more refreshing, then, when Robert Zemeckis stood up earlier this year at the Directors Guild of America's annual awards ceremony and told an audience of his peers that producers, agents and studio executives "don't know exactly what it is that we do." This got a big laugh, as did his assertion that actors think they know, while critics never know. Later in the evening, Zemeckis' friend Steven Spielberg, who was once his mentor, presented him with this year's top prize for directing *Forrest Gump*. Two weeks after that, Zemeckis copped the all but inevitable Oscar.

His win was popular within the motion picture community. Most producers, agents and studio executives consider the boomingly genial Bob Z, as many call him, a perfect example of what directors ought to do: He makes movies that make mountains of money. In less than a decade, he has directed seven feature films—*Romancing the Stone*, *Back to the Future* and its two sequels, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, *Death Becomes Her* and *Forrest Gump*—that have had worldwide grosses in excess of $2 billion, a record exceeded only by the movies of Spielberg himself. *Gump* alone has passed the $600 million mark in earnings, which makes it the fourth most successful movie of all time, following such family fare as *Jurassic Park*, *The Lion King* and *E.T.*

Oddly enough, given his Midas touch, the 44-year-old Zemeckis has come slowly to public prominence. Until recently, most moviegoers would have found it easier to recall Tom Hanks' last two pictures than the name of the man who directed *Forrest Gump*. This has changed in the past several months, of course. Now his is a name heard in households far beyond Hollywood or Montecito, the elegant suburb of Santa Barbara where Zemeckis lives with his wife, the actress Mary Ellen Trainor, and their nine-year-old son, Alex. Still, what he said at the Directors Guild remains true: Most people don't know what directors do, let alone what special qualities certain filmmakers bring to their films.

Zemeckis' specialty has long been technological razzle-dazzle. First came all that flux-capacitated time travel via Doc Brown's DeLorean in *Back to the Future*, then the strenuous interweavings of cartoons and live action in *(continued on page 82)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

DIVER'S

Diver's watches have emerged. Whether you opt for a $5000 Rolex or a $100 Nautica, wrist assured that this is the hottest look in timepieces. Above, clockwise from 12: Promoster's Hyper Aqualand is the world's first professional diving watch with o depth display that can be transferred to a personal computer, $395. The titanium Ocean 2000 diver's watch, by Porsche IWC, is guaranteed water-resistant to 2000 meters (6600 feet), $4495. Rolex' Oyster Perpetual Date Submariner in steel and gold features a rotatable bezel for checking decompression time spans, $5500. Ebel's slick-looking Sportwave Diver watch with a solid-steel case and a time-elapsed bezel would look just as right worn with an Armani suit as with a wet suit, $1350. At only $120, this Nautica diver's watch is water-resistant to a depth of 164 feet and features easy-to-read Indiglo lighting and signal-flag markings.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLEASURES

TEN STYLISH WATCHES IN WHICH TO SCUBA DO— OR NOT

Above, clockwise from 12: Named after the Air Force's aeriol flying team, the Thunderbirds Chronomat Longitude with diols for two additional time zones hos o stoinless steel case thot's woter-resistont to 300 feet, by Breitling USA Inc., $3475. Chronosport's block steel UDT chronogroph is feotured in all the *Rambo* films ond in *Under Siege;* plus, its woter-resistont capability to 660 feet hos made it the chosen timepiece for mony SEAL ond Special Forces teoms, $680. The Series 2000 diver's wotch is water-resistont to 660 feet and features a gold-ploted unidirectionol bezel, by TAG-Heuer, $850. A simple ond sophisticoted Formula 1 diver's wotch with a stoinless steel band, by Boume & Mercier, $1195. The Seiko Depth Meter is the first diving wotch to graphicolly display o dive profile ond indicote atmospheric pressure, plus it shows woter temperoture ond logs previous dives, $550.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

BOB ZEMECKIS *(continued from page 78)*

He's plugged into an energy source no less potent than lightning, and a lot more marketable.

Roger Rabbit, then the derangements of human anatomy in *Death Becomes Her*, including Meryl Streep's backward head and Goldie Hawn's napkin-ring body. Most recently were the remarkable trompe l'oeils of *Forrest Gump*, which, in addition to placing Gump in the same frame with JFK or LBJ, used invisible digital stitchery to put him in a crowded football stadium and a Washington mall overflowing with antiwar protesters, to fill the air over Vietnam with helicopters and to relieve actor Gary Sinise of his legs.

Yet Zemeckis' success can't be ascribed only to special effects. As director and co-writer, with Bob Gale, of *Used Cars*, a surreal piece of slapstick that came out in 1980, Zemeckis sought something sleazy in every character and succeeded to a degree that evoked the misanthropy of W.C. Fields. For all the beeping, flashing, steaming gizmos of *Back to the Future*, which he also co-wrote with Gale, the film is a great screwball comedy, with unexpectedly touching oedipal twists and an intricate plot—everything turns on a lightning bolt hitting that clock tower at the right time. Nor do tricks alone explain the appeal of *Forrest Gump*. When a movie opens spectacularly and keeps getting stronger—it took in its first $100 million in just 18 days—you know the guy running the show has plugged into an energy source no less potent than lightning, and a lot more marketable.

On the morning I show up at Zemeckis' house, he has just learned that *Forrest Gump* received 13 Oscar nominations. Greeting me with a big "Hello, Jess," he seems abstracted and keeps calling me John even after I tell him my name is Joe. I ask how this level of success feels, and he replies expansively: "I must say, I'm starting to learn how to take yes for an answer. It feels good. It feels great to be recognized."

Stately on the outside and California casual on the inside, his huge house is perfect for a director who likes to mix things up and find new life in old formulas. "My wife and I like houses that already have a style on the exterior," he tells me. "But then we do the interior just the way we want it. This place was built in 1928. On the outside it's like a classic mock Tudor"—I laugh at the idea of a mock anything being classic, and after a beat he laughs with me—"but how would you describe the inside? It's Mediterranean, almost."

The conversation turns, naturally, to *Forrest Gump*. Zemeckis notes that no one could have predicted the picture's popularity. "At the outset we had only Tom Hanks. There were no exploitative elements in the script—no creatures, no action, no ticking clock, none of the stuff that ordinarily sells tickets. I mean, yes, we had those great images on paper, and yes, I had a good record, but that's an unrealistic way of thinking. Just because my previous films made money didn't mean I could control this one. But I never felt that it was a suicide mission. People thought we had a good chance to make our money back. Still, nobody knows in advance what the pop culture mentality is."

This is an apt reminder of how risky moviemaking can be, though I'm surprised to hear it from a man who stands, like a California-casual version of Sir Edmund Hillary, at the summit of his profession. "I've been fortunate that my movies have clicked," the director says matter-of-factly. "But I don't think that's anything a filmmaker can do by design. It's terrifying. There are two ways of looking at it: Are filmmakers constant, and does the world catch up with them but then quickly pass them by? Or is the filmmaker able to continue to grow today, to stay in touch with himself and his audience?"

Right now, Zemeckis is on a one-year sabbatical he decided to take last fall, when he was exhausted after shooting five $50 million movies in a row. Soon he'll have to commit to a new project, and *Forrest Gump* could impede, just as well as expedite, his artistic growth. "I'm afraid anything I do will have a *Gump* spin on it. Here's how the next project will be announced in *Variety*: 'Coming on the heels of the tremendous success of *Forrest Gump*, Bob is going to do . . . ' followed by the title of the new project. You know, '*Gump* director Zemeckis is signing on to do whatever.' It's good to have a problem like that, right? But it's a double-edged sword."

•

Zemeckis pronounces Jean-Luc Godard's last name with two hard "d's." This is not offered as a comment on his Chicago accent nor on his ear for languages—who knows how Godard would pronounce Zemeckis—but as an index of his fix on film culture. "My love of movies started with spectacle," he says. "'How did they do that?' I grew into an understanding of emotion and drama later on. When Bob Gale and I were in film school we were the guys who loved the James Bond movies, as opposed to the graduate students who were always talking about the latest Godard film, or *Death in Venice*. I remember thinking *Death in Venice* was one of the most boring movies I'd ever seen."

Gale recalls that the Bob Zemeckis of their film school days was always interested in making Hollywood movies: "He's got an outrageous sense of humor, a great sense of showmanship and a healthy cynicism about the world, which may be because he grew up in Mayor Daley's Chicago." Zemeckis is also "someone whose artistic side is accompanied by pragmatism," says Gale, who recently directed *Mr. Payback*, the first interactive film for theatrical release. "He's never gone out and spent a ton of money just for the hell of it. He knows we first off have to figure out how to get people to go to the movies, how to get the asses in the seats."

Growing up as the son of a construction worker on Chicago's South Side, Zemeckis fell heedlessly in love with lowbrow comedy. "I was one of those kids who sat in front of a television set all the time. When Bob Gale and I would do interviews back in the *Used Cars* days, people would ask about our greatest influences and we'd say Jules White, who directed all that great stuff with the Three Stooges. I'd memorized every episode. The Three Stooges, Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, I watched those constantly. Jerry Lewis movies. I watched all that stuff, never missed any of it." (Film buffs might want to check the January 1995 issue of *Film Comment* for a piece by Zemeckis called "Guilty Pleasures," in which he confesses his love of other low-rent movie landmarks, such as *Macabre*, *House on Haunted Hill*, *You'll Like My Mother*, *Two on a Guillotine* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, which he calls "one of the most brilliant and funny movies I have ever seen—truly an American classic.")

His horizons broadened at the University of Southern California. There, he and Gale, who came from St. Louis, discovered they had almost identical tastes and got to gorge on American classics. "You have to remember, when we were in film school there was no videotape, so we thought retrospectives were the greatest things in the world. We would sit and watch all of Frank Capra's movies, like four on Saturday and four on Sunday, and then

(continued on page 98)

"The Captain has been detained. He asked me to give you his apologies."

A star is born: Small-town girl Rachel checks into her hotel (top left), then goes through the Playmate paces. (That's photographer Richard Fegley, opposite, top and bottom left.) Ever the hard worker, Miss August bought a stack of PLAYBOY back issues and "studied every centerfold. I practiced the poses in my bedroom." As the photos attest, practice makes perfect.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

ON CAMERA

THE MAKING OF MISS AUGUST

THINGS HAVE a way of happening to Rachel Jeán Marteen. Wonderful, lucky things, such as dining at one of Chicago's most expensive bistros and having the manager insist on picking up the tab. Or having a casual chat on a plane with a businessman who ends up giving her his fifth-row Bulls tickets—on the night Michael Jordan returns to action on the home court. Or try this scenario: An Atlanta photographer approaches PLAYBOY about doing some work, and though he doesn't get

In high school, Rachel recolls, "I was ridiculed for being skinny. Then I started working out and soon I looked totally different." Looking good is the best revenge.

the job, staffers spot her picture in his portfolio. She is flown in for a test shoot and suddenly, she is Miss August. "It all happened so quickly!" Rachel says, smiling. "And it was just luck. But that sort of thing happens to me all the time." Much of Rachel's good fortune can be attributed to her friendly disposition. This is a woman who's on a first-name basis with hotel doormen. She's the kind of person who interrupts an interview to say, "We keep talking about me. I want to hear about you."

"My parents taught me to be open and honest," she explains. Rachel, the youngest of three girls, grew up on a farm outside Cartersville, Georgia in a family that made the Waltons look like a gang of hedonistic delinquents. Sundays

were spent at the Baptist church. According to Rachel, Cartersville has "more churches than houses. It's very conservative." Rachel's folks also taught her the value of hard work. To pay for college she worked an eight-to-four job, then taught aerobics, all before spending four hours in class. Weekends and vacations were reserved for modeling gigs. "I work hard to get where I want to go," she says. And where might that be? "I really want to be a top model and then start a career in movies," says Miss August. "I dream a lot about my future, and lately I've had dreams about being an actress and accepting an award." The way things happen to Rachel Jeán Marteen, don't bet against it. —BOB DAILY

Miss August was "very nervous" about posing nude. "In my house you didn't even say the word sex," she says. "Posing for PLAYBOY has changed me. I'm not so embarrassed anymore. I feel much more open. This experience has taught me to be proud of my body."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rachel Jeán Marteen

BUST: 34½ WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 01-31-70 BIRTHPLACE: Atlanta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To become a supermodel, actress, produce my own workout video, and pursue physical therapy degree.

TURN-ONS: Hawaiian sunsets, steaming hot bubble baths, Grand Marnier soufflé, the ballet and honesty.

TURNOFFS: Macho men who brag on their bodies, people who lack ambition or goals, and stereotypes.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY: The Chicago newspapers printed that Shannen Doherty was "hobnobbing" at the 1994 Michael Jordan golf classic -- sorry folks, it was ME!

THE RACHEL JEÁN WORKOUT: Full blast 45-min. step, 1 hour of curls, squats, & lunges. I call it the "KICK BUTT" workout.

SCARIEST MOMENT: When I was 12, one of my granddaddy's bulls chased my sister and me up a tree.

GLAD I WAS THERE: Lillehammer Winter Olympics, Opening ceremony

VIRTUES: I'm very adventurous, spiritual and "down to earth."

5TH GRADE SCHOOL DAZE: SPIDER TO MY CLASSMATES.

MY CROWNING DEBUT AS MS. WHITE COUNTY '83.

LOOK MOM -- I'M A MODEL NOW!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Gary matched Dan drink for drink, trying to get him to talk about what was troubling him. Gentle prodding was ignored until finally, after downing the sixth, Dan blurted out, "OK, it's your wife."

"My wife?" his friend demanded. "What about my wife?"

"I think she's cheating on us."

What's the definition of a loser? A guy who goes to family reunions to meet girls.

Two mountain-bred GIs were wandering the streets of Calcutta when an old woman walked by. "Hey, Billy Joe," one said, "I think that's Mother Teresa."

"You're nuts."

"I'm telling you."

They approached the woman and one asked, "Are you Mother Teresa?"

The old lady eyed them scornfully. "Fuck off, you goddamn perverts," she hissed, striding off.

"Jeez," Billy Joe said, watching her disappear into the crowd, "now we'll never know."

Why is marriage like a tornado? It starts with a lot of sucking and blowing, and when it's over you've lost your house.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A guy walks into a tavern, orders a beer and sets a paper bag on the bar. Several beers later, the curious bartender asked what was in the bag. Without a word, the customer reached in and pulled out a miniature piano, then a small man, about a foot tall, who sat down at the piano and began to bang out rhythm and blues.

"Wow, where'd you get that?" the barkeep asked.

"I found a bottle," the customer explained. "When I rubbed it, a genie popped out and granted me one wish. It's right here," he said, reaching into his coat, "if you want to give it a try."

The bartender gave the bottle a rub and, sure enough, out popped a genie. "I want a million bucks," he said. Suddenly the bar was filled with ducks, a million of them. "Hey, I said bucks, not ducks! Is this genie deaf or something?"

"Hey, friend, you don't think I actually asked for a 12-inch pianist, do you?"

A couple veterans from the secretarial pool invited the newest member out to lunch. Both admired the fur coat she was wearing.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" the wide-eyed blonde gushed. "I went out with Mr. Clark from legal last weekend, and when we went back to his place he had a closet full of them. Can you believe he just gave me one?"

"Oh really?" one drawled sarcastically, nudging her friend. "And what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves a little."

How do you fit 20 businessmen into a minivan? Promote one and watch the other 19 climb up his ass.

A traveler in Mexico got lost in a remote area of the country and pulled up to a cantina to ask directions. A gringo cowboy stood out front, leaning against a magnificent white stallion. The traveler was so taken by the horse that he approached the wrangler and said, "That's a fine mount you have there. If you could rub out that brand, I'd be willing to give you ten grand for him."

The cowboy slowly eyed the stranger, then put a leg up and slid into the saddle. "If I could rub out that brand," he said, "I would be living in El Paso."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: An aging hooker volunteered to give the novice a few tips on the art of fellatio. Satisfied that she had perfected the basics, the old pro asked the beginner if she had any questions.

"Well, yeah. I was wondering how long dicks should be sucked."

"The same as the short ones, honey."

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," the young man confessed. "I work on a farm and have been having sexual relations with some of the animals."

"That is a crime against man and God," the priest admonished.

"I know," the sinner replied, "and I've already given the sheriff $500 to keep quiet. How much do you want for not telling God?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Oooh look, Adam, the snake's got me. I'm helpless, Adam. Oooh Adam, look Adam. . . ."

that was then, this is now

UNGUARDED MOMENTS

FOLLOW THE CAREERS of two actresses and you learn about the changing roles of sex and prudery in Hollywood. In 1941 Carmen Miranda had just finished shooting *Weekend in Havana* when she did a publicity photo session with her co-star Cesar Romero. As a photographer clicked away, Romero hoisted his dance partner into the air and gave the camera an unexpected peek into stardom. The widely circulated underground photo stirred up a scandal that, according to Twentieth Century Fox mogul Darryl F. Zanuck, "was the finish of her." In 1991 Sharon Stone was filming an interrogation scene for a thriller called *Basic Instinct*, when director Paul Verhoeven instructed her to uncross, then recross her legs. Moviegoers around the world saw Stone had nothing on beneath her tight white dress. Stone insists she had no idea her brief flash would even be noticed. She was wrong, and the notoriety propelled her to stardom. What a difference half a century makes.

BOB ZEMECKIS (continued from page 82)

"Bob's values are not unlike John Wayne's," Spielberg says. "Yet Bob would have offended Wayne."

we'd watch all of John Ford's movies, or screwball comedies. This was in the early Seventies, when there was a big comedy resurgence and they brought back the Marx Brothers, and W.C. Fields was big, too. Remember how all the head shops would sell W.C. Fields posters?"

The early Seventies was a great time for films, and for film school students. "We were in the right place at the right time," Zemeckis says, "because the class before us was the George Lucas class. They had the same sensibilities as we did, and they were blazing a trail for us, so we fell right into that slipstream." Fell, or jumped. Zemeckis' first bid for glory was directing a 15-minute student film called *The Field of Honor*. Its hero, a whacked-out kid, shoots up a town as soon as he's released from a mental institution. The protagonist's Strangelovian father, a World War Two vet, sits in his wheelchair by a window, waiting for the Commies to invade.

This short film is a fascinating preview of Zemeckis' subsequent work. Ambitious and startlingly accomplished, it's laced with black humor and bursting with the sort of random violence that Zemeckis had already seen and admired in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Wild Bunch*—and that another young filmmaker, Martin Scorsese, would explore several years later in *Taxi Driver*. *The Field of Honor* also served Zemeckis as a calling card, winning him an internship with Steven Spielberg. Soon Zemeckis and Gale were writing an anarchic comedy, *1941*, for Spielberg to direct.

"Bob started about five years after me," Spielberg recalls. "I brought him along with me at first, but then he grew his own branch, and now he has his own trunk and roots. He makes Hollywood movies, but Zemeckis Hollywood movies are distinctive in their social relevance and irreverence. Bob has always been amused by American history. He doesn't take it that seriously, though he is reverential about the structure of society and what makes it function. Part of Bob's values are not unlike John Wayne's, yet most of Bob would have offended John Wayne, starting with *1941*, which did offend him. I'd sent him the script and asked him to play General Stillwell, and when he called back he spent an hour trying to persuade me not to direct it."

As Spielberg protégés, the two Bobs then started making movies on their own. Zemeckis directed, and he and Gale wrote, their first feature, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, followed quickly by *Used Cars*. *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* is, to use one of the vilest epithets known to marketing executives, a sweet little film. It's a comedy that deals with a bunch of New Jersey teenagers who want to meet the Beatles during the group's first visit to New York. (In its clever intercutting of dramatic and documentary footage, the film can be seen as a finger exercise for some of the techniques in *Forrest Gump*.) *Used Cars*, which stars Kurt Russell as an exuberant, ethics-free used-car salesman, is anything but sweet. Pauline Kael hailed its "wonderful, energetic heartlessness" and called it an "American tall-tale movie in a pop art form."

Both films, however, were box-office flops. Zemeckis and Gale bounced back enough to write *Back to the Future*, but they couldn't get it produced. The script was widely perceived as being too innocent for an audience that, at the time, was lapping up the mindless raunch of such comedies as *Animal House*. (Actually, Spielberg had seen the script's potential from the start, but Zemeckis felt he couldn't ask his mentor to produce another movie after the first two had failed, and after *1941* turned out to be Spielberg's only box-office dud.) For the next three years Zemeckis and Gale were forced to scramble for decent work.

This changed for Zemeckis only after he crossed paths with Michael Douglas. Douglas wanted to produce a movie called *Romancing the Stone*, but he couldn't get a director. The joke was that when he reached the bottom of the directors' listings he called Bob Z. "The project was originally at Columbia," says Douglas, who eventually made it for Twentieth Century Fox, "and Bob had an office near us on the lot, so we got together and talked. I'd seen *Used Cars* and loved it. I thought he had a wicked sense of humor and a wonderful gift for telling a story."

Both qualities stood Zemeckis in good stead on *Romancing the Stone*, a kinetic comedy-adventure about the real-life perils of a writer, played by Kathleen Turner, who churns out romantic best-sellers. It was a punishing shoot, what with breakneck chases across tropical landscapes, but the young director's work was self-assured. "Even then," Douglas says, "you saw how Bob could hang on to all the facets of his vision, and you saw his stamina. He has such energy and humor, but he doesn't dwell on shots or great moments. He makes it look easy."

Looking back to the early Eighties, it's hard to imagine that studio executives failed to see *Back to the Future* as a winner. But fail they did, until *Romancing the Stone* came out in 1984 and took off at the box office. Suddenly the studios were competing for the privilege of financing Zemeckis' next project, a situation that relieved him of any misgivings about his friend Steven Spielberg producing it. So Spielberg produced it through his Amblin Entertainment at Universal.

Back to the Future is filled with deft touches. One of the best has to do with the resolution of the oedipal romance between the time-traveling Marty McFly and the oversexed teenager destined to become his mother, a relationship that could have turned smarmy, to say the least. "We had struggled for months with how to keep this from being grotesque," Zemeckis tells me. "All these events were coming together, but we didn't know how to get out of them. We were locked in because we felt it was Marty who had to end the oedipal story, because he knew she was his mother. But he kept looking very perverse. Then came the great inspiration—it was his mother who would end it. Some cosmic thing happens when she kisses her own son and it doesn't feel right. That was the perfect solution. I remember being so exhilarated when we came up with the idea that *she* doesn't want to do it, and she says, 'This is like kissing my brother.' That's my favorite line in the movie."

•

As a measure of the director's new artistic status, another recent issue of *Film Comment* carries a glowing appraisal of his work by movie critic Dave Kehr, who describes the oedipal joke of *Back to the Future* as "Zemeckis' most subversive moment, an attack on the American mommy fixation as represented most vividly (and disturbingly) in the ravishing young moms who populate the films of Steven Spielberg." Kehr also sees Marty as "a product of Eighties malaise, of an American dream gone mysteriously wrong."

People who remember *Back to the Future* as screwball science fiction may be astonished to hear it was actually a searching, even subversive, piece of social commentary. Yet Kehr isn't making up his tribute from whole cloth. As he points out in intriguing detail, Zemeckis'

(continued on page 147)

The Caribbean Connection

get your mojito workin'

Drink by John Oldcastle The rhythm and spirit of Latin culture are what's happening in a lot of hot new restaurants. Pumped up to the music of Jon Secada and Gloria Estefan, establishments such as Patria in New York, Bossa Nova in Chicago, Coco Loco in Washington, D.C. and Café Marimba in San Francisco are making news with a glamorous Caribbean style that features dazzling decor and colorful cocktails. Americans who have never tried the potent Brazilian sugarcane liquor called *cachaca*, for example, are finding how tasty it is in a *caipirinha* cocktail (recipe follows). Cooling the fire of spicy foods is a terrific reason to try the array of fine rums and tequilas punched up by fresh tropical fruits such as mango, guava and passion fruit. Of course, classic Caribbean cocktails such as the piña colada and the daiquiri are still being served. But thanks to the recent importation of new fruit juices, nectars, concentrates and

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN BARBOUR

liqueurs, these drinks now offer a wider range of flavors. Following are drinks from some of the hippest Stateside tropical restaurants.

Patria
250 Park Avenue South
New York
212-777-6211

Patria is famous for such Cuban creations as sugarcane tuna and cashew-crusted flan. Both are best with chef Douglas Rodriguez' signature drink—the *mojito* (which means "a little wet").

MOJITO

1 teaspoon sugar
1½ ounces light rum
4 or 5 mint leaves
Splash of Seven-Up
Sugarcane stick or lime wedge

Place sugar, rum and mint in a cocktail shaker and shake or stir until sugar dissolves. Add Seven-Up. Pour over crushed ice in a tall glass and garnish with sugarcane or lime.

PATRIA COLADA

½ cup frozen passion-fruit concentrate
¼ cup Coco Lopez
¼ cup light rum
1 ounce Captain Morgan Spiced Rum
Shaved coconut

Combine passion-fruit concentrate, Coco Lopez and light rum in a chilled blender container and blend until smooth. Pour into a hurricane glass and float Captain Morgan Spiced Rum on top. Garnish with shaved coconut.

Lola
30 West 22nd Street
New York
212-675-6700

Known for its spiced chicken and a great bar scene, Lola keeps the heat at bay with its frozen mango martini.

FROZEN MANGO MARTINI

2 ounces Smirnoff vodka
1 ounce triple sec
2 ounces mango juice
Dash of lime juice
Lime garnish

Pour vodka, triple sec and juices into a blender with a scoop of crushed ice. Blend until slushy and serve in a chilled martini glass with lime.

Coco Loco
810 7th Street NW
Washington, D.C.
202-289-2626

Coco Loco is the place to go for both Mexican food and succulent South American roasted meats. Many of the cocktails served—including the *caipirinha*—are made with *cachaca*, a Brazilian sugarcane liquor.

CAIPIRINHA

Juice of one lime
4 tablespoons sugar
2 ounces *cachaca*

Muddle lime juice and sugar to make a thin paste. Pour into a cocktail shaker with ice cubes and *cachaca*. Shake until cold. Serve in an old fashioned glass.

Max's South Beach
764 Washington Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida
305-532-0070

Gloria Estefan, Jon Secada, Sylvester Stallone and Madonna have been spotted at this hip Miami Beach eatery. Sink your fangs into the atmosphere while sipping a vampire.

VAMPIRE

1 ounce Finlandia vodka
1 ounce Chambord
1 ounce Rose's lime juice
1 ounce cranberry juice

Combine ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice cubes and shake until cold. Strain into a tall cocktail glass.

Shabeen Cookshack
1200 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida
305-673-8373

As funky as a setting in an Elmore Leonard novel, this Jamaica-inspired establishment serves red-hot finger food and cocktails that go down easily.

SMOOTH SAILING

1 ounce light rum
1 ounce dark rum
¼ ounce grenadine
1 ounce each of cranberry, orange, grapefruit and pineapple juices
Maraschino cherry

Combine rums, grenadine and juices with cracked ice in a cocktail shaker and shake until very cold. Strain into a collins glass with ice cubes. Garnish with a cherry.

Mark's Las Olas
1032 East Las Olas Boulevard
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
305-463-1000

The tightest skirts in Florida crowd the bar at this new restaurant. Try a Brazilian daiquiri while waiting to sample chef Mark Militello's new Caribbean cooking.

BRAZILIAN DAIQUIRI

1 ounce Bacardi light rum
1 ounce Bacardi dark rum
1 ounce Myers dark rum
1 teaspoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 pineapple slices

Let all ingredients except pineapple slices steep in the refrigerator for 48 hours. Buzz ingredients in a blender until smooth and pour into a tall glass. Garnish with pineapple slices.

Americas
1800 Post Oak Boulevard
Houston, Texas
713-961-1492

With its tropical decor, long-legged waitresses and Latin American delicacies, Americas packs them in at the bar—a great spot to try one of chef Michael Cordua's Caribbean cocktails.

MANGORITA

2 ounces mango nectar
2 ounces lime juice
1½ ounces Jose Cuervo tequila

Combine ingredients in a chilled blender container and blend at high speed just until smooth. Serve in a martini glass.

Natura Cafe
2909 McKinney Avenue
Dallas, Texas
214-855-5483

Natura Cafe's commitment to all-natural ingredients extends to the purified water and the organic fruits used in its cocktails.

NATURA COOL BREEZE

1½ ounces Malibu rum
2 ounces orange juice
2 ounces pineapple juice
1 ounce cranberry juice
Pineapple slice

Combine rum and juices with ice in a cocktail shaker and shake until cold. Strain into a glass with ice cubes and garnish with pineapple.

Nola
534 St. Louis Street
New Orleans
504-522-6652

Nowhere in New Orleans do they let the good times roll more than at Nola, where celebrity chef Emeril Lagasse creates terrific Caribbean-inspired creole-cajun dishes.

NOLA MARDI GRAS

3 ounces Finlandia vodka
½ ounce Chambord
Lemon twist

Shake vodka with ice in a cocktail shaker until very cold. Pour Chambord into a martini glass and swirl to coat. Pour out excess. Strain vodka into the glass and garnish with lemon twist.

Mike's on the Avenue
628 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans
504-523-1709

Mike Fennelly is an artist first and a chef second, so expect the unexpected—

(concluded on page 150)

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1975 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

A PICTORIAL FANTASY: AFTER HOURS IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

FEDERAL JUSTICE— PROSECUTION OR INQUISITION?

WHAT YOU STILL DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE CIA! EX-COMPANY MAN PHILIP AGEE TELLS ALL

CHECKING OUT THE FEMALE ESCORT SERVICES: SOME CONS AND LOTS OF PROS

FICTION BY JOHN UPDIKE

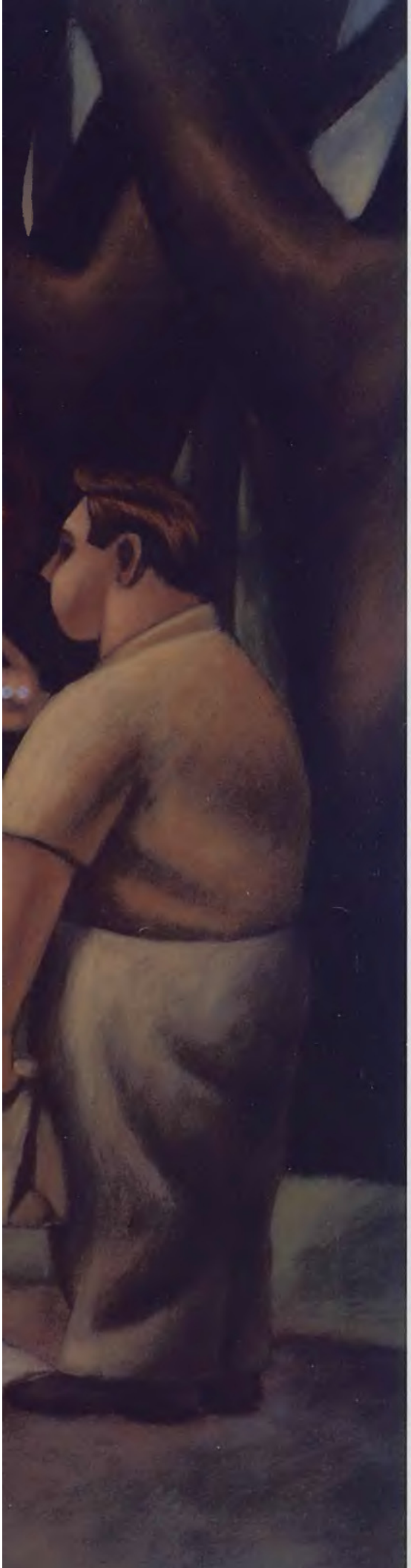
LILLIAN MULLER

Cover Girl

PLAYMATE

MISS AUGUST 1975. Norwegian knockout Lillian Müller made her memorable PLAYBOY debut on the cover of an issue that offered fiction by John Updike and the confessions of superspy Philip Agee. Discovered in London by model-turned-photographer Suze Randall, the sultry Lillian went on to appear on nine PLAYBOY covers and in more than two dozen pictorials. She was the obvious choice for Playmate of the Year in 1976, a year we still think of as Müller time.

"In sports terms, I'd be something like a free agent. Except, of course, I ain't free."



screw the young

THE ELDERLY HAVE A HEARTFELT MESSAGE TO SHARE WITH GENERATION X: "STICK 'EM UP, KIDS"

I AM 30 years old, well educated, launched in my chosen profession, with everything to look forward to in life. So why do I feel as if I'm the latest downtrodden minority, somebody whose future was brokered away even before he was born?

I know what you're thinking: Not another whiny Xer bleating his generational complaint. I'm neither bored nor purposeless nor unambitious; I'm no slacker. And yet the more I look into it, the more I'm convinced that I'm being screwed by a big generational conspiracy. So hear me out, before I spill my story to Oliver Stone.

My status crystallized for me one morning last fall. First, the newspaper reported that Social Security will be dead broke by the year 2029. By subtracting my birth year, 1965, from 2029, I realized that the year the geezer dole goes belly-up I'll be 64, ready to feed at the entitlement trough myself.

This shouldn't have come as a big surprise. According to a 1994 poll, nearly twice as many of my fellow Xers believe in UFOs as believe they'll ever get a dime from Social Security. But vague pessimism is one thing. It's overwhelming to have that pessimism confirmed over your morning coffee, when the government itself announces that America's retirement fund is scheduled to dry up on the eve of your golden years.

I was soon stumbling upon evidence of intergenerational inequity all over the place. My favorite horrifying stat is that back when my grandpa started paying Social Security taxes, the most he could be forced to fork over each year was 60 bucks (335 in today's dollars). A self-employed 25-year-old can pay $8500 a year. And the money doesn't always go to the needy. In 1990, for instance, nearly $8 billion in Social Security benefits went to people earning more than $100,000 annually. Meanwhile, the average 30-year-old man makes about a third less in real dollars today than his counterpart did before the oil shocks of 1973, so his payroll deductions hurt that much more.

Looking for someone to share my outrage, I came across mention of a defunct *(continued on page 150)*

ARTICLE BY MARK JANNOT

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

LLYWOO D

20 QUESTIONS

DAWN STEEL

hollywood's madam mogul on how to win an argument, what the japanese don't know about movies and what to say when a woman asks, "how do i look?"

Many film industry observers would argue that selling a motion picture to the public is as important as creating one. No one knows that better than studio executive turned independent producer Dawn Steel. After marketing and merchandising novelty items through her own company, Oh Dawn, in the mid-Seventies, Steel came to Hollywood in 1978 and joined Paramount Pictures as director of merchandising. She created the first feature-film commercial tie-in with Klingons eating McDonald's Big Macs to publicize the film "Star Trek." By 1980 Steel was supervising the development and production of such films as "Flashdance," "Top Gun," "Beverly Hills Cop 2," "The Accused" and "Fatal Attraction." Helping to redefine and expand the role of women in Hollywood, in 1987 Steel became the first woman to head a major motion picture studio—Columbia Pictures. During her tenure, she was responsible for the production of "Ghostbusters 2," "Karate Kid 3," "When Harry Met Sally" and "Look Who's Talking," among others. Having survived at Columbia for three years (twice as long as the average studio executive), Steel departed and independently produced the hit films "Sister Act 2" and "Cool Runnings," the latter of which has earned more than $150 million to date. Last year she wrote the best-selling book "They Can Kill You, But They Can't Eat You," which chronicles her journey through the Hollywood maze. Recently, Steel formed Atlas Entertainment in alliance with Turner Pictures and is currently releasing their first feature, "Angus."

Robert Crane caught up with the diminutive Steel at her production office in West Hollywood. Crane reports: "Dawn Steel is small, pretty, sexy, funny—and definitely in charge. You wouldn't want her to be pissed off at you."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your autobiography is called *They Can Kill You, But They Can't Eat You.* How did the title come to you?

STEEL: I was in labor and 24 hours later gave birth to my daughter on March 17, 1987. I had been having some difficult times at my job, and I was at odds with my boss. I knew he didn't like me, but I didn't know how much he didn't like me. In the hospital, my husband had gone down to the coffee shop to get a newspaper. He came back and I was feeding my child and blissed out. He looked at me with the newspaper under his arm and said, "I don't know how to tell you this, babe, but you got fired while you were in labor." I remember thinking, I will not cry, I will not let them make me cry. I have my daughter in my arms. I looked up at my husband and said, "You know what? They can kill you, but they can't eat you." I had heard that years before. Someone smarter than me had said it. But at that moment I realized that's how it felt. I'm still here.

2.

PLAYBOY: Remember the film *The Player*? Is the real story more complicated or less complicated than that?

STEEL: I hate that movie because it makes all of us in the movie business look like schmucks, and we're not. We don't murder people. I can't name one studio executive who's killed anybody. That movie makes really intelligent people believe that we are all immoral, amoral—and jerks, which is worse.

3.

PLAYBOY: How do you get your way? Whom do you sweet-talk and whom do you bully?

STEEL: I don't give up. I just annoy people until they give me what I want. I badger them.

I hope I don't bully anybody. It's not something I would be proud of. I want what I want when I want it and I'm very straightforward about it. One of my mentors used to call me "the tank." He said, "You put your head down and you just keep rolling forward until you get what you want." That's basically what I do. I just keep going forward. Jeffrey Katzenberg used to go to the front door. If they didn't let him in the front door, he'd go to the back door. If they didn't let him in the back door, he'd go to the side door. If they didn't let him in the side door, he'd go to the basement. You keep going in different orifices until you get where you want to go. You never give up. That's how I get what I want.

4.

PLAYBOY: How do you know you've won an argument?

STEEL: They hang up. They can't take it anymore. They want to go home and take a nap.

5.

PLAYBOY: How would you define the word bitch? Are there other things you can call a woman?

STEEL: I won't define it. In fact, it's a word I particularly loathe and don't think we should use. There's no equivalent for men. If I cut somebody off, he calls me a bitch. If I offend someone, he calls me a bitch. I strap on my balls, he calls me a bitch. I find it offensive. I am not a female dog. I don't understand how it came to mean what it means today. In my office, we don't use the bitch word. The C word is unacceptable. If you absolutely need to call a woman a name, you can call her a shithead.

6.

PLAYBOY: Men are born with balls, but most don't use them. Women acquire balls and use them. Give us rules for wielding balls in a postfeminist society.

STEEL: Always do it with humor. Men don't like having balls wielded seriously. Men don't like having balls wielded by women, period. Girls, I suggest you always have a gleam in your eyes when you're wearing your balls.

7.

PLAYBOY: What can a woman tell a man about balls?

STEEL: I once heard a pop psychiatrist say, "Ladies, leave your balls at home," which was weird because I would say wear your balls to the office and then take them off when you're going out.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do men take their balls for granted?

STEEL: Yes, completely. We're dealing with the image of balls as opposed to the psychological advantage of knowing you were born with balls. But, in some way, I always knew I was born with balls. It's much more comfortable

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OUTLINE

for me than it is for you. Mine are figurative and yours are literal.

9.

PLAYBOY: You make stars. Which star makes you weak in the knees?
STEEL: Brad Pitt. I've had nothing to do with his career, though I hope to. I just want to be his friend.

10.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used a casting couch to your advantage?
STEEL: Before I was married, I thought it worked only for men. It took me a long time to figure out that I could use it. That's a really different thing between men and women. I've heard specific references to it and, in fact, heard recently that a studio executive was caught giving head to a writer she wanted for a particular project. Whatever it takes, honey.

11.

PLAYBOY: Please tell us three lies of Hollywood.
STEEL: "I'll read the script tonight." "I'll get back to you tomorrow." "I loved your movie." No one sets out to make a bad movie, but it happens. If you're in a position where you get to see a movie before it's finished, you have an obligation to be completely honest. But if you see a movie after it's finished, and it's somebody you care about, you're not going to walk up to them and say, "I hate it." You're going to say, "Good for you. Congratulations. I really enjoyed it." I don't want to be too tongue-in-cheek about that answer.

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe three danger signs of becoming "too Hollywood."
STEEL: Number one is when you begin to think that you're different and, of course, you're not. Number two is when you get really angry if you (a) can't get a favorite table at a restaurant, (b) are made to wait in line at a movie theater rather than be rushed in ahead of the line, or (c) have to fly, God forbid, commercial. There's the car thing, which is mainly a male issue, when the cars get fancier and fancier and you look around and wonder, Can't they think of something else to do with their money? Finally, you have, legitimately, people who lose their temper way too easily because the stress level is way too high. When you finally get to that place, and I've certainly been there, it's time to go. People who don't know they're there don't know it's time to go. But I promise you, it's time to go.

13.

PLAYBOY: What does Hollywood have too much and too little of?
STEEL: It has too much money and too little integrity. In every business you find people who have honor and people who don't. There are only two kinds of people in the world, honest ones and dishonest ones. We have our share of dishonest people here. I think the problem is that we're all—and I mean all of us—paid way too much money, more money than we would be paid in any other business at our career levels. The union people who are just starting their careers are being paid so much more than minimum wage. So kids coming out of college are making $50,000 a year. That's a fortune. I'm not talking about the tens of millions of dollars that people like Tom Hanks or Bruce Willis make. I'm not talking about movie stars. I'm talking about regular people. Every day I thank the universe for putting all of this on my plate. The minefield for me is trying to avoid the people who are dishonest.

14.

PLAYBOY: What have the Japanese learned from their incursion into the U.S. film industry? Should they have stuck to Godzilla?
STEEL: They've learned to stay home. I think the Japanese have been ill-advised and they've made a mistake that is common in Hollywood, which is thinking that anyone can make an American movie. It's not true. Only Americans can make American movies. It is the most exportable product we have. It is the thing we're most noted for. An American movie is a calling card anywhere in the world. The Japanese can make Japanese movies, but they can't make American movies.

15.

PLAYBOY: We never hear about your husband. How do you balance work and your relationship?
STEEL: Chuck is incredibly solid and doesn't really give a shit. Work doesn't come anywhere near the importance of my relationship with my husband and my daughter. It became clear when I was at Columbia Pictures that I needed to figure out a way to do everything. There was this myth about Superwoman. She doesn't exist. Some days I was a great mother and some days I was a great studio executive or a great producer. But not every day. I can't be great every day. There were times I didn't get my legs waxed for months. It's an awful image, I know. Something had to go and it was my legs.

16.

PLAYBOY: Who wears the pants in your relationship?
STEEL: We both wear pants. My eight-year-old daughter wears pants, too.

17.

PLAYBOY: What is the oddest file in your Powerbook?
STEEL: My daughter's games. She's on my computer all the time and she's really annoying about it. We have all these games like Math Blaster and Spelling Buster and Shanghai Shuffle Puck. Do you know how annoying the sound is when the puck gets hit? I also have all sorts of bizarre letters because I have figured out how to fax from my computer. I have all sorts of weird correspondence. I'm not going to tell you with whom.

18.

PLAYBOY: When a woman asks, "How do I look?" is it an invitation to be truthful?
STEEL: For me it is. My husband doesn't miss anything. On one hand, I want to say to him, "Could you put on a blindfold?" He sees every zit on my face. On the other hand, I absolutely want him to be truthful with me because I don't want him to let me go out if I look ridiculous. If there's something I can do about it, then it's really helpful. But if he says, "Your nose is gigantic," there's nothing I can do. So I don't want to be told that. I'm a finished product, basically, give or take a couple of pounds and wrinkles. I want to be told the truth except for the things I can't change. Only certain responses are permitted, on things I can change. If he doesn't like my nose, what can I do about it?

19.

PLAYBOY: What happened to tan lines?
STEEL: The ozone layer. Gone. Skin cancer wiped out tan lines. Can we talk about sunspots? In the Sixties, I was lying out there on Jones Beach plastered with baby oil and iodine with a sun reflector surrounding me. I was really tan. Flash forward a couple of decades and now I have sunspots all over my legs from where I was sunburned. That's what happened to tan lines. No more sun. Sunspots and skin cancer—that's what you get from tan lines. I'm very neurotic about my sunspots, too.

20.

PLAYBOY: With whom will you never have lunch again?
STEEL: I recently read a book called *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*. One of its great insights is that we should have compassion for every human being because we're all dying. I have compassion for everyone because everyone's dying, and I'll eat lunch with anybody because they're going to die. We're all going to die.

CAUTION
THIS AREA IS SUBJECT TO HIGH WAVES AND RIPTIDES.
PLEASE GO TO A MOTEL.
BUCK BROWN

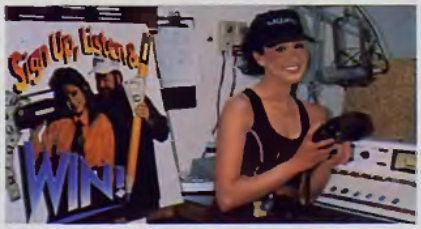
ON THE
AIR

Girls OF RADIO

the best-looking women you've never seen—until now

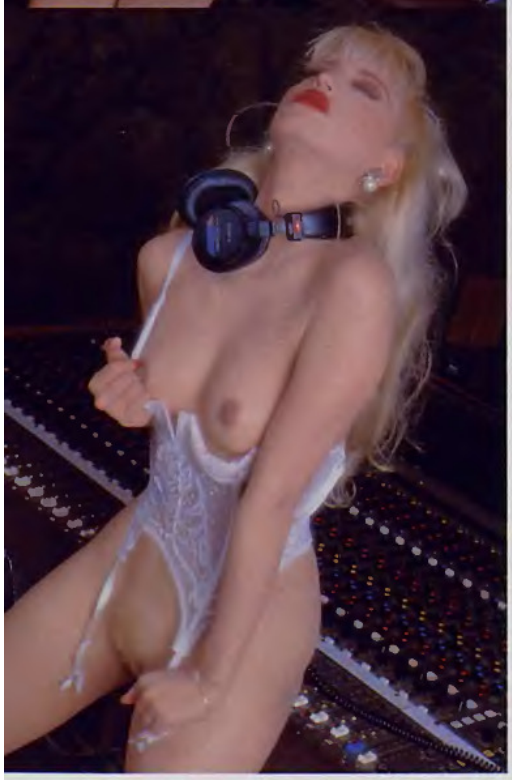
THE RADIO revolution has shown that we are a nation of night owls, drive-time commuters, air guitarists, chat-show hotheads and aural adventurers. And often, the siren voices that lead us to the dial belong to female hosts. In the past, we could only imagine the women of the radio: Disc jockeys rarely came out of their studios to flesh out our visions of them. But when Rush Limbaugh was deemed camera-ready, the business changed. Now radio stars do promotional tours, broadcasts and publicity posters, and the women have looks to match their pipes. As we scanned the airwaves for the hottest FM fatales and wake-up crew members, we learned that radio has recruited sexy advertising executives and business managers, as well. There are also talk-show starlets—dancers, models and actresses—who boost their careers as on-air guests. With beauties in the sound booth and the front office, radioland is finally providing good visuals. Turn the pages and tune in.

Ellen K. (opposite) gives California drivers a fine blend of humor and energy on KIIS FM's morning show, having landed her dream job with DJ Rick Dees (receiving an award with Ellen, left). Now she dreams of just sleeping in. Janet Layne (above and right) spins discs for KGBX in Missouri. She says weight training keeps her looking just as good as she sounds.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Guadalupe Divina (below, left) caught our attention when she appeared in *Playboy Mexico*. When she's not working as a DJ at a station in Texas, she likes to sing and play guitar and piano. As a nighttime DJ, Diane Ray (below, right) sends out heat waves to her south Florida listeners and jokes that what she really wants to do is rule the world. At 23, model Shelly Jones (right and opposite) has appeared in the movie *Spring Break Sorority Girls* and a Motley Crue video. She has also been the Intimo lingerie model. But her stint as the Original Panty Fax Queen on "Ron and Ran," a syndicated show, thrilled listeners in the Southeast. They flooded stations' phone lines to receive a fax of a picture taken of Shelly's posterior when she sat on a copy machine.



Tracey Ray (left and above) hosts a radio talk show for WFTL in Florida, which allows her to head to the ocean during her downtime for some bodysurfing or parasailing. Her dream is to own a ranch and raise endangered species. Lizz Cufari (right and opposite) knows her way around heat. Besides dreaming up hot promotions for WAQY in Springfield, Massachusetts, Lizz is also an expert at repairing handguns.

Coca-Cola

Fans know Vanessa Conner (opposite, top) as the V-Woman on WHHH in Indianapolis. Her mother is a physician, and now Vonesso gives out health advice, too—she's an expert on exercise. Though Jenifer Masterman (opposite, bottom) is a full-time accountant, she can expect more radio time on WUFX in Buffalo. The station recruited her during a search among listeners for someone to pose for PLAYBOY. It worked beautifully. Soon after her Polaroids were selected, she headed out to Los Angeles for a photo shoot at Playboy Studio West. It was her first trip to California. As a 98 Rock Girl in Florida, Jessica Lee (right) works on promotions with Morgan Malice. As you can see below, she is also pretty successful at promoting herself.

Up in the sky! It's Joy Pons (left and above), airborne traffic reporter for Maryland's Metro Networks. Karen Nobis (bottom) is an account executive for K-LAW Broadcasting in Oklahoma, a job she loves to advertise (below). Tempest and Amy Lynn Baxter (left and right, opposite) are part of Howard Stern's on-oir harem. They were shot for the cover of Stern's book *Private Parts*, but the racy photo ended up inside. Amy is an actress and Tempest writes screenplays, when they're not giving aural jolts to the shock jock and his listeners. The *Girls of Radio* will be out on videotape August B. Coll B00-423-9494 to reserve a copy.

ZEALOTS (continued from page 76)

After I drove out of town, there were 10,000 holes in the Ozarks where my body could be dumped.

who love righteousness, those people who really care about this nation!

"Those people," says Barley, fiercely thrusting a finger eastward, "who want to violate God's law, do away with those biblical principles, they don't love this nation! We had Waco. . . ."

The pastor lets that sink down on our shoulders like a heavy shadow of doom before continuing.

"People don't talk about that tragedy. They don't talk about the little children they murdered. They show pictures of these precious little children—and they were precious little children—who died in this accident. I didn't see any pictures of what happened in Waco!

"The media ask, Who are these evil cowards who were the perpetrators of this bomb? Who murdered these little children? Well, I have another question: Who are the evil cowards who hid themselves and murdered those little children in Waco, Texas? Didn't they hide themselves? Didn't they wear ski masks?"

Pastor Barley has a solution: We need a national old-covenant cleansing! We need a new heart! This is a time of reformation! What is the New Jerusalem? Who is the New Jerusalem? False teaching of the Scripture has put sin on this nation! And he commanded: and with a two-edged sword in their hand, render judgment on the heathen!"

I threw my hands together with the covenant people in a wash of applause for this appalling little bigot. My brain was reeling from the exploitation of mutilation, death and despair I had just participated in. The rest of the country was still in shock, still grieving, but we here, the chosen patriots of the New Jerusalem, had no such feelings. We were the real victims. Us. Not those mangled toddlers and unlucky Social Security workers. No. They had it coming to them.

•

On the next day the rain fell and with it paranoia sprouted like mushrooms among us. For the militiamen, "Christian patriots" and Aryan Nations members, it was a well-justified fear that FBI agents might walk in at any time. For me, it was the fear I might be found out as the stranger among the Israelites, the traitor among patriots.

I knew I had nothing to fear so long as I was here in Branson among the thousands of hard-permed and polyestered tourists. But after I drove out of town, there were 10,000 holes in the Ozarks where my body could be dumped for all eternity.

We were treated to some Identity entertainment, which consisted of a husband and wife duo going at each other with electric piano and banjo, a gangly, crotch-pulling brother who wrenched through a few sacred tunes to Yahweh and finally a very strange ventriloquist act perpetrated by yet another member of the congregation.

This dismal spirit-raising endeavor was abruptly wiped away by the appearance of Earl Jones of the Christian Crusade for Truth, out of New Mexico. A shaved-pated ex-Marine colonel and close confidant to Louis Beam, Jones had laid down Beam's strategy for "leaderless resistance." Beam appropriated this guerrilla plan from a Cuban who had been involved in the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Leaderless resistance, as Beam sees it, is a biblical system of warfare in which "freedom fighters" are trained, equipped, funded and then turned loose to do whatever may be necessary. It relieves the movement leadership from the actions of these cells, which are made up of from five to eight men. As Jones put it, it leaves the men "free to just do everything on their own, as just one man or several. They just do whatever comes on their hearts to do. It's called leaderless resistance," Jones continued. "But we know it as following the mandates given to us by our God."

It is the type of terrorism that we have seen in abortion clinic bombings, in assassinations of doctors and in the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City.

During the weekend in Branson we heard many Old Testament examples of

"Never mind what your mother told you. What did your father tell you?"

Bring Back The Passion.

Bring Your Relationship Into A New Realm Of Excitement. Introducing *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex.* This new three-part video program takes you on a guided tour into the lives and bedrooms of real couples with incredibly satisfying sex lives. Created and hosted by Dr. Sandra Scantling, nationally known psychologist and sex therapist, who helps you apply what these couples have learned to your own relationship.

See How Other Couples Recapture The Thrill. Hear each loving couple's story in their own words. Watch them explicitly demonstrate the exercises and techniques that have taken thei sexuality to new heights.

Three Dynamic Videos Tell The Whole Story. In Volume One you'll learn the "ingredients" for extraordinary sex by watching other couples in action. Volume Two shows you how being creative can take ho-hum sex to thrilling new heights. And in Volume Three successful couples share their secrets for keeping love fresh and exciting – time after time.

FREE VIDED DFFER. All orders will also receive a free 24 minute video on oral sex and our new brochure filled with videos for adult viewing, lubricants, toys, games and products all designed to help you spice up your relationship.

Order today and sex will never be ordinary again!

Dr. Sandra Scantling's

Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex

FOR FASTEST SERVICE WITH CREDIT CARD ORDERS
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-955-0888 (24 HRS/7 DAYS)
THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, BOX 8865, CHAPEL HILL, NC 27515

Sinclair Video Library...Special Offer!

- ☐ VOLUME 1: DISCOVERING EXTRAORDINARY SEX (#1050) 73 MIN. ~~$29.95~~ NOW $19.95
- ☐ VOLUME 2: GETTING CREATIVE WITH SEX (#1051) 65 MINUTES ~~$29.95~~ NOW $19.95
- ☐ VOLUME 3: KEEPING SEX EXTRAORDINARY (#1052) 72 MINUTES ~~$29.95~~ NOW $19.95
- ☐ ORAL SEX VIDED (#1057) FREE!
- ☐ BUY ALL THREE TAPES AND **SAVE $10** (#1053) $49.85

(ALL TAPES VHS ONLY. NC ORDERS PLEASE ADD 6% SALES TAX. CANADIAN ORDERS ADD US $5.00 SHIPPING)

POSTAGE & HANDLING $ 4.00

TOTAL $_____

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME_____
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 21)

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR PAYMENT METHOD:

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED FOR $_____

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD EXP. DATE_____

CARD NO._____

SIGNATURE_____

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-955-0888 (24 HRS/7 DAYS) OR MAIL TO:
THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, DEPT. 8PB12, BOX 8865, CHAPEL HILL, NC 27515

Express Delivery Available

Our plain packaging protects your privacy.

FREE VIDEO! WITH YOUR ORDER

Special Offer...
Regularly $29.95 each,
NOW ONLY $19.95!

this guerrilla tactic: References were repeatedly made to the stories of Phinehas, Gideon and Ehud—vigilantes of the Lord God.

"For our purposes," Jones asserted, trolling us with a flinty gaze, "we have to have leaderless resistance within the confines of our directives given to us in the word of God." In Identity that means death to the Jews, the sodomites, the baby killers, the race traitors, the socialists and any and all who would stand in the way of a white Christian republic. "Our backs are against the wall," said Colonel Jones.

Here in this upstairs room in Branson were just some of the thousands of white people who shared the same witness, and who were joined by the same bloody spirit. Some of them were not any more Identity than I was. It was acknowledged by Everitt Ramsey, the Identity minister who called this gathering, that this was a Covenant Congregation. This meant that like-minded "Christian patriots" were now bound together, regardless of whether or not they had "the Israel message."

Looking at Jones standing up there ramrod straight, fit and ready as a vintage combat pistol, I thought of Beam and his prophetic speech at Estes Park back in 1992.

"For the first time in the 22 years that I have been in the movement, we are all marching to the beat of the same drum," the menacing Texan had begun. "We are viewed by the government as the same: enemies of the state. When they come for you the federal government will not ask if you are a constitutionalist, a Baptist, Church of Christ, Identity, Covenant, Klansman, Nazi or home schooler. You are enemies of the state! If you believe in liberty, if you believe in justice, join with us. Pave the road to the new world order with the tyrants' blood, tyrants' bones. They shall know the broken heart!"

The engine that powered that yellow truck down Highway 77 into Oklahoma City was built by white supremacy. The fuel that powered that engine was Identity. No other group of Americans hates the federal government with as much purity, as much fervor and as much conviction as do those who have the Israel Message. It may not be that the terrorists responsible for the bombing were baptized Identity Christians. But their paranoia and homicidal will to action issued from more than 40 years of that peculiarly American sect's teachings and from tactics supplied by its followers, such as Beam, Jones, Peters and others.

•

I drove out of Branson in a cold, dismal rain and snaked down into Arkansas. I wasn't followed and I wasn't far from a safer country. Inside my head the little broken body floated, red and pink and yellow, like a wound. I pushed the PLAY button on my minicassette recorder to hear if my jerry-rigged "wire" system had worked during the conference. Out came the howling voice of W.N. Otwell, a pastor who runs a well-armed compound in the piney woods of east Texas.

"We talk about Patrick Henry, John Paul Jones and all these patriots and we don't do one stinking thing! We talk about the Constitution that was given to us in blood! And not one preacher did I meet in Waco, Texas! I was down there in Waco on the 19th, and I didn't know what was going to happen in Oklahoma City. But when it come time, the bottom fell out and it started raining. We had militia people there and we give a 21-gun salute. I had no idea they was going to blow up that building in Oklahoma City."

The little body was now outside my head, rocking back and forth just in front of the hood in the gray rain. I thought of my 16-month-old son as Otwell's rant continued:

"I just come back from there. Chief of police called me and said, 'I heard you were up in OKC.' I guess he thought I had something to do with it. About nine or nine-thirty we found out they had bombed that place. I saw all those amputations and broken bodies, but I'm still angry with them. I'll tell you something. They say, 'What about all those women and kids?' And I say: 'What about all those women and kids in Waco, Texas! You go look in the Old Testament. God did not mind killing a bunch of women and kids. God talks about slaughter! Don't leave one suckling! Don't leave no babies! Don't leave nothing! Kill them! Destroy them!'"

I hit the STOP button with my thumb. It was a long drive back to the Little Rock airport and a long way from there to the country I left on April 19. I kept my eyes on the broken body out there in the rain and wondered what Jesus might say.

"I suppose this can best be explained as a fear of real intimacy."

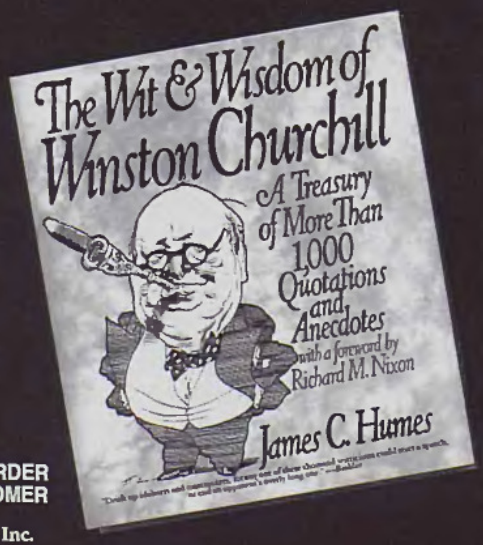
THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS℠

You deserve it, so enjoy the superior smoking pleasure of the magnificent 6 3/4" x 48 ring Natural wrapper, Hoyo Double Corona.

Handmade in Honduras of select Cuban-seed tobaccos, Hoyos are a favorite of diplomats, executives, thought leaders, trend setters and those smokers from whom others take their cues in fine cigar selection.

MY INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO NEW CUSTOMERS

10 Hoyo de Monterrey Double Coronas for $15.00; Regular Retail $24.00. Plus - a Free copy of "The Wit and Wisdom of Winston Churchill" - The grandest cigar smoker of them all. 2nd Plus - A $10.00 Credit Memo towards your first re-order of $50.00 or more from our catalog.


The Wit & Wisdom of Winston Churchill
A Treasury of More Than 1,000 Quotations and Anecdotes
with a foreword by Richard M. Nixon
James C. Humes

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.
5401 Hangar Court • Tampa, FL 33634 • Dept. T16

Send me 10 Natural wrapper, Hoyo Double Coronas (955166) For $15.00 + $3.95 shipping. Also include my FREE copy of "The Wit & Wisdom of Winston Churchill". (Florida residents add 6% sales tax+ appropriate county tax.)

My Name

My Street Address

City State Zip

☐ $18.95 Enclosed. Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmExpress ☐ Discover

Signed Daytime Phone #

Credit Card No. (Print All Digits) Exp. Date

OFFER EXPIRES 12/95 • OFFER GOOD ONLY IN THE USA

ONLY ONE ORDER PER CUSTOMER

© 1995, Thompson & Co., Inc.

1-800-237-2559 Ext.-T16 Fax: 813-882-4605

BERRY GORDY (continued from page 52)

Smokey said, "You might as well start your own record label. You couldn't do any worse than this."

them and chased them into the hallway and told them that I thought they were really good. We got to talking and Smokey told me he had a hundred songs. When I told him who I was, he was excited; he had seen my name on Jackie's records. I listened to his songs and rejected every one of them. He was so incredible because he never got disappointed, disgusted or bitter. I told him he was a great poet but not such a great songwriter. But he worked hard and learned and after many false starts came back with a song I liked, *Got a Job*. I produced it later. I was with him one day, waiting for a producer's royalty check, thrilled that some money was coming in. I opened the envelope and in it was a check for $3.19. After everyone had taken their cuts, that's all that was left. Smokey said, "You might as well start your own record label. You couldn't do any worse than this." I borrowed $800 from my family and recorded a song I wrote called *Come to Me*, sung by Marv Johnson, a new kid I'd met. I first put it out on my own label, which I called Tamla, after the number one song at that time, *Tammy* by Debbie Reynolds. But when I couldn't afford to distribute it nationally, I sold it to United Artists. *Way Over There* by the Miracles was the first record I went national with.

PLAYBOY: By then you were managing, producing, promoting and writing the songs. Were you going in too many directions?

GORDY: No question about it. But everything I did was to protect my love, the love of songwriting. I wrote the songs and wanted to protect them and get my money, so I became the publisher. Then I became the manager of the artists who sang them and I worked with them so they would sing it right.

PLAYBOY: And Motown came next?

GORDY: That was the beginning of Motown, but I hadn't started calling it that yet. One day Smokey came in with this great new song, *Bad Girl*. It was truly brilliant and the recording we made was so great that I wanted to launch another label. Tamla was a gimmicky name. I wanted the name of the corporation to be something that meant more to me, and since I had always known Detroit as the Motor City, I came up with the name Motown.

PLAYBOY: You were remarried by then?

GORDY: Not quite. I remarried a year or so later.

PLAYBOY: What happened with that marriage?

GORDY: My marriage to Raynoma ended because I was going with someone else and she was going with someone else. I confessed mine, and she confessed hers. I believe she did it only after I was doing it, but I will never know that.

PLAYBOY: Her book is extremely critical of you. She writes that you cheated her out of ownership of the company.

GORDY: Yeah, I know. When I read her book I was furious. I couldn't believe it. Ray was a good wife. She did a lot for me and Motown at a key point in the company's history, and I will always care about her.

PLAYBOY: She apparently didn't feel the same way. She felt you cut her out of Motown's success.

GORDY: I didn't, but the other books about Motown did. I guess it was because she left Motown around 1963, before it exploded. We had our problems. But Ray was a fine person and she loved me to death.

PLAYBOY: She certainly had an odd way of showing it.

GORDY: Obviously, she was hurt. We talked about it. I was furious and called her and said, "Why in the hell would you write some shit like that? I can't believe you did that!" She said, "I never got credit," or whatever. "You never did enough for me." I said, "Yes, but here's what I did do." I listed some things—how I helped set her up in business, gave her more money than we agreed on and gave her jobs over and over again. She said, "Yes, but I don't have any money now," and I said, "Whose fault is that?" She then agreed with me and said she was sorry for what she had done.

PLAYBOY: Back at the company, what kind of manager were you?

GORDY: I made a point of never making people do things. Instead I made them want to do things. Because no one could ever make me do anything. If they made me want to do it, that was a different story.

PLAYBOY: Yet you have a reputation for toughness.

GORDY: I was tough. When there was a hard decision to make, I made it. Sometimes it's impossible not to hurt somebody. If there's something that you really don't think can work, you have to tell the person.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you modeled Motown after the assembly line at Ford. How did it work?

GORDY: At the plant, they started out with a frame and ended up with a brand new car. I wanted the same thing at Motown, only with artists, songs and records. The idea was that someone could walk in unknown off the street and walk out a star. We had writers, producers, arrangers, choreographers, chaperones, managers, a charm school.

PLAYBOY: What was your first million-selling record?

GORDY: *Shop Around* by the Miracles.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Marvin Gaye?

GORDY: I met him at a Christmas party in

"How long is the whistling moratorium supposed to last?"

Two American Classics

1962 Corvette Convertible

Passport 4500 Radar/Laser Detector

You may not be able to afford a classic Corvette convertible – yet, but you can own the best radar/laser detector designed for serious drivers: the classic Passport 4500 SuperWide. Passport 4500 SuperWide detects *all* traffic radar and laser bands. It's now the best value as well: total 4-band radar/laser protection *PLUS* the ESCORT brand name is only $139.95. Order your classic Passport 4500 SuperWide and get the radar/laser detector that hundreds of thousands of drivers use – and swear by – everyday.

Passport®4500 SuperWide $139.95 new price!

Detects *All* Radar & Laser Bands
Superior, Long-Range Detection

COMPLETE Radar • Laser PROTECTION

Patented Anti-Falsing System
SmartShield™ VG2 Protection

ESCORT Quality Built In Each Passport
Proudly Made In The USA

We Can Answer Your Questions!

features

Audible/Visual Alerts
Band Indicators
AutoDim
Mute & AutoMute
Highway/City Modes
Volume Control

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Try your PASSPORT for 30 days. If you're not satisfied, return it for a refund, no questions asked.

© 1995 CMI

for classic road protection, call toll-free:

1·800·433·3487

Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week for your convenience

Shipping & handling is extra. OH res. add 6% sales tax.

ESCORT
Department 500785
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

The Innovative Edge.™

my studio. My sister Gwen pointed him out. She said he was with Harvey and the Moonglows but that he wanted to go solo. I heard him sing and loved it. He sang *Mister Sandman*. I heard his voice and felt his soul and knew I had to have this guy on my label.

PLAYBOY: You once said that his music was a place for him to pour out his pain. Was he open about his struggles?

GORDY: Absolutely. If you wanted to know what was happening in Marvin's life, all you had to do was listen to his music. There was one thing about Marvin: He could not keep a secret. And he was determined to do his own thing. Sometimes I would say, "Marvin, this doesn't make sense," and he would say, "I know, but that's me."

He and my sister Anna got married and divorced and he wrote about it. He went through some bad times with drugs and he wrote about that. I think his life was on a collision course. We were always good friends. We became even better friends when he left Motown.

PLAYBOY: Was that sometimes the case?

GORDY: Not always, but in his case it was. One day he called me and said he had this new record he was doing for CBS and asked me what I thought about the title. The title, he said, was *Sanctified Pussy*. I was so relieved that I didn't have to deal with him on that one. I said, "I think you might have a little trouble with the name," but he said, "No man, that's what I feel." I said, "If you feel it, then go for it." I was so glad it wasn't my company. [*Laughs*] The song eventually came out as *Sanctified Lady*.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, it was a terrible shock when Gaye was killed by his father. Did he ever discuss the problems between them?

GORDY: He didn't talk about his father much with me. His death was the end of a troubled life. But he was an incredible genius—the truest artist I have ever known.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you met the Supremes?

GORDY: It was before they were the Supremes—they were the Primettes, the sister group to the Primes, who became

THE MOTOWN HITLIST

From 1961 to 1985, Motown topped the charts an amazing 75 times. Here are its number one singles:

1961: The Miracles, *Shop Around*
1961: Marvelettes, *Please Mr. Postman*
1963: Stevie Wonder, *Fingertips*
1964: Mary Wells, *My Guy*
1964: The Supremes, *Where Did Our Love Go?*
1964: The Supremes, *Baby Love*
1964: The Supremes, *Come See About Me*
1965: The Temptations, *My Girl*
1965: The Supremes, *Stop! In the Name of Love*
1965: The Supremes, *Back in My Arms Again*
1965: The Four Tops, *I Can't Help Myself*
1965: The Supremes, *I Hear a Symphony*
1966: The Supremes, *You Can't Hurry Love*
1966: The Four Tops, *Reach Out, I'll Be There*
1966: The Supremes, *You Keep Me Hangin' On*
1967: Gladys Knight & the Pips, *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*
1967: The Supremes, *Love Is Here and Now You're Gone*
1967: The Supremes, *The Happening*
1968: Diana Ross & the Supremes, *Love Child*
1968: Stevie Wonder, *For Once in My Life*
1968: Marvin Gaye, *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*
1969: The Temptations, *I Can't Get Next to You*
1969: Diana Ross & the Supremes, *Someday We'll Be Together*
1970: The Jackson 5, *I Want You Back*
1970: The Jackson 5, *ABC*
1970: The Temptations, *Ball of Confusion*
1970: The Jackson 5, *The Love You Save*
1970: Stevie Wonder, *Signed, Sealed, Delivered*
1970: Edwin Starr, *War*
1970: Diana Ross, *Ain't No Mountain High Enough*
1970: The Jackson 5, *I'll Be There*
1970: Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, *The Tears of a Clown*
1971: The Jackson 5, *Mama's Pearl*
1971: Marvin Gaye, *What's Going On*
1971: The Temptations, *Just My Imagination*
1971: The Jackson 5, *Never Can Say Goodbye*
1971: Undisputed Truth, *Smiling Faces Sometimes*
1971: R. Dean Taylor, *Indiana Wants Me*
1971: Michael Jackson, *Got to Be There*
1972: Michael Jackson, *Rockin' Robin*
1972: Michael Jackson, *Ben*
1972: The Temptations, *Papa Was a Rollin' Stone*
1973: Stevie Wonder, *Superstition*
1973: Gladys Knight & the Pips, *Neither One of Us*
1973: Stevie Wonder, *You Are the Sunshine of My Life*
1973: Diana Ross, *Touch Me in the Morning*
1973: Marvin Gaye, *Let's Get It On*
1973: Stevie Wonder, *Higher Ground*
1973: Eddie Kendricks, *Keep on Truckin'*
1974: Eddie Kendricks, *Boogie Down*
1974: The Jackson 5, *Dancing Machine*
1974: Stevie Wonder, *You Haven't Done Nothin'*
1975: Stevie Wonder, *Boogie on Reggae Woman*
1976: Diana Ross, *(Theme From "Mahogany") Do You Know Where You're Going To*
1976: The Miracles, *Love Machine (Part 1)*
1976: Diana Ross, *Love Hangover*
1977: Stevie Wonder, *I Wish*
1977: Thelma Houston, *Don't Leave Me This Way*
1977: Stevie Wonder, *Sir Duke*
1977: Marvin Gaye, *Got to Give It Up*
1978: The Commodores, *Three Times a Lady*
1979: The Commodores, *Sail On*
1979: The Commodores, *Still*
1980: Smokey Robinson, *Cruisin'*
1980: Diana Ross, *Upside Down*
1980: Stevie Wonder, *Master Blaster (Jammin')*
1981: Smokey Robinson, *Being With You*
1981: Diana Ross & Lionel Richie, *Endless Love*
1982: Stevie Wonder, *That Girl*
1982: Lionel Richie, *Truly*
1983: Lionel Richie, *All Night Long*
1984: Lionel Richie, *Hello*
1984: Stevie Wonder, *I Just Called to Say I Love You*
1985: Stevie Wonder, *Part-Time Lover*
1985: Lionel Richie, *Say You, Say Me*

Sources: *Billboard* and *Cashbox*.

"It's not that I'm against it. It's just that I'm a 'you are what you eat' guy."

the Temptations. They had come into Motown and were singing in the lobby when I walked by. Their singer, Diana Ross, had this whiny voice. They put so much into the song and were so young and cute that I asked them to sing it again. They did, putting everything into it. I asked them if they were in school and they said they were seniors. I told them I wouldn't sign them until they finished school; I didn't want to be responsible for anybody dropping out of school. They were disappointed, but they came back to the studio every day until they finished high school.

PLAYBOY: Did they hit right away?

GORDY: It took three years. Smokey and I both wrote songs for them that were not hits. But when songwriters and producers Brian Holland, Lamont Dozier and Eddie Holland locked in on them, the hits came, and there were lots of them. I knew then that the Supremes could be something special, and they could help themselves and help Motown. They broke down doors for lots of our acts.

PLAYBOY: So why did you fire Florence Ballard?

GORDY: Flo had a great attitude—a sarcastic, funny attitude. When she was in a good mood, everyone was in a good mood. When she wasn't, no one was. I didn't know that she had a drinking problem for a long time—Mary and Diana hid it from me. When I heard about it I was furious, because by that time it was out of control. She was showing up drunk or at times not showing up at all. Ultimately, I had to make one of those hard decisions. I replaced her with Cindy Birdsong.

PLAYBOY: Was Mary Wilson correct when she complained in her book that you favored Diana Ross from the beginning and that the other singers were pushed aside?

GORDY: If she said I favored Diana she was right, but I don't think anyone was pushed aside. There was never any question in my mind as to who the lead singer was.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember about Stevie Wonder when he first came in?

GORDY: I wasn't that thrilled with his voice, but I was thrilled with his harmonica playing. He also played the bongos and drums. His feeling and attitude were wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you name him Stevie Wonder?

GORDY: That's what my sister Esther tells me. I don't remember. She says that I said, "What a wonder," and the name stuck.

PLAYBOY: Another early act was Martha and the Vandellas. Martha Reeves also wrote a book that attacked you. She said your focus on the Supremes hurt the other groups. And she sued you for back royalties.

GORDY: I did focus on the Supremes. But not at the expense of the other artists—rather, to their benefit. The Supremes opened at the Copacabana in New York—the first R&B act to play there—and sold out every night for two weeks, and during the off-season at that. Then we were able to book the Temptations, Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles and Martha and the Vandellas not only there but also at all the other posh nightclubs in the country, including Las Vegas. It's true that Martha sued me many years after leaving the company. When my attorney told me the Martha Reeves trial was starting the next day in Detroit, I hit the ceiling. Martha and me fighting in court? Ridiculous. I had my secretary get Martha on the phone and I asked her why in the world she hadn't called me personally if there was a problem. She said her people told her it was the best way to go. I asked her what the complaint was, and she said she really didn't know but had been told there was a dispute and she probably had something coming. I asked her why they didn't do an audit of our books to find out. She didn't know. Once she and I talked about it, she understood she had been misled and I made a settlement with her. I did it because it was Martha Reeves, and only because it was Martha Reeves.

PLAYBOY: Let's switch to the Jackson 5. Michael Jackson has said that he resented never having a childhood because he became a star when he was so young. He was ten when the family signed with Motown.

GORDY: I don't think Michael believes that. He had a childhood when he was with Motown. When I moved them to California we played baseball every week—the Jacksons versus the Gordys. The kids swam and played all the time when they weren't rehearsing.

PLAYBOY: But he also worked extremely hard when he was a child.

GORDY: I don't know what happened at home before he got to Motown, but he had a childhood at Motown.

PLAYBOY: His sister La Toya said that Joe Jackson, their father and manager, abused his children. Is that true?

GORDY: I don't know. I never saw any signs of it. As far as I saw, they were bright and happy children. Joe Jackson has been depicted as a strong and hard person, maybe vicious at times. I have had many differences with him, especially when he took over their careers, but they were an impressive family. They were the easiest group to work with that I have ever known. They stayed focused. They listened to everything I said and they did it happily. I was impressed with whatever got them to that stage before I met them. Whether their mother deserves the credit or their father deserves the credit, somebody does.

PLAYBOY: What happened when Joe Jackson took over as their manager and took them away from Motown to Epic?

GORDY: I was furious. I sued both Epic and the Jacksons because it was a year before their contract was up. Their father, I was told, concocted a story that we stole $2 million from the boys. After a long legal battle and audits of our books, they ended up owing us $50,000 or something. But it was too late. The kids were long gone from Motown.

PLAYBOY: Jermaine, who had married your daughter Hazel, didn't go to Epic. Was it tough for him?

GORDY: It was. I appreciated it so much—his courage in standing up to his father. One thing Jermaine said their father told them was that Motown was not able to promote their records anymore and we were going down the drain and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Hazel and Jermaine got divorced. Was that a difficult time for you?

GORDY: They were together for 14 years, and even though they're not together now, there is no woman he respects more. And she respects herself, which is even more important. She has a tremendous self-image and wonderful children. Their divorce was tough for me because Jermaine is a fine person. I like him a lot.

PLAYBOY: Of all those who left Motown, Michael Jackson has sold the most records. Was it infuriating to watch him rack up all those million-sellers?

GORDY: Michael was like my son, so I was thrilled for him. When I asked him to do *Motown 25*, he said he wished I were his father.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the charges of child molestation that were brought against him?

GORDY: I don't believe them. I know him to be a strong, sensitive human being. He happens to love kids. I know that he's always talked about kids. He's always spent money on kids.

PLAYBOY: If not a child molester, is Michael as weird as many of us think?

GORDY: I doubt it. He is very shy, though—offstage. Once onstage he becomes dominant. He's a fanatic like me, focusing on whatever creative project he's working on. He wants to be the best.

PLAYBOY: But what about all the wild stories—the amusement park at home and the Elephant Man bones, among others?

GORDY: I don't know. They're probably just stories. Michael is a marketing genius. He has studied everybody—me, Walt Disney, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Wilson, Marcel Marceau, James Brown. He is an incredible sponge, and he is aware of how publicity can help your career no matter what it says—almost. Michael always wanted to be the greatest entertainer in the world and the most popular entertainer in the world. He worked at it. That's why he might have let a lot of those rumors go, or he might have even perpetuated them.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of his marriage to Lisa Marie Presley?

GORDY: I don't know exactly what you mean by "make," but I talked with him a couple of weeks ago, and he said they are very much in love. I hope they are happy. The king of pop and the ex–king of rock's daughter get together—great! I also understand that she's almost as shy as he is. So, I think they need each other.

PLAYBOY: You have said that Motown crossed racial barriers. Did you face racism?

GORDY: I was a kid the first time I heard the word nigger. Six years old. It didn't really come up with Motown until 1962, when the Motortown Revue—a tour of our acts, including the Marvelettes, Mary Wells, the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, Marvin Gaye, the Temps, Contours and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles—went through the South. Word came back that the bus had been shot at—real guns, real bullets. That was a horrible feeling for me. I felt guilty and responsible. And real angry. I told them to cancel the tour because I just couldn't have it on my conscience if any of those kids got killed out there. They insisted it was an isolated incident and that they wanted to go on. So I said OK, but I was fearful and worried.

PLAYBOY: Did you have all-black audiences at that point?

GORDY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: When did Motown begin to cross over into white America and mainstream pop music?

GORDY: We got really big around 1964 and even bigger when people found out how much we were respected in Europe. It helped when the Beatles recorded three of our songs on their second album. A lot of the British groups had been studying the Motown artists and doing Motown songs. Once you're respected elsewhere, you're respected more at home, even in a family.

PLAYBOY: When you did cross over, you were accused of selling out your roots by catering to white audiences. What did you think when you heard that?

GORDY: I thought it was ridiculous. We didn't dwell on black audiences or white audiences. We just focused on putting out great songs. Pop means popular. If it sells a million, it's pop. I didn't give a damn what else it was called.

PLAYBOY: One criticism was that attempting to cross over to a white audience meant that you had to diffuse the music—that it couldn't be "too black." Did you make concessions in crossing over? Did you sell out?

GORDY: [*Laughs*] No, I didn't. Remember, the first song I tried to sell was a song I wrote for Doris Day, a white-sounding song for a white girl. So if that's the case, I sold out my white roots when I changed to black music.

PLAYBOY: Why did you move Motown from Detroit to Los Angeles?

GORDY: I wanted to be in the movies and television. I always wanted to grow.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that the beginning of the end came when you decided to move West.

GORDY: Yeah, I would say it was the beginning of the end. Not the end of Motown—Motown is forever—but it was perhaps the beginning of the end of the fun.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

GORDY: Everything. One of the main things was that when I moved to the West Coast, the writers, musicians, producers and arrangers that I had in Detroit had a lot of other places to go. Everybody wanted them. Naturally, they went where they could make the most money, and the major labels could pay more. Also, trying to get into everything—into movies—meant that I was less able to focus on the artists, records and songwriting.

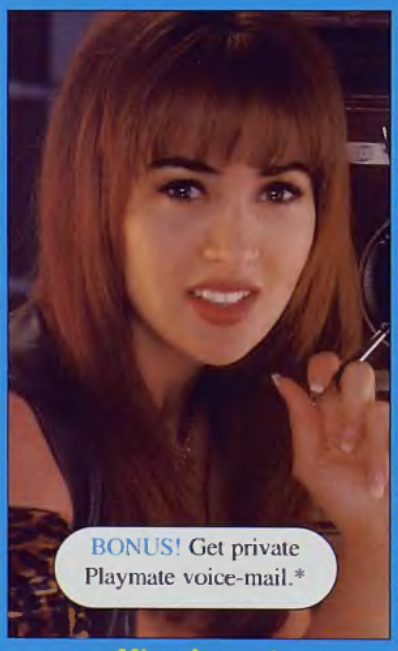
PLAYBOY: Your first foray into moviemaking was *Lady Sings the Blues* in 1972. What inspired it?

GORDY: *Lady Sings the Blues* was the hardest thing I'd ever done until the book. But making it was incredible fun. I had something very real with this movie, accomplishing so many of my childhood dreams.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GORDY: The dream of making black people look like I thought they should look.

TUNE IN AND TURN ON!



1-900-740-5588
Only $3 a minute.
18 years or older.

1-800-949-6000
MasterCard and Visa Only

Miss August

"Tune in with me, Rachel Jeàn Marteen, for wild and hot summer fun from the Playmate beach house."

Traci Adell

"And pump up the volume with me, Traci."

Playboy's Women of Radio

"Then turn your dial to us and we'll ride the radio waves of summer together!"

* Two calls required for Playmate voice-mailbox.

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

© 1995 Playboy. A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago IL 60611. Not available in OR.

PLAYBOY: How was that?

GORDY: The way they had been portrayed in movies when I was a kid tickled me, but still I was embarrassed. Actors like Stepin Fetchit, the laziest man in the world, Mantan Moreland, who played in the Charlie Chan movies, and all these guys with big bulging eyes who were scared of everything. Well, in *Lady Sings the Blues*, I was able to make black people look the way I saw them: beautiful, strong and funny like the people I saw hanging around at the clubs when I was growing up. I remembered the beauty of Billie Holiday and I wanted to show that.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough working with Diana Ross in that role?

GORDY: It was probably tougher for her to work with me. When you're working with a possessed, focused fanatic like I am on a subject I was so passionate about, it's not easy. If Diana hadn't been the trouper she is and a perfectionist like me, it could never have worked.

PLAYBOY: How did the movie affect her?

GORDY: It gave her so much more self-confidence. It was a big turning point for all of us.

PLAYBOY: But you weren't minding the store. What was happening at Motown?

GORDY: Everything had dropped and I had to work hard to pull it back up. I worked for a couple of years to bring things back to normal, and then I was off to do another film, *Mahogany*.

PLAYBOY: That was your directorial debut. Did you enjoy it?

GORDY: It was one of the great thrills of my life. We were in Chicago at night. Big, heavy lights lit up the streets. There were about a hundred crewpeople and extras filling the streets. When I said "Action" to begin the first scene I ever directed, everything and everybody started moving. I loved the scene. When it was over I was busy complimenting the actors—hugging Billy Dee Williams and Diana—and Shelly Berger, my top assistant at the time, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You'd better say 'Cut.'" I had forgotten to do that, and everybody and everything was still moving.

The cameraman was still shooting. I said, "Oh, cut." Everything stopped. I'd been chairman of the board but never had the feeling of such power. It was incredible.

PLAYBOY: Diana Ross walked out on the last day of shooting.

GORDY: Well, she was exhausted, and by that time she was really fed up with me. Later I learned that her daughter was sick at home, too.

PLAYBOY: You had an affair with Ross. How did you feel when she left Motown? Was that the hardest defection for you?

GORDY: By far. It was such a shock.

PLAYBOY: Did she tell you herself?

GORDY: Not at first. A man came in and said, "I'm representing Diana Ross." She had been with me for 21 years. She had three seven-year contracts and her latest contract was up. I always thought she'd be with me forever, so I never even thought about re-signing her. When one of her records came out, the sales department would say, "Oh no," because they knew they were going to have trouble with me. I would be on them to make certain it became a hit.

PLAYBOY: Was that your business sense talking or was it your affection for her?

GORDY: I would do it to some extent with any record I believed in. But everybody knew Diana was my baby.

PLAYBOY: Then why did she leave?

GORDY: She got a lot of money, but money wouldn't have mattered if things had been different between us. Throughout her life at Motown, she had heard that she was just a puppet for me. And then she married someone else. We all know what pillow talk can do. Also, I was demanding of Diana because I loved her. Unfortunately, when you love people a lot you don't want them to make mistakes, and you're a little more protective and demanding.

PLAYBOY: Did you push her harder?

GORDY: Much harder.

PLAYBOY: Were you jealous?

GORDY: Maybe more than I admitted at the time. It came up when the Supremes and I were in London and Mary and Flo wanted to go out and party and I told them they couldn't. Mary said, "Don't make us suffer just because you're jealous of Diana going out at night." My point was that they should stay in because they had all these one-nighters to do. They needed their rest. But when Mary hit me with that, I had to think twice. Was I really protecting them or was I jealous?

PLAYBOY: What was your answer?

GORDY: I don't know. I think a little of both. I told Diana what Mary had said and she got a kick out of it, thinking I was a little jealous. Also, when she said she had to get her sleep and wasn't about to go out—the relief I felt indicated that jealousy was there somewhere.

PLAYBOY: You and Ross have a daughter, Rhonda. Why did you keep it from her that you are her father?

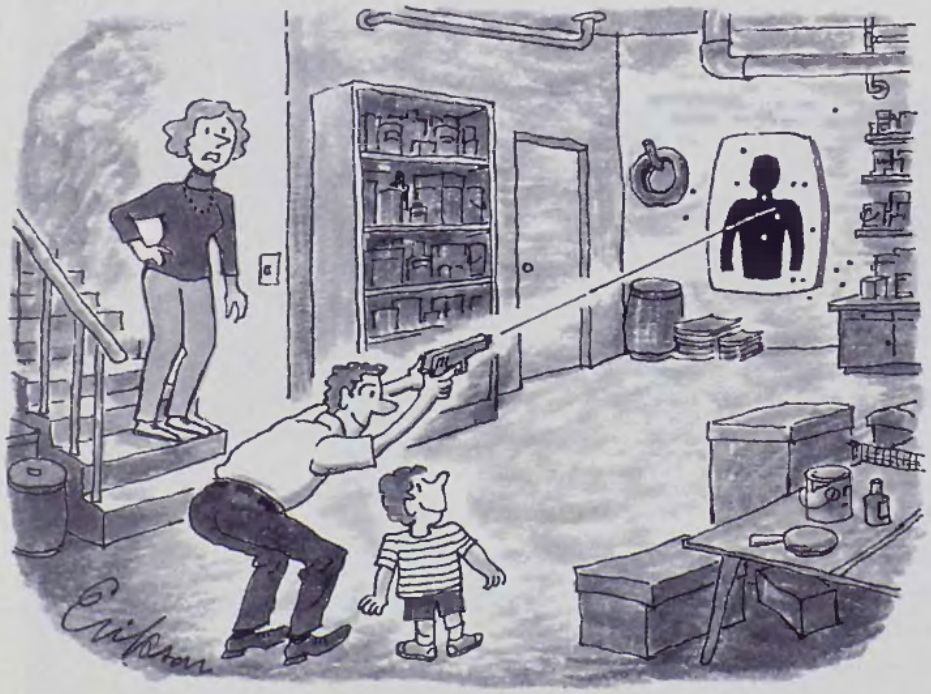
GORDY: It was her mother's decision. She felt that the child should not know anything until she was able to handle it and understand it. She made a wise decision, because when she did tell her, Rhonda was able to handle it well.

PLAYBOY: When Ross read your book, she said, "I also wish he had told me he loved me, as he says in the book. Maybe things would have been different—maybe not." How did you feel about that?

GORDY: Great. She was so special to me and I always felt misunderstood by her. In fact, while writing the book, I heard she hated that I was going to write about the first time we slept together. Diana always hated any of her business being in the street. But when she read it and found out that I told the truth about my being so embarrassed, she got a big kick out of it.

PLAYBOY: You admitted you couldn't get it up the first time you slept together. Did you have to think twice before including that story?

GORDY: At least twice. Many people said, "Boy, were you candid. Probably a little too candid." But once I decided to write the book I had to tell the truth, especially about me. I also wrote that I wet the bed when I was a kid. These things



"Where's the ping-pong table?"

happen. I figured, others must wet the bed and must not be able to get it up, so it shouldn't be that big a deal to say it.

PLAYBOY: Ross, the Jackson 5, Michael Jackson, Marvin Gaye and other big acts left Motown. David Geffen told us how difficult it was when artists he had nurtured left his company. Was it the same for you?

GORDY: For many years Motown was untouchable. Nobody would leave. People would try to get them to leave—Mary Wells was the first star who did, in 1964.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

GORDY: Mary had been with me for only four years and was very hot at the time—in fact, she had the number one record in the country, *My Guy*. When Mickey Stevenson, head of A & R, told me he was having trouble getting Mary to come to recording sessions, I called her and arranged a meeting at her house. When I asked her what the problem was, she said, "You better talk with my lawyer." I said OK and left with a smile on my face but a rock in my stomach. I met with her lawyer and showed him our assembly line and what we did for the artists. He was impressed and said he would persuade her to stay with Motown. The next day he was fired.

PLAYBOY: Why did she want to leave all that badly?

GORDY: I don't know for sure, but Twentieth Century Fox Records probably paid her a lot of money. They even paid us a royalty to get her out of her contract. They wanted her that bad and she wanted to leave that bad. She went to five other record companies over the next 20 years and never had a hit.

PLAYBOY: Why did so many artists leave?

GORDY: That's a ridiculous question because it leads to a wrong perception. You should have asked, "How did you keep so many so long?" That was the phenomenon. Of the artists you mentioned, only the Jackson 5 left before their contract ran out and Michael had no choice—he was a minor with a father determined to take his children from Motown. Diana stayed 21 years, Marvin stayed 18 years and many of the name artists, including the Marvelettes and Martha and the Vandellas, didn't leave us, we just didn't re-sign them after we moved to Los Angeles. For some of the others it was just human nature. Sometimes the grass looks greener. The truth, however, is that never in the history of the record business have so many stars been on one label at one time for so long.

PLAYBOY: A few artists never left—Smokey, Stevie Wonder, Lionel Richie. What caused them to stay?

GORDY: Certain people were so loyal that money wasn't the issue. Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson and Lionel Richie you could not buy for money.

PLAYBOY: You said that the industry was changing at the time you moved to Los Angeles. How?

GORDY: All the small companies were being swallowed up by big ones. Soon 90 percent of the records were distributed by six companies.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact of that?

GORDY: Control of the music. It's harder for independents to get their records out there if you control distributors, record stores and radio and TV stations. It's much harder for a small company to break in. The cost had gone up so much.

PLAYBOY: How much would it cost to market a record?

GORDY: It would cost $100,000 just to promote one single. That's how expensive it had become. It cost even more when we had to start making videos because MTV had become so strong. So we were losing money. I started thinking about the Motown legacy. I never thought I would sell the business, but I began to realize it was the only way to ensure that Motown would survive.

PLAYBOY: Yet you stopped an initial deal from going through.

GORDY: I wasn't ready to let go, and I had gotten angry about the restraints they were putting on me. I couldn't use the Gordy name for five years, things like that. I just felt like fighting back so I said to hell with it. But after a year and a half I had to let it go.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get?

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us to make sure that thoughtful consideration goes into choosing each product in the catalogue, as to its quality, value, and sensual appeal.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

From *Sexual Secrets: A Lover's Guide to Sexual Ecstasy*, available from the Xandria Collection

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Collection has had the same unique, no-worry, three-way guarantee for more than 20 years.

1. We guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue as to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, rent, or trade any customer's name.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product seems unsatisfactory, return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

3. We guarantee the quality of our products for one year.
If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection is a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us.

If you're ready to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose, and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain!

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0895
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars, which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340
Void where prohibited by law.

GORDY: Real bad. I remembered a few years before, when I first realized how bad it was. My accountants told me I was in trouble, and I said, "What does that mean?" They said, "You're bankrupt." I got crazy. "Why wasn't I told?" They said, "You were told." They had sent memos saying the sales department was costing too much, the promotion department was costing too much, the marketing department was costing too much and I was giving too much to the artists. See, I was an entrepreneur, and entrepreneurs are great at building things but not so great at controlling the growth as it explodes.

So I had to sell it, but this time without the restrictions and for a lot more money. It was a big poker game. It was the biggest poker hand of my life. If I had lost I would have lost everything. Finally, MCA beat the other offers and I got $61 million.

PLAYBOY: Jesse Jackson accused you of selling out one of America's strongest black companies.

GORDY: Jesse, who had been a longtime friend, came to discuss it. I told him, "I have three choices: Sell out, bail out or fall out. Which do you suggest?" He sort of laughed and said, "OK, Brother Berry, do whatever you have to do."

PLAYBOY: Did you consider going with the company—staying on to run it?

GORDY: You're kidding.

PLAYBOY: Geffen continued to run Geffen Records after he sold it.

GORDY: First of all, David is a much better businessman than I am, one of the smartest cats I know. He's such a powerful player it's hard to know who's working for whom. The idea of working for somebody never even crossed my mind.

PLAYBOY: What else could you imagine doing with your time?

GORDY: First of all, I'm enjoying my freedom so much it's incredible. Just knowing that I will be blamed only for what I do and not for what the artist or anybody at Motown does is wonderful. The book took five years of my life. Now I have many options. I went up to Vegas the other night to see Smokey play at Caesars Palace. I sat in the audience with his producer, Michael Stokes, and—I hadn't done this for years—I turned to Michael and said, "Give me a piece of paper, quick!" Here I am watching the show and writing notes for Smokey, a guy who is a consummate professional. But I noticed little things.

PLAYBOY: For example?

GORDY: His voice is as great as ever, but I thought the overture could have been more dramatic. I had some ideas for new arrangements. He opened with a really nice ballad, but I wanted him to start out with something more up-tempo. So I ran backstage and worked my way through the crowd and Smokey hugged me and said, "How did you like the show?" I said, "It was great, it was wonderful, but, but I've got to talk to you. Look, I have a few notes. . . . " He busted out laughing. Anyway, I realized how much I love that part of the business. Who knows? Maybe I would manage someone again. I'm spending quite a bit of time restructuring Jobete, our publishing company, to compete in the 21st century. Jobete owns most of the copyrights to the Motown songs, and those songs are all over the place right now—movies, television and so forth. Yet only five percent of the songs are being used, bringing in 95 percent of the income. There's a gold mine there.

PLAYBOY: You've also been spending time in South Central, working with kids. What can you tell them that's different from what they're hearing all the time?

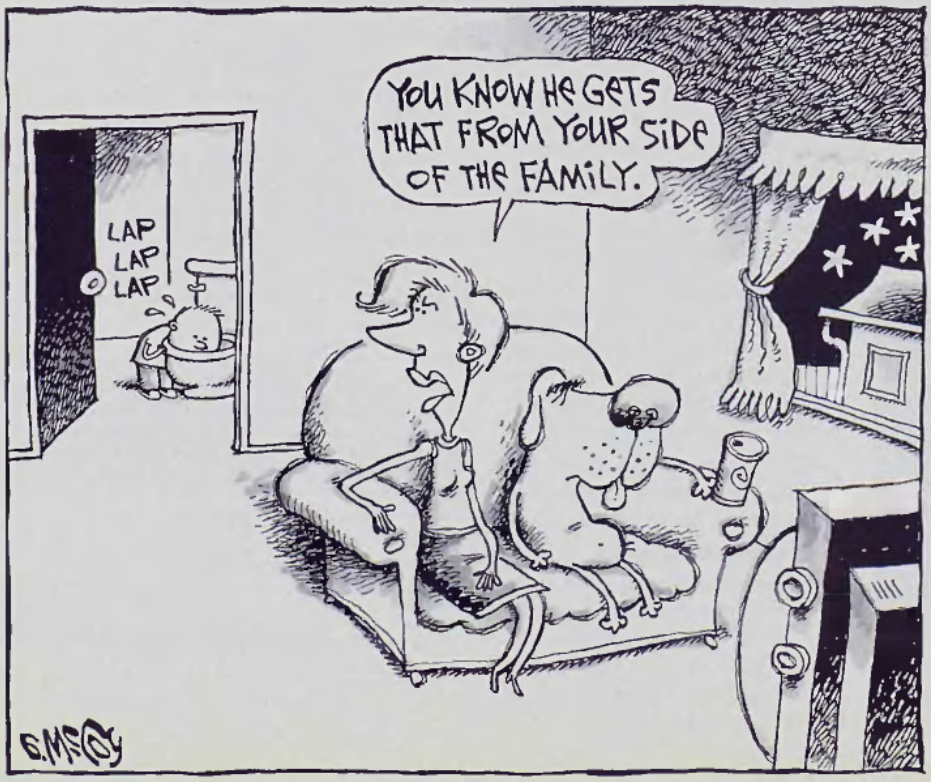
GORDY: First of all, these kids came up in the same environment as I did, and some are ex–gang members. I relate to the kids down there, and I want them to know that there's nothing they can't do if they deal with it in a positive way. If they're smart enough to keep these drug deals in their heads, keep track of the money, keep ahead of the cops—all that—imagine what they could do in a legitimate business with a computer! So they have a chance to die, go to jail or become rich and famous using talents that they already have. I want them to know there's a price tag on everything—to know about the theory of no free lunches. They may be able to make $2000 a week dealing drugs, but the price is much heavier than most of them realize. I tell them, "You have to worry about your mother, your father, your little brothers, who could be killed. You have to constantly look over your shoulder." Suddenly a job for $250 a week in which they learn computer skills sounds better.

PLAYBOY: What is your take on rap music—songs about niggers, whores and bitches?

GORDY: Number one, not all rap music is about "niggers, whores and bitches." I have a problem with any song that advocates violence or racism or disrespect to women. Much of rap is about the conditions under which rappers live. It's a language they have developed to describe what they go through. They're putting it on record for everyone to hear. I think some of it reflects their lifestyles and the frightening way that they have to live. A lot of people don't know what's going on in communities they don't see, so maybe it's good to awaken our consciousness to some of it.

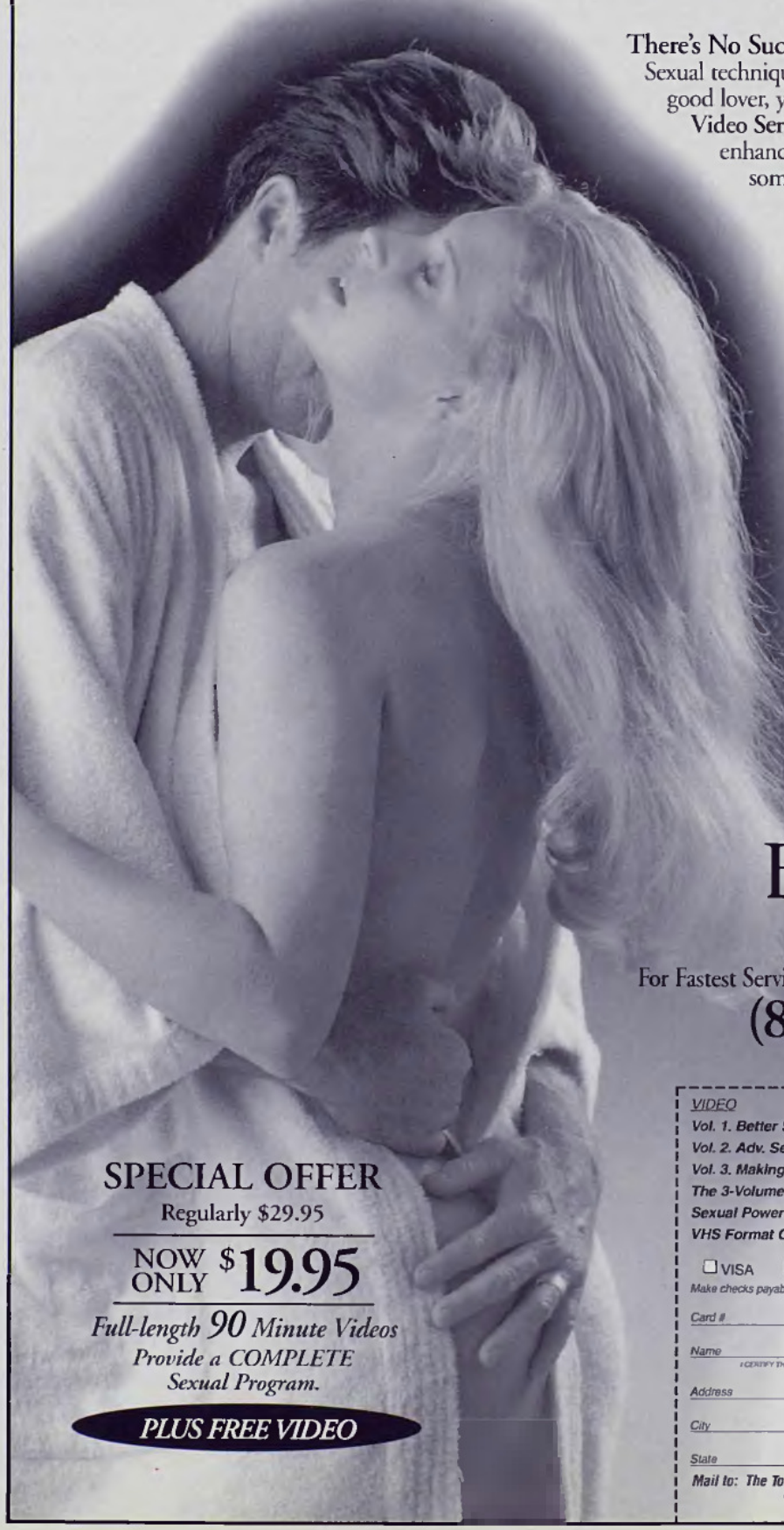
At Motown, we always avoided records that I thought were bad for society. We decided on a case-by-case basis. I didn't want to put out Norman Whitfield's *Cloud Nine* because I thought it advocated drug use. We discussed it back and forth. He was determined, so I let him do it. But before I did, we voted on it at a company meeting. I voted against it, but the rest were for it. The song was a big hit and was our first Grammy.

But I was always concerned. Artistic freedom is important, but if you think something is damaging to society, that's something else. We have a responsibility not to hurt people willfully. And we must remember that creative people are very powerful. People say it's just music, but music is very powerful.



Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.



There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"!
Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series.** It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Video

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy. All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy.

FREE VIDEO OFFER:
Act now and receive a sizzling 61 minute video that will unlock your sexual power... absolutely FREE!

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders, Call Toll-Free

(800) 888-1900

(24 Hours / 7 Days A Week)

SPECIAL OFFER
Regularly $29.95

NOW ONLY $19.95

Full-length 90 Minute Videos Provide a COMPLETE Sexual Program.

PLUS FREE VIDEO

VIDEO	REGULARLY	NOW!	TOTAL
Vol. 1. Better Sex Techniques	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 2. Adv. Sex Techniques	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 3. Making Sex Fun	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
The 3-Volume Set - save $10!		$49.85	
Sexual Power Video (#1035)		FREE	FREE
VHS Format Only.		Postage & Handling	$ 4.00
		TOTAL	$

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Check

Make checks payable to The Townsend Institute. Sorry, No cash or COD's

Card # Exp.

Name

I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE

Address

City

State Zip

Mail to: The Townsend Institute, Dept.ZPB55, P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable in U.S. Dollars.
An Additional $5.00 is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

TOMMY LEE *(continued from page 72)*

He tried a ruder, Crueder approach with Pamela—no ring, plenty of booze, no wedding dress.

there's a phoenix over his entire right thigh and something sort of cute and rune-like on his belly. There are also memories of an encounter here or there: The black rose that won Heather's heart is outdated, so Tommy cleverly had the "H" covered up—the tat now reads "eather"—which fools countless models into thinking he was an anesthesiologist. Then he got the bright idea to put "Bobbie" on his neck. But with each inamorata there seems to be diminishing returns. Pamela got only a delicate rendering of her name on his ring finger, as part of the traditional exchange of ring-finger tattoos at their wedding.

Master the art of press relations. At a charity golf tournament, he engaged Bobbie Brown in lengthy and repeated make-out sessions for the benefit of the media. As the display became increasingly tedious, one photographer remarked, "Now I think she's chewing on his nose ring."

Bleed for your fans. During the 1990 tour, Lee sat in a cage that, according to *Rolling Stone*, was "equal parts drum kit, merry-go-round and monorail." The crowd had to keep an eye on Lee as he zipped around above their heads, drumming along to taped recordings of Led Zeppelin and Edgar Winter. When the display ended, he'd slide to the ground on a rope and moon everybody. One night in New Haven, he fell off the scaffolding and hit his head, suffering a mild concussion. Again, being a drummer, the difference was barely noticeable.

Play the strong, silent type. "I never wanted to be on a pedestal or to be any kind of a hero," he says. "I speak through my music." That's two beats for yes, one for no.

Stay in fashion. In the Eighties, Tommy sported a huge, teased bouffant as if he had just licked a light socket. (Legend tells us that Crue once hired a musician simply because he used the same rinse—blue-black Nice & Easy—as the rest of the band.) But once grunge knocked Crue off MTV, Tommy got wise and started sporting a shorn head and a goatee. The band has yet to conquer the next phase of surviving on MTV: learning to play their instruments.

Be prepared. You never know when trouble will strike. Perhaps that's why Tommy was arrested for trying to carry a loaded .40 caliber semiautomatic pistol through airport security at LAX. He's still no Harry Connick Jr.

Learn how to party.

Tommy Lee had a bit of trouble
At L.A.'s House of Blues one night.
Yeah, Tommy Lee got in some trouble
At the House of Blues one night.
He caused such a big brawl
A dozen cops had to stop the fight.
They called in a helicopter
To help scare people away.
They needed a big blue copter
To send the mad crowd away.
At last the punching stopped
When Tommy got hit with pepper spray.

Keep belting out the hits. Most rational people would assume that when your live-in lover—in this case, Bobbie Brown—has you arrested for abuse and you pay $50,000 bail to get released, the relationship is over. In fact, most rational women—and men—steer clear of guys who swing their fists until they see them in court for a lawsuit. Not so with Bobbie and Tommy. They lived happily ever after for a week or so—until Tommy swooned over Pam Anderson at a New Year's Eve party.

Learn the proper way to propose. The traditional approach doesn't always guarantee results. Consider Tommy's fairly unoriginal but thoughtful proposal to Heather. He stuck his head through the sunroof of his limo and asked his sweet-tempered girlfriend to do the same (now we know where she gets that hair from). When she did, he gave her a 2.3 carat diamond ring and asked her to marry him. "She said yes," said Tommy. "Then she grabbed the ring, sat back down and screamed, 'Now get down here!'" So he tried a ruder, Crueder approach with Pamela—no ring, plenty of booze, no wedding dress. It worked. They got married 12 hours after he proposed one day at four A.M.

To Tommy Lee's credit, he had gone on a gallant quest to track Pam down. Finds out she is somewhere in Cancún, takes a plane trip to Mexico. Starts cruising bars—you never know where television stars will turn up next. Tries a bikini contest—still no Pam. Finally, she gives the wandering minstrel some help and calls him after hearing of his drunken escapades. At least someone was thinking—but not too much: One of Pamela's bridesmaids was a new friend of Tommy's. You know, the winner of the bikini contest.

Wediquette. For his quasitraditional wedding to Heather, Lee wore a white leather tux and he chewed gum. For his beach wedding to Pamela, he donned a pair of big baggy shorts (she, of course, wore her work clothes—a white string bikini).

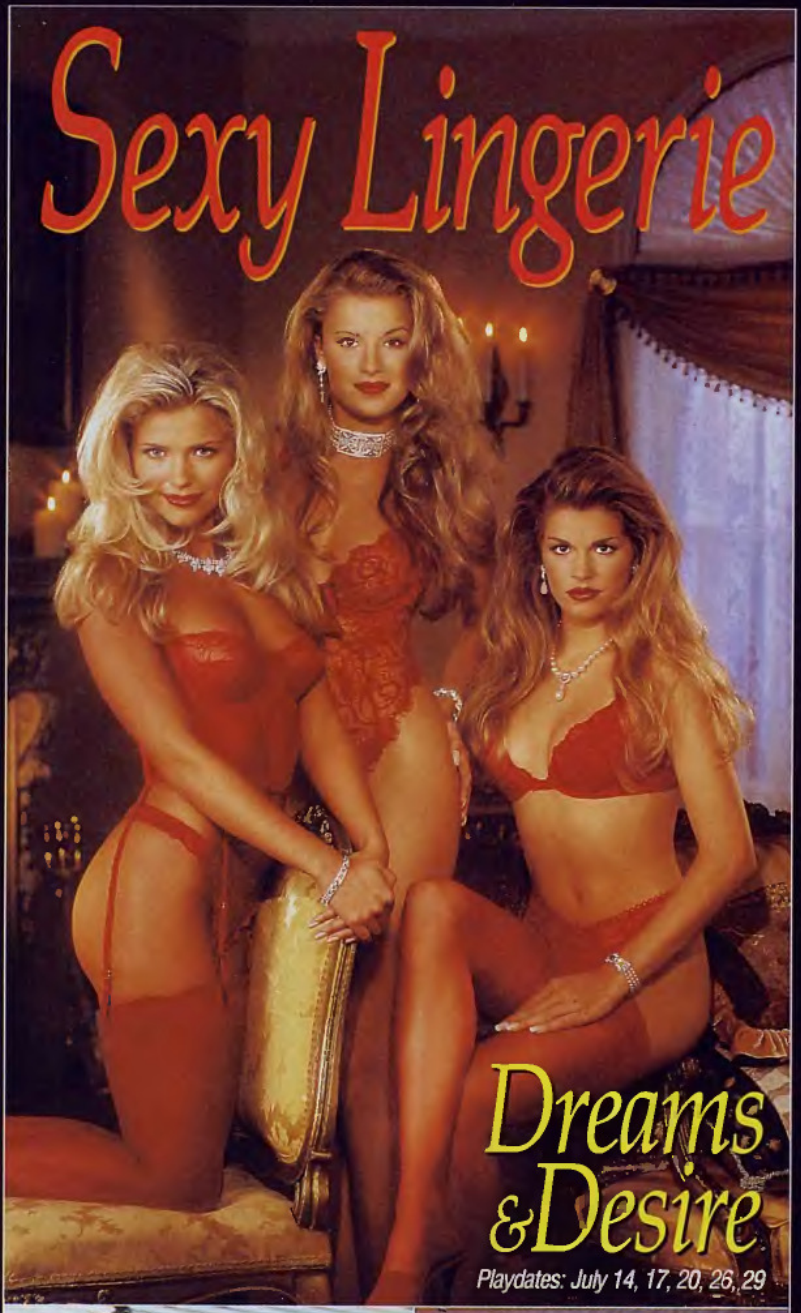
Netiquette. He doesn't just cruise the beach, he also surfs the Net. As an avid habitué of the Rocknet Forum on Compuserve, he was Motley Crue's ambassador of goodwill to the pocket-protector set: Whenever someone criticized the Crue, he'd respond with a heartfelt "Fuck you!"

Release those pheromones. At the opening of the Hard Rock Hotel in Las Vegas, bystanders complained that Tommy Lee wore a lethal case of B.O. (The leftover scent from some pepper spray facial, perhaps?)

Think of your loved one's future. "I think we'll be the coolest grandma and grandpa in the world," he said of his marriage to Heather. "We'll be like 85 or 90. I'll still be a rock pig and Heather will still be gorgeous." The only thing they won't be is married.

"She's young and beautiful and she does things for me that my wife would never do—like, she cooks with butter."

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED



Your Playmate Hosts for July

Heidi Mark
Miss July

Rachel Jeán Marteen
Miss August

Enjoy the ultimate in late night entertainment 24 hours a day with all of the sensuality, passion and excitement you've come to expect from Playboy. Playboy Television brings you an incomparable line-up of provocative, made-for-Playboy world premiere movies, spectacular special events, uncensored music videos, sizzling series and, of course, Playmates. Playboy's got it all, and you can have it all – anytime, day or night!

PLAYBOY TV

Show-Offs

These gorgeous women have no reservations about showing off the kinds of underthings meant to be seen. We start with 1994 Playmate of the Year and TV personality Jenny McCarthy and then add dozens more beauties. Sensuous photos and romantic locations make *Playboy's* newest *Book of Lingerie* one to buy. On sale now.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

OR ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #TKFT9509 (Source code: 59091).

ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit cord ond be sure to include your account number ond expiration dote. Or enclose o check or money order payable to Playboy for $6.95 plus $2.00 shipping ond handling charge per totol order ond specify item #TKFT9509. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents pleose include on additional $3.00. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. 8ox 809, Dept. 59091, Itosco, Illinois 60143-0809.

Now you con subscribe to Playboy's Book of Lingerie. For just $35.70 ($44.62 in Conodo), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll olso receive Playboy's Sexy, Steomy, Sultry video free with your paid subscription. ORDER BY PHONE: Coll 1-800-417-5577 and use your credit cord. ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order to Ployboy's Book of Lingerie, P.O. Box 3266, Horlon, Iowo 51593 (include speciol code HFP5000).

© 1995 Playboy

Where can you find Kim Basinger, Sharon Stone and Dian Parkinson?

The Critics' Choice Video Catalog.

Critics' Choice Video has over 2,000 titles in our 124-page catalog, including erotic cinema and the most recent major theatrical releases. We update our catalog every six weeks to bring you the hottest, most current videos as soon as they become available.

When you shop Critics' Choice Video, you also get fast delivery. We ship our orders UPS 2nd Day Air, at no extra charge!

9 1/2 Weeks
Item # EZMGM204409
$19.95

Basic Instinct
Item # EZIVE069034
$24.96

For a FREE 1-year subscription
Send your name and address to:
Critics' Choice Video
P. O. Box 749
Dept. 50253
Itasca, IL 60143-0749

Dian Parkinson Playboy Celebrity Centerfold
Item # EZPLA001726
$19.95

TREKKIN'

(continued from page 65)

manuscripts a year.

Virtually all of the hopeful *Trek* writers are women. Seventy percent of their manuscripts fall into one category, what *Trek* insiders call the Mary Sue. "The star is a beautiful young woman, often a teenager, often half human, half alien," explains Ordover. "She's the smartest person to graduate from Starfleet Academy. She's smarter than Data, a better diplomat than Picard. She single-handedly saves the ship, and everybody falls in love with her." And, he adds, "she almost always has the same initials as the author."

Pocket Books does not publish Mary Sues.

As for other things that Pocket Books won't publish, here are excerpts from its *Star Trek* submission guidelines, with annotations by Ordover:

- No offspring or close relations that have not already been established. ("I have seen approximately 200 books about Kirk's daughter. They're variations on the Mary Sue.")
- No traveling in time to change history, learn something, rescue someone, buy groceries, etc.
- No plots that mix the characters from one series with another. ("We even got one in which the *Star Trek* crew rescues the people from *Lost in Space*. Dr. Smith turned out to be a godlike being who was testing the Robinsons to see how much they would take before they killed him.")
- No explanation of the Vulcan way beyond what has been done in the TV series or movies.
- No Pon farr in Spock.
- No plot that hinges on or describes sexual relations (normal, abnormal or otherwise). No books that suggest anything other than friendship between Kirk and Spock or any other members of the crew. ("There's a lot of this, but we don't see most of it because fans write it only for themselves and one another." Indeed, the genre, originally known as K/S—for Kirk/Spock—but now just called "slash," has been wildly popular since the Seventies. It can be found in zines and on the Internet newsgroups alt.sex.fetish.startrek and alt.sexy.bald.captains. Ordover jokes about the enduring popularity of W/W—Worf/Wesley—among *Next Generation* fans. "You know, 'Come up to my cabin, boy, and I'll show you what wormhole really means.'")

In fact, Pocket Books editors will no longer even look at manuscripts that haven't been solicited from agents. Ordover offers a more realistic submission guideline: "Don't send us anything, please."

La Veneziana

(continued from page 60)

circled like golden dust, and a bumblebee, entangled in the heavy lacework of a fern, already buzzed with a more reserved evening tone.

Simpson sat down on a bench spattered with the white traces of dried bird droppings and hunched over, propping his elbows on his knees. He sensed the onset of an auditory hallucination that had afflicted him since childhood. When in a meadow, or, as now, in a quiet, already duskening wood, he would involuntarily begin to wonder if, through this silence, he might perhaps hear the entire enormous world traversing space with a melodious whistle, the bustle of distant cities, the pounding of sea waves, the singing of telegraph wires above the deserts. Gradually his hearing, guided by his thoughts, began to detect these sounds in earnest. He could hear the chugging of a train even though the tracks might be dozens of miles away, then the clanging and screeching of wheels and—as his recondite hearing grew ever more acute—the passengers' voices, their coughs and laughter, the rustling of their newspapers, and finally, plunging totally into his acoustic mirage, he clearly distinguished their heartbeats. The rolling crescendo of that beat, that drone, that clangor, deafened Simpson. He opened his eyes with a shudder and realized the pounding was that of his own heart.

"Lugano, Como, Venice," he murmured as he sat on the bench under a soundless hazelnut tree. Right away he heard the subdued plashing of sunny towns, and then, closer, the tinkling of bells, the whistle of pigeon wings, a high-pitched laugh akin to the laugh of Maureen and the ceaseless shuffling of unseen passersby. He wanted to halt his hearing there, but his hearing, like a torrent, rushed ever deeper. Another instant and he was hearing not only their footfalls but also their hearts. Millions of hearts were swelling and thundering, and Simpson, coming fully to his senses, realized that all those sounds, all those hearts, were concentrated in the frenzied beat of his own.

He raised his head. A light wind, like the motion of a silk cage, passed along the avenue. The sun's rays were a gentle yellow.

He rose with a feeble smile and, forgetting his racket on the bench, went toward the house. It was time to dress for dinner.

•

"It's hot with this fur on, though! No, Colonel, it's only cat. It's true my Venetian rival wore something more expensive. But the color is the same, isn't it? A perfect likeness, in short."

"If I dared, I would coat you with varnish and send Luciani's canvas to the attic," countered the Colonel, who, in spite of his strict principles, was not averse to challenging a lady as attractive as Maureen to a flirtatious verbal duel.

"I would split with laughter," Maureen parried.

"I fear, Mrs. McGore, that we make a terribly poor background for you," said Frank with a broad, boyish grin. "We are crude, complacent anachronisms. Now if your husband were to don a coat of armor——"

"Fiddlesticks," said McGore. "The impression of antiquity can be evoked as easily as the impression of color by pressing one's upper eyelid. On occasion I allow myself the luxury of imagining today's world, our machines, our fashions, as it will appear to our descendants 400 or 500 years hence. I assure you that I feel as ancient as a Renaissance monk."

"Have some more wine, my dear Simpson," offered the Colonel.

Bashful, quiet Simpson, who was seated between McGore and his wife, had prematurely put his large fork to work during the second course, when he should have used the small one, so that he had only the small fork and a large knife for the meat course, and now, as he manipulated them, one of his hands had a kind of limp. When the main course was brought around a second time, he helped himself out of nervousness, then noticed he was the only one eating and that everyone else was waiting impatiently for him to finish. He got so flustered that he pushed away his still-full plate, nearly knocked over his glass and began reddening. He had already come ablaze several times during dinner, not because he actually had something to be ashamed about but because he thought how he might blush for no reason, and then the pink blood colored his cheeks, his forehead, even his neck. It was no more possible to halt that blind, agonizing, hot flush than to confine the merging sun behind its cloud. At the first such onset he deliberately dropped his napkin, but when he raised his head, he was a fearful sight: At any moment his starched collar would catch fire too. Another time he tried to suppress the onslaught of the hot, silent wave by addressing a question to Maureen—whether or not she liked playing lawn tennis—but Maureen, alas, did not hear him and asked him what he had said, whereupon, as he repeated his foolish phrase, Simpson instantly blushed to the point of tears and Maureen, out of charity, turned away and started on some other topic.

The fact that he was sitting next to her,

50% OFF SALE!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers in birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, SKINLESS SKINS, plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands – the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms – 14 brands (a $50 value). Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:

Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. PB158 Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under your moneyback guarantee:

☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$6.00~~ $3.00
☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$9.95~~ $4.95
☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler ..... ~~$19.95~~ $9.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State __ Zip ____

VISA or MasterCard orders

CALL 1-800-274-0333

MARKE

PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE — WORLD CLASS

This two-piece lace baby-doll set (modeled by Playmate Melissa Evridge) is pure sex appeal. Delicate lace crop top ties in front. Mesh back. Lace thong bikini. Both pieces are delightfully sheer in 100% nylon. White. USA. One size.
JS4476 $18.00

The Cyborgasm CD—sweet nothing whispers to pure uninhibited lust in 3-D sound! Using technology developed from virtual reality applications, virtual audio in full fidelity 3-D sound surrounds you and creates a unique listening experience. All you need is a standard audio CD player and a pair of headphones. Then close your eyes and listen. Approx. 60 min.
JS5066 $16.99

Water Lily Stem oil candles combine delicate form with exquisite glass sculpture. Each hand-blown candle comes with a lifetime fiberglass wick which draws the oil upward through the candle without the wick itself burning. Oil funnel, matches and instructions included. Oil available at gift shops. 10" high candle requires 3 oz. of oil and burns for 12 hours. USA.
JS5148 Pair $54.00

Tbis handsome cow-buffed leather jacket features toggle clasps and slanted pockets. Deeply quilted nylon/acetate wool blanket plaid lines the sleeves and body for added warmth. Leather clean. Dark brown. Imported. Size M only.
An Outstanding Value.
JS4256 $190.00

Handsome sterling silver pendant is a reproduction of Richard Hunt's arresting sculpture of the Rabbit Head Design. Sterling silver chain (included) is 20" long. Pendant sbown actual size.
JS4013 $35.00

Passion Play!™—The sexual game for consenting adults with one object: to have as much sexual fun as possible. This board game features playing cards such as "Promise your partner a special sexual favor." You can also land in Bondage Bistro or Pleasure Palace. Let the games begin! Over 150 sexy suggestions. Includes a lubricated condom.
JS5023 $34.95

TPLACE

DIRECT TO YOU — PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE

The Playboy dart set includes: two sets of flights—one standard (for steel tips) and one slim (for soft tips) set featuring Playmate Jacqueline Sheen; three black-coated brass darts weighing 16 grams each; three soft tips; three steel tips; and three extra nylon shafts—all housed in a sturdy-hinged, black plastic case that holds the darts fully assembled.
JS5266 $29.95

Embroidered Playboy Polo Shirt
This classic polo combines patriotic appeal with Playboy attitude. The embroidered red, white and blue "P" in an American flag design also features the Playboy name and Rabbit Head logo. 100% pre-shrunk heavyweight cotton. USA. White.
JS4711 Sizes M, L, XL $29.00
Size XXL $32.00

The Lover: Original Unrated Version
The highly erotic story of a poor French teenager who embarks on a torrid love affair with a wealthy Chinese man in 1929 French colonial Vietnam. Original unrated version; contains more than 12 minutes of footage considered too explicit for U.S. version. Full nudity. 103 min.
JS1203 $19.98

A new Playboy cap for your collection. The colorful embroidered "P" in red, white and blue combines patriotic appeal with Playboy attitude. White with blue bill; adjustable back. Imported. One size.
JS4709 $15.95

The Classic Playboy Watch
This striking Swiss quartz movement watch features the Rabbit Head Design. Stainless steel wristband and caseback. Second hand and date. Water-resistant. Watch shown at 80% actual size.
JS5284 $79.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Call 24 hours and charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Ask for the item number shown with each product. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59099)

Order By Mail

Include item number and product name as shown. Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59099, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

© 1995 Playboy

sensing the warmth of her cheek and of her shoulder, from which, as in the painting, the gray fur was slipping, and that she seemed about to pull it up but stopped at Simpson's question, extending and twinning her slender, elongated fingers, filled him with such languor that there was a moist sparkle in his eyes from the crystal blaze of the wineglasses. He kept imagining that the circular table was an illuminated island, slowly revolving, floating somewhere, gently carrying off those seated around it. Through the open French windows one could see, in the distance, the skittle shapes of the terrace balustrade, and the breath of the blue night air was stifling. Maureen's nostrils inhaled this air; her soft, totally dark eyes remained unsmiling as they glided from face to face, even when a smile would faintly raise a corner of her tender, unpainted lips. Her face remained within a somewhat swarthy shadow, and only her forehead was bathed by the levigate light. She said fatuous, funny things. Everyone laughed, and the wine gave the Colonel a nice flush. McGore, who was peeling an apple, encircled it with his palm like a monkey, his small face with its halo of gray hair wrinkled from the effort, and the silver knife tightly clutched in his dark, hairy fist detached endless spirals of red-and-yellow peel. Frank's face was not visible to Simpson, since between them stood a bouquet of flaming, fleshy dahlias in a sparkling vase.

After supper, which ended with port and coffee, the Colonel, Maureen and Frank sat down to play bridge, with a dummy since the other two did not play.

The old restorer went out, bandy-legged, to the darkened balcony, and Simpson followed, feeling Maureen's warmth recede behind him.

McGore eased himself with a grunt into a wicker chair near the balustrade and offered Simpson a cigar. Simpson perched sideways on the railing and lit up awkwardly, narrowing his eyes and inflating his cheeks.

"I guess you like that old rake del Piombo's Venetian lass," said McGore, releasing a rosy puff of smoke into the darkness.

"Very much," replied Simpson, adding, "of course, I don't know anything about pictures——"

"All the same, you liked it," nodded McGore. "Splendid. That's the first step toward understanding. I, for one, have dedicated my whole life to this."

"She looks absolutely real," Simpson said pensively. "It's enough to make one believe mysterious tales about portraits coming to life. I read somewhere that some king descended from a canvas, and as soon as——"

McGore dissolved in a subdued, brittle laugh. "That's nonsense, of course. But another phenomenon does occur—the inverse, so to speak."

Simpson glanced at him. In the dark of the night his starched shirtfront bulged like a whitish hump, and the light of his cigar, like a ruby pinecone, illumined his small, wrinkled face from below. He had had a lot of wine and was apparently in the mood to talk.

"Here is what happens," he continued unhurriedly. "Instead of inviting a painted figure to step out of its frame, imagine someone managing to step into the picture himself. Makes you laugh, doesn't it? And yet I've done it many a time. I have had the good fortune of visiting all the art museums of Europe, from the Hague to Petersburg and from London to Madrid. When I found a painting I particularly liked, I would stand directly in front of it and concentrate all my willpower on one thought: to enter it. It was an eerie sensation, of course. I felt like the Apostle about to step off his bark onto the water's surface. But what bliss ensued! Let us say I was facing a Flemish canvas, with the Holy Family in the foreground, against a smooth, limpid landscape. You know, with a road zigzagging like a white snake, and green hills. Then, finally, I would take the plunge. I broke free from real life and entered the painting. A miraculous sensation! The coolness, the placid air permeated with wax and incense. I became a living part of the painting and everything around me came alive. The pilgrims' silhouettes on the road began to move. The Virgin Mary was saying something in a Flemish patter. The wind rippled through the conventional flowers. The clouds were gliding. But the delight did not last long. I would get the feeling that I was softly congealing, cohering with the canvas, merging into a film of oil color. Then I would shut my eyes tight, yank with all my strength and leap out. There was a gentle pop, as when you pull your foot out of the mud. I would open my eyes and find myself lying on the floor beneath a splendid but lifeless painting."

Simpson listened with attention and embarrassment. When McGore paused, he gave a barely perceptible start and looked around. Everything was as before. Below, the garden breathed the darkness; one could see the dimly lit dining room through the glass door and, in the distance, through another open doorway, a bright corner of the parlor with three figures playing cards. What strange things McGore was saying!

"You understand, don't you," he continued, shaking off some scaly ash, "that in another instant the painting would have sucked me in forever. I would have vanished into its depths and lived on in its landscape, or else grown weak with terror, and lacking the strength either to return to the real world or to penetrate the new dimension, I would have jelled into a figure painted on the canvas, like the anachronism Frank was talking about. Yet, despite the danger, I have yielded to temptation time after time. . . . Oh, my friend, I've fallen in love with Madonnas! I remember my first infatuation—a Madonna with an azure corona, by the delicate Raffaello. Beyond her, at a distance, two men stood by a column, chatting calmly. I eavesdropped on their conversation—they were discussing the worth of some dagger. But the most enchanting Madonna of all comes from the brush of Bernardino Luini. All his creations contain the quiet delicacy of the lake on whose shore he was born, Lago Maggiore. The most delicate of masters. His name even yielded a new adjective, *luinesco*. His best Madonna has long, caressingly lowered eyes, and her apparel has light-blue, rose-red, misty-orange tints. A gaseous, rippling haze encircles her brow and that of her reddish-haired infant. He raises a pale apple toward her, she looks at it, lowering her gentle, elongated eyes. . . . Luinesque eyes. God, how I kissed them."

McGore fell silent and a dreamy smile tinged his thin lips, lighted by the cigar's glow. Simpson held his breath, and, as before, felt he was slowly gliding off into the night.

"Complications did occur," McGore went on after clearing his throat. "I got an ache in my kidneys after a goblet of strong cider that a plump Rubens bacchante once served me, and I caught such a chill on the foggy, yellow skating rink of one of the Dutchmen that I went on coughing and bringing up phlegm for a month. That's the kind of thing that can happen, Mr. Simpson."

McGore's chair creaked as he rose and straightened his waistcoat. "Got carried away," he remarked. "Time for bed. God knows how long they'll go on slapping their cards about. I'm off—goodnight."

He crossed the dining room and the parlor, nodding to the players as he went, and disappeared in the shadows beyond. Simpson was left alone on the balustrade. His ears rang with McGore's voice. The magnificent starry night reached to the very balcony, and the enormous velvety shapes of the black trees were motionless. Through the French window, beyond a band of darkness, he could see the pink-hued parlor lamp, the table, the players' faces rouged by the light. He saw the Colonel rise. Frank followed suit. From afar, as if over the telephone, came the Colonel's voice. "I'm an old man, I turn in early. Goodnight, Mrs. McGore."

And Maureen's laughing voice: "I'll go in a minute, too, or else my husband will be cross with me."

Simpson heard the door close behind the Colonel. Then an extraordinary thing happened. From his vantage point

in the darkness he saw Maureen and Frank, now alone far off in that lacuna of mellow light, slip into each other's arms. He saw Maureen fling back her head and bend it back farther and farther beneath Frank's violent and prolonged kiss. Then, catching up her fur and giving Frank's hair a ruffle, she disappeared into the distance with a muffled slam of the door. Frank smoothed his hair with a smile, thrust his hands in his pockets and, whistling softly, crossed the dining room on his way to the balcony. Simpson was so flabbergasted that he froze, his fingers clutching the railing, and gazed with horror as the starched shirtfront and the dark shoulder approached through the glass. When he came out onto the balcony and saw his friend's silhouette in the dark, Frank gave a slight shudder and bit his lip.

Simpson awkwardly crawled off the railing. His legs were trembling. He made a heroic effort:

"Marvelous night. McGore and I have been chatting out here."

Frank said calmly, "He lies a lot, that McGore. On the other hand, when he gets going he's worth a listen."

"Yes, it's very curious," Simpson concurred lamely.

"The Big Dipper," Frank said and yawned with his mouth closed. Then, in an even voice, he added, "Of course, I know that you are a perfect gentleman, Simpson."

•

Next morning a warm drizzle came pattering, shimmering, stretching in thin threads across the dark background of the forest's depths. Only three people came down for breakfast—first the Colonel and listless, wan Simpson; then Frank, fresh, bathed, shaved to a high gloss, with an innocent smile on his overly thin lips.

The Colonel was markedly out of spirits. The night before, during the bridge game, he had noticed something. Bending down hastily to retrieve a dropped card, he had seen Frank's knee pressed against Maureen's. This must be stopped immediately. For some time already the Colonel had had an inkling that something was not right. No wonder Frank had rushed off to Rome, where the McGores always went in the spring. His son was free to do as he liked, but to stand for something like this here, at home, in the ancestral castle—no, the most stringent measures must be taken immediately. The Colonel's displeasure had a disastrous effect on Simpson. He had the impression that his presence was a burden to his host and was at a loss for a subject of conversation. Frank was jovial as always and, his teeth asparkle, munched with gusto on hot toast spread with orange marmalade.

When they had finished their coffee, the Colonel lit his pipe and rose.

"Didn't you want to take a look at the new automobile, Frank? Let's walk over to the garage. Nothing to do in this rain anyway."

Then, sensing that poor Simpson had remained mentally suspended in mid-air, the Colonel added, "I've got a few good books here, my dear Simpson. Help yourself if you wish."

Simpson came to with a start and pulled a bulky red volume down from the shelf. It turned out to be the *Veterinary Herald* from 1895.

Simpson found it somehow terrifying that today, too, breakfast would be followed by lunch, tea by supper, with inviolable regularity. He wanted to scream at the thought that things would continue like this. He wanted to struggle like someone who has awakened in his coffin. The drizzle was still shimmering outside the window, and having to stay indoors made his ears ring as they do when you have a fever.

•

McGore spent the whole day in the workshop that had been set up for him in one of the castle's towers. He was busy restoring the varnish of a small, dark picture painted on wood. The workshop smelled of glue, turpentine and garlic, which is used for removing greasy spots from paintings. On a small carpenter's bench near the press sparkled retorts containing hydrochloric acid and alcohol; scattered about were scraps of flannel, nostriled sponges, assorted scrapers. McGore was wearing an old dressing gown, glasses, a shirt with no staid collar and a stud nearly the size of a doorbell button protruding right under his

"What are they doing now?"

- SAMPLE -
20 FREE CONDOMS

For over 40 years Federal Pharmacal's catalog has offered the world's largest selection of condoms, including Trojans, Lifestyles, Protex, Prime, Contempo, Sagami, plus others at discount prices direct to you through the privacy of mail. To introduce you to the finest quality condoms from Federal, we'll send you **20 FREE**, or take advantage of our EXTRA BONUS or SUPER VALUE offers. Condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases).

CHECK ONE ONLY

❑ **20 FREE CONDOMS** (Send $2 handling)

❑ **EXTRA BONUS OFFER** 50 condoms plus 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 6 NEW Intensity condoms plus 20 FREE condoms. Send $10.

❑ **SUPER VALUE OFFER, SAVE 80%** 100 condoms plus a variety of all New • 6 Midnight Desire • 6 Erotica Ribbed • 3 Gold Coin Colors • 3 Prime Snugger-Fit • 6 Saxon Ultra Spermicidal plus 20 FREE condoms, **144 condoms in all.** Send only $19.95.

For **FREE** catalog only, call **1-800-270-1480**

Send cash, check or money order to: Federal Pharmacal Inc.
42 Sherwood, #7, Dept. PB895, Lake Bluff, IL 60044

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Void where prohibited. Shipped in discreet packages. © 1995 Federal Pharmacal Inc.
Must be 18 to receive offer (21 in AL, MS, NE and WY).

Return on Investment

©Michael H. Francis

Wildlife returns year after year to habitat purchased by The Nature Conservancy. Join us, and make an investment with guaranteed returns.

The Nature Conservancy

Conservation Through Private Action

For more information,
call toll-free 1-800-628-6860.

Adam's apple; his neck was thin, gray and covered with senile excrescences, and a black skullcap covered his bald spot. With the delicate rotary rubbing of his fingers already familiar to the reader, he was sprinkling a pinch of ground tar, carefully rubbing it into the painting so that the old, yellowed varnish, abraded by the powdery particles, itself turned into dry dust.

The castle's other denizens sat in the parlor. The Colonel had angrily unfolded a giant newspaper and, as he gradually cooled down, was reading aloud an emphatically conservative article. Then Maureen and Frank got involved in a game of Ping-Pong. The little celluloid ball, with its crackly, melancholy ring, flew back and forth across the green net intersecting the long table. Of course Frank played masterfully, moving only his wrist as he nimbly flicked the thin wooden paddle left and right.

Simpson traversed all the rooms, biting his lips and adjusting his pince-nez. Eventually he reached the gallery. Pale as death, carefully closing behind him the heavy, silent door, he tiptoed up to Fra Bastiano del Piombo's *Veneziana*. She greeted him with her familiar opaque gaze, and her long fingers paused on their way to her fur wrap, to the slipping crimson folds. Caressed by a whiff of honeyed darkness, he glanced into the depths of the window that interrupted the black background. Sand-tinted clouds stretched across the greenish blue; toward them rose dark, fractured cliffs amid which wound a pale-hued trail, while, lower down, there were indistinct wooden huts. In one of them, Simpson thought he saw a point of light flicker for an instant. As he peered through this ethereal window, he sensed that the Venetian lady was smiling, but his glance failed to catch that smile; only the shaded right corner of her gently joined lips was slightly raised. At that moment something within him deliciously gave way, and he yielded totally to the picture's warm enchantment. One must bear in mind that he was a man of morbidly rapturous temperament, that he had no idea of life's realities and that, for him, impressionability took the place of intellect. A cold tremor, like a quick, dry hand, brushed his back, and he realized immediately what he must do. However, when he looked around and saw the sheen of the parquet and the table, and the blind white gloss of the paintings where the drizzly light pouring through the window fell on them, he had a feeling of shame and fear. And, in spite of another momentary surge of the previous enchantment, he already knew that he could hardly carry out what a minute ago he could have done unthinkingly.

Fixing his eyes on the *Veneziana*'s face, he backed away from her and suddenly flung apart his arms. His coccyx banged painfully on something. He looked around and saw the black table behind him. Trying to think about nothing, he climbed onto it, stood fully erect facing the Venetian lady and once again, with an upward sweep of his arms, prepared to fly to her.

"Astonishing way to admire a painting. Invented it yourself, did you?"

It was Frank. He was standing, legs apart, in the doorway and gazing at Simpson with icy derision.

With a wild glint of pince-nez lenses in his direction, Simpson staggered awkwardly, like an alarmed lunatic. Then he hunched over, flushed hotly and clambered to the floor.

Frank's face wrinkled with acute revulsion as he silently left the room. Simpson lunged after him.

"Please, I beg you, don't tell anyone." Without turning or stopping, Frank gave a squeamish shrug.

•

Toward evening the rain unexpectedly ceased. A humid orange sunset came aquiver amid the boughs, broadened, was reflected in all the puddles simultaneously. Dour little McGore was dislodged from his tower by force. He smelled of turpentine and had burned his hand with a hot iron. He reluctantly pulled on his black coat, turned up the collar and went out with the others for a stroll. Only Simpson stayed home, on the pretext that he absolutely must answer a letter brought by the evening post. Actually, no answer was required, since it was from the university milkman and demanded immediate payment of a bill for two shillings ninepence.

For a long time Simpson sat in the advancing twilight, leaning back aimlessly in the leather armchair. Then, with a shudder, he realized that he was falling asleep and started thinking how he could get away from the castle as quickly as possible. The simplest way would be to say his father was ill: Like many bashful people, Simpson was capable of lying without batting an eyelash. Yet it was difficult for him to leave. Something dark and delicious held him back. How attractive the dark rocks looked in the chasm. What a joy it would be to embrace her shoulder, to take from her left hand the basket with its yellow fruit, to walk off peacefully with her along that pale path into the penumbra of the Venetian evening.

Once again he caught himself falling asleep. He got up and washed his hands. From downstairs sounded the spherical, dignified dinner gong.

Dinner was followed by the invariable game of bridge, during which Frank and Maureen did not even glance at each

other. McGore went off to work; Simpson sat in a corner and opened a portfolio of prints, glancing only a few times from his corner at the players, having marveled in passing that Frank was so cold toward him, while Maureen seemed to have faded somehow, to have yielded her place to another.

How insignificant these thoughts were compared to the sublime anticipation, the enormous excitement, that he now tried to outwit by examining indistinct lithographs.

When they were parting company and Maureen nodded to him with a goodnight smile, he absently, unabashedly, smiled back.

•

Simpson awoke exactly at midnight. He had just fallen asleep and, as sometimes happens, the very act of falling asleep was what woke him. Propping himself on one arm, he looked into the darkness. His heart was thumping rapidly because he sensed that Maureen had entered his room. Just now, in his momentary dream, he had been talking to her, helping her climb the waxen path between black cliffs with their occasional glossy, oil-paint fissures. Now and then a dulcet breeze made the narrow white headdress quiver gently, like a sheet of thin paper, on her dark hair.

With a stifled exclamation Simpson felt for the switch. The light came in a spurt. There was no one in the room. He felt an acute sting of disappointment and lapsed into thought, shaking his head like a drunk. Then, moving drowsily, he rose from the bed and started to dress, listlessly smacking his lips. He was guided by a sensation that he must dress severely and smartly. So it was with a kind of somnolent meticulousness that he buttoned his low waistcoat on his belly, tied the black bow of his tie and for a long time pinched with two fingers at a nonexistent little worm on the satin lapel of his jacket. Vaguely recollecting that the simplest way into the gallery was from outdoors, he slipped out like a silent breeze through the French window into the dark, humid garden. Looking as if they had been doused with mercury, black bushes glistened in the starlight. Somewhere an owl was hooting. With a light, quick step Simpson walked across the lawn, amid the bushes, rounding the house. For a moment he was sobered by the night's freshness and the intensely shining stars. He stopped, bent over and then collapsed like an empty suit of clothes onto the grass in the narrow interstice between flower bed and castle wall. A wave of drowsiness came over him, and he tried to shake it off with a jerk of his shoulder. He had to hurry. She was waiting. He thought he heard her insistent whisper. . . .

He was unaware of how he had gotten up, gone indoors and switched on the lights, bathing Luciani's canvas in a warm sheen. The Venetian girl stood half facing him, alive and three-dimensional. Her dark eyes gazed into his without the sparkle; the rosy fabric of her blouse set off with an unhabitual warmth the dark-hued beauty of her neck and the delicate creases under her ear. A gently mocking smile was frozen at the right corner of her expectantly joined lips. Her long fingers, spread in twos, stretched toward her shoulder, from which the fur and velvet were about to fall.

And Simpson, with a profound sigh, moved toward her and effortlessly entered the painting. A marvelous freshness immediately made his head spin. There he was, standing in a bare black room of some kind, by a window that opened on evening, and at his very side stood a real Venetian Maureen—tall, gorgeous, all aglow from within. He realized that the miracle had happened and slowly moved toward her. With a sidewise smile *La Veneziana* gently adjusted her fur and, lowering her hand into her basket, handed him a small lemon. Without taking his eyes off her now playfully mobile eyes, he accepted the yellow fruit from her hand, and as soon as he felt its firm, rough coolness and the dry warmth of her long fingers, an incredible bliss came to a boil within him and began deliciously burbling. Then, with a start, he looked behind him toward the window. There, along a pale path amid some rocks, walked blue silhouettes with hoods and small lanterns. Simpson looked about the room in which he was standing, but without any awareness of a floor beneath his feet. In the distance, instead of a fourth wall, a far, familiar hall glimmered like water, with the black island of a table at its center. It was then that a sudden terror made him compress the cold little lemon. The enchantment had dissolved. He tried looking to his left at the girl but was unable to turn his neck. He was mired like a fly in honey—he gave a jerk and got stuck, feeling his blood and flesh and clothing turning into paint, growing into the varnish, drying on the canvas. He had become part of the painting, depicted in a ridiculous pose next to the *Veneziana*, and, directly in front of him, even more distinct than before, stretched the hall, filled with live, terrestrial air that henceforth he would not breathe.

•

Next morning McGore woke up earlier than usual. With his bare, hairy feet, with toenails like black pearls, he groped for his slippers and softly padded along the corridor to the door of his wife's room. They had had no conjugal relations for more than a year, but he nevertheless visited her every morning and

JAMAICA • ANTIGUA • ST. LUCIA • BAHAMAS
Love is all you need
Everything's included for couples at one single price. Relax on the Caribbean's finest white-sand beaches. Luxuriate in ultra suites. Experience every land & water sport such as waterskiing, scuba diving, golf and our "Stay At One, Vacation At Six Program" with full exchange privileges at all six Jamaican resorts. Savor anytime snacks, unlimited premium brand drinks, 38 gourmet restaurants, and be moved by a staff as warm as the Caribbean sun. Sandals Resorts - All Inclusive. All in the name of love.
Best of Best World Travel Awards
Sandals
THE CARIBBEAN'S #1 ULTRA ALL-INCLUSIVE LUXURY RESORTS FOR COUPLES ONLY.
Call your travel agent or 1-800-SANDALS.

How To Talk To Women!

Do you get tongue-tied around attractive women? World famous author Eric Weber, is here to help with an amazing 90 minute cassette of his highly acclaimed New York City course. "HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN." You will learn • How to "break the ice" with women. • How to make a woman feel loving • Why the most Beautiful Women are the easiest to meet • Conversation openers that don't sound corny • Places where women always outnumber men • And so much more! To order "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN" send $19.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping).

WIN WITH WOMEN!

Most men think they'll have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much more.

To order "HOW TO WIN THE WOMAN OF YOUR DREAMS" send $18.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping) to:

SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. **PBY**
P.O. Box 7030, Brick, NJ 08723. Canadians add 20%
MC/VISA/AMEX phone **1-800-631-2560**
Allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. Money-back guarantee.

☐ Order our classic **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** only $16.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping).

watched with powerless excitement while she did her hair, jerking her head energetically as the comb chirruped through the chestnut wing of the taut tresses. Today, entering her room at this early hour, he found the bed made and a sheet of paper pinned to the headboard. McGore produced from the pocket of his dressing gown an enormous eyeglass case and, without putting on the glasses but simply holding them up to his eyes, leaned over the pillow and read the minute, familiar writing on the note. When he had finished he meticulously replaced his glasses in their case, unpinned and folded the sheet, stood lost in thought for an instant and then shuffled resolutely out of the room. In the corridor he collided with the waiter, who glanced at him with alarm.

"What, is the Colonel up already?" asked McGore.

The waiter answered hurriedly, "Yes, sir. The Colonel is in the picture gallery. I'm afraid, sir, that he's very cross. I was sent to wake up the young gentleman."

Without waiting to hear him out, wrapping his mouse-colored robe around him as he went, McGore set off quickly for the gallery. Also in his dressing gown, from beneath which protruded the folds of his striped pajama bottoms, the Colonel was pacing along the wall. His mustache bristled and his crimson-flushed countenance was terrifying to behold. Seeing McGore, he stopped, and after some preliminary lip-chewing, roared, "Here, have a good look!"

McGore, to whom the Colonel's ire mattered little, nevertheless inadvertently looked where his hand was pointing and saw something truly incredible. On the Luciani canvas, next to the Venetian girl, an additional figure had appeared. It was an excellent, if hastily executed, portrait of Simpson. Gaunt, his black jacket strongly highlighted by the lighter background, his feet turned oddly outward, he extended his hands as if in supplication. His pallid face was distorted by a pitiful, frantic expression.

"Like it?" the Colonel inquired furiously. "No worse than Bastiano himself, is it? The vile brat! That's his revenge for my kindhearted advice. Just wait."

The waiter came in, distraught.

"Mr. Frank is not in his room, sir. And his things are gone. Mr. Simpson has disappeared too, sir. He must have gone out for a stroll, sir, seeing as how it's such a fine morning."

"To hell with the morning!" thundered the Colonel. "This very instant, I want——"

"May I be so bold as to inform you," the waiter added meekly, "that the chauffeur was just here and said the new motorcar has disappeared from the garage."

"Colonel," McGore said softly, "I think I can explain what's happened."

He glanced at the waiter, who was tiptoeing out.

"Now then," McGore went on in a bored tone, "your supposition that it was indeed your son who painted in that figure is doubtless right. But, in addition, I gather from a note that was left for me that he departed at daybreak with my wife."

The Colonel was a gentleman and an Englishman. He immediately felt that to vent one's anger in front of a man whose wife had just run off was improper. Therefore he went over to a window, swallowed half his anger and blew the other half outdoors, smoothed his mustache and, regaining his calm, addressed McGore.

"Allow me, my dear friend," he said courteously, "to assure you of my sincerest, deepest sympathy, rather than dwell on the wrath I feel toward the perpetrator of your calamity. Nevertheless, while I understand the state you are in, I must—I am obliged to, my friend—ask an immediate favor of you. Your art will rescue my honor. Today I am expecting young Lord Northwick from London, the owner, as you know, of another painting by the same del Piombo."

McGore nodded. "I'll bring the necessary implements, Colonel."

He was back in a couple of minutes, still in his dressing gown, carrying a wooden case. He opened it immediately, produced a bottle of ammonia, a roll of cotton wool, rags and scrapers, and went to work. As he scraped and rubbed Simpson's dark figure and white face from the varnish he did not give a thought to what he was doing. What he was thinking about should not arouse the curiosity of a reader respectful of another's grief. In half an hour Simpson's portrait was completely gone, and the slightly damp paints of which he had consisted remained on McGore's rags.

"Remarkable," said the Colonel. "Remarkable. Poor Simpson has disappeared without a trace."

How strange, McGore thought, how very strange. Is it possible that—— He looked at the rags with the paint sticking to them and abruptly, with an odd frown, wadded them together and tossed them out the window by which he had been working. Then he ran his palm across his forehead with a frightened glance at the Colonel—who, interpreting his agitation differently, was trying not to look at him—and, with uncharacteristic haste, went out of the hall straight into the garden.

There, beneath the window, between the wall and the rhododendrons, the gardener stood scratching the top of his head over a man in black lying facedown on the lawn. McGore quickly approached.

Moving his arm, the man turned over. Then, with a flustered smirk, he got up.

"Simpson, for heaven's sake, what's happened?" asked McGore, peering into his pale countenance.

Simpson gave a laugh.

"I'm awfully sorry. It's so silly. . . . I went out for a stroll last night and fell asleep, right here on the grass. Ow, I'm all aches and pains. I had a monstrous dream. . . . What time is it?"

Left alone, the gardener gave a disapproving shake of his head as he looked at the matted lawn. Then he bent down and picked up a small dark lemon bearing the imprint of five fingers. He stuck the lemon in his pocket and went to fetch the stone roller he had left on the tennis court.

•

Thus the dry, wrinkled fruit the gardener happened to find remains the only riddle of this tale. The chauffeur, dispatched to the station, returned with the black car and a note Frank had inserted into the leather pouch above the seat.

The Colonel read it aloud to McGore:

"Dear Father," wrote Frank, "I have fulfilled two of your wishes. You did not want any romances going on in your house, so I am leaving and taking with me the woman without whom I cannot live. You also wanted to see a sample of my art. That is why I made you a portrait of my former friend, whom you can tell for me, by the way, that informers only make me laugh. I painted him at night, from memory, so if the resemblance is imperfect it is from lack of time, poor light and my understandable haste. Your new car runs fine. I am leaving it for you at the station garage."

"Splendid," hissed the Colonel, "except I'd be very curious to know what money you're going to live on."

McGore, paling like a fetus in alcohol, cleared his throat and said, "There is no reason to conceal the truth from you, Colonel. Luciani never painted your *Veneziana*. It is nothing more than a magnificent imitation."

The Colonel slowly rose.

"It was done by your son," McGore went on, and suddenly the corners of his mouth began to tremble and drop. "In Rome. I procured the canvas and paints for him. He seduced me with his talent. Half the sum you paid went to him. Oh, dear God. . . ."

The Colonel's jaw muscles contracted as he looked at the dirty handkerchief with which McGore was wiping his eyes and realized that the poor fellow was not joking.

Then he turned and looked at *La Veneziana*. Her forehead glowed against the dark background, her long fingers glowed more gently, the lynx fur was slipping bewitchingly from her shoulder and there was a secretly mocking smile at the corner of her lips.

"I'm proud of my son," the Colonel said calmly.

—Translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov.

PLAYBOY Chromium Cover Cards

EDITION 1 — 170 CARDS

$169.95

Now you can enjoy some of Playboy's most provocative, unique and talked-about covers with the Playboy Chromium Cover Series—a dazzling first edition of our cover card collection. This edition includes **170 chromium-finish cards** displaying a selection of sexy women, hot celebrities and famous artists' illustrations from Playboy's first 40 years.

Cards shown 70% of actual size

These cards have a chromium finish that adds a metallic sheen and iridescence to the already beautiful Playboy covers, creating a unique look that's unlike any trading card you've seen before.

The Playboy cover has always been associated with beautiful women, so we're doubling your pleasure. We've duplicated each chromium card that is not a celebrity or illustrated cover. The duplicate card, called the refractor card, has a holographic background that beautifully reflects the light, adding depth, color, shine and a three-dimensional quality to the card.

You will also receive checklist cards to help you keep track of your collection, as well as a hardcover binder that keeps your cards in collector condition.

The Complete Set includes:

- 96 chromium cover cards from Playboy's first 40 years
- 66 refractor cover cards
- 4 chromium checklist cards
- 4 refractor checklist cards
- A custom hardcover, gold foil engraved binder (10¼ x 12½) and slipcase with clear protective sheets.

QV5117 $169.95

Quantities of this all-new first edition are limited to 2500 sets. Start your collection today—once an edition sells out, it's gone for good!

Playboy Chromium Cover Foil Packs

Collect and trade the Chromium Cover Series with these **randomly assorted** foil packs.

Each foil pack includes a **random selection** of covers offered in the complete set. With the foil packs you may also receive up to 18 illustrated refractor cover cards that are **not found in the complete set!** Also unique to the foil packs are a random assortment of **redemption cards**. A redemption card entitles you to receive 12 celebrity refractor cover cards **not available in the complete set.** (To receive these 12 celebrity refractor cover cards, mail the redemption card to the address on the back of the card. Include $2.50 shipping and handling. Please, do **not** send the redemption card to the Playboy catalog.)

Each foil pack contains 6 cards. Foil packs sold in sets of 5 or 10.

QV5119 Set of 5 foil packs (30 randomly assorted cards) **$16.95**
QV5114 Set of 10 foil packs (60 randomly assorted cards) **$32.95**

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59097)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59097, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1995 Playboy

TRACI ADELL *(continued from page 59)*

"How dumb can you be if you're that comical? Kato just can't manage to put a life together."

negatively. So I cooperated. I'm disappointed in myself. I should never have talked to them because it wasn't important enough to talk about."

More stories followed, from respected publications—*The New Yorker* and *Esquire*—and from the *National Enquirer*, which put Traci's picture on the cover next to Nicole and O.J.'s girlfriend, Paula Barbieri, with the headline O.J.'S WOMEN. It was a bit of a stretch, even for the *Enquirer*. "I never met O.J. in person and I never would have gone out with him," explains Traci. "He had a reputation as a womanizer, and that's not what I'm interested in."

Even more absurd was the media's insistence that she psychoanalyze O.J. on the basis of one phone call. "What freaked me out most," says Traci, "was talking with someone who seemed like a normal guy and then realizing that, six hours later, he might have lost it completely. It's incomprehensible to me. How could I have known? It's not like there's a natural course of action for someone who's about to snap. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't talk to the media at all. I just want to set the record straight and move on."

These days, Traci concentrates on her career. There are two new movies, *Deadly Ties*, in which she plays an FBI agent gone wrong, and *Showdown at Sundown*, which features her as a young Zsa Zsa Gabor type. She also writes: She's completed two children's books, titled *Miss Daisy* and *Willie the Bug Catcher*, and a love story, *Mary and Ben*.

Of course, like everyone else, she pays close attention to the goings-on in Judge Lance Ito's courtroom. And it's not only Simpson she's had contact with. In fact, O.J. got Traci's phone number from the trial's chief comic relief, Kato Kaelin.

Traci had met Kato in January 1994. He was visiting the apartment complex where she lived and spotted her as she returned home one night. "A few minutes later," Traci recalls, "he was at my door asking, 'Do you have any birthday candles? I'm at a party downstairs and I need birthday candles.' I'm a private person and I don't like people stopping by my apartment, but he was likable and funny." After that night, they spoke a few more times: Kato tried to introduce her to his friends and even set her up for an audition. She declined to enter his social circle, however, and didn't hear from him again until the day before the murders, when he left her a message announcing O.J.'s impending call.

Although she had only brief contact with Simpson, she got to know his former houseguest a bit better. She notes that Kato was 35 years old and a father, but acted like a teenager. "His career wasn't really taking off, and he seemed to have decided to just have fun," says Traci. She found him to be engaging and clever. "The world is saying that Kato can't be that bright because he hasn't done much with his life so far. But part of his brain is very quick—I don't know how dumb you can be if you're that comical. He just can't put a life together."

Kato was a court jester even before the trial. His role as buddy to the stars was puzzling to Traci, who puts her social life a distant second to her career. "This town is based on successful people having flunky friends," she explains. "That pumps them up and makes them feel good. I'm not calling Kato a flunky, because he is very likable. He adds energy to a room with his conversation. Many celebrities are lonely, and while there are plenty of fun people around, you better watch out, because they'll take advantage of you. With Kato, you knew he wasn't going to rip off your bank account. He was harmless."

While Traci watched Kato pursue the good life, she became more determined to focus on her career. "I didn't come to Los Angeles to goof off or party," Traci says emphatically. "I came here for my dreams and my spirit."

Nor did Traci move to California to be part of an O.J. media circus. And while she sees that as a painful experience, at least it taught her something. "To come out here and meet con artists and all kinds of people really threw me," she says. "But I've come to terms with things, especially in the past year. I'm more mature and not so afraid. Now I know how to protect myself. You can't survive out here and be naive, and the past year has helped me get over my naivete."

No matter how well she understands Los Angeles and the entertainment industry, she's still not sure she likes them. Away from her family and friends in Memphis, Traci suffers occasional bouts of homesickness and culture shock.

"Los Angeles is so different from Memphis," she notes. "This is such a transient city. I miss the real relationships. My life was so normal back home. You know, there are no Katos in Memphis."

BOB ZEMECKIS

(continued from page 98)

movies are filled with dark, discordant themes. The most vivid presence in *Back to the Future* is the most troubling: Crispin Glover's portrayal of the teenage George McFly, Marty's wretched misfit of a father-to-be, who is endlessly terrorized by Biff, the high school bully.

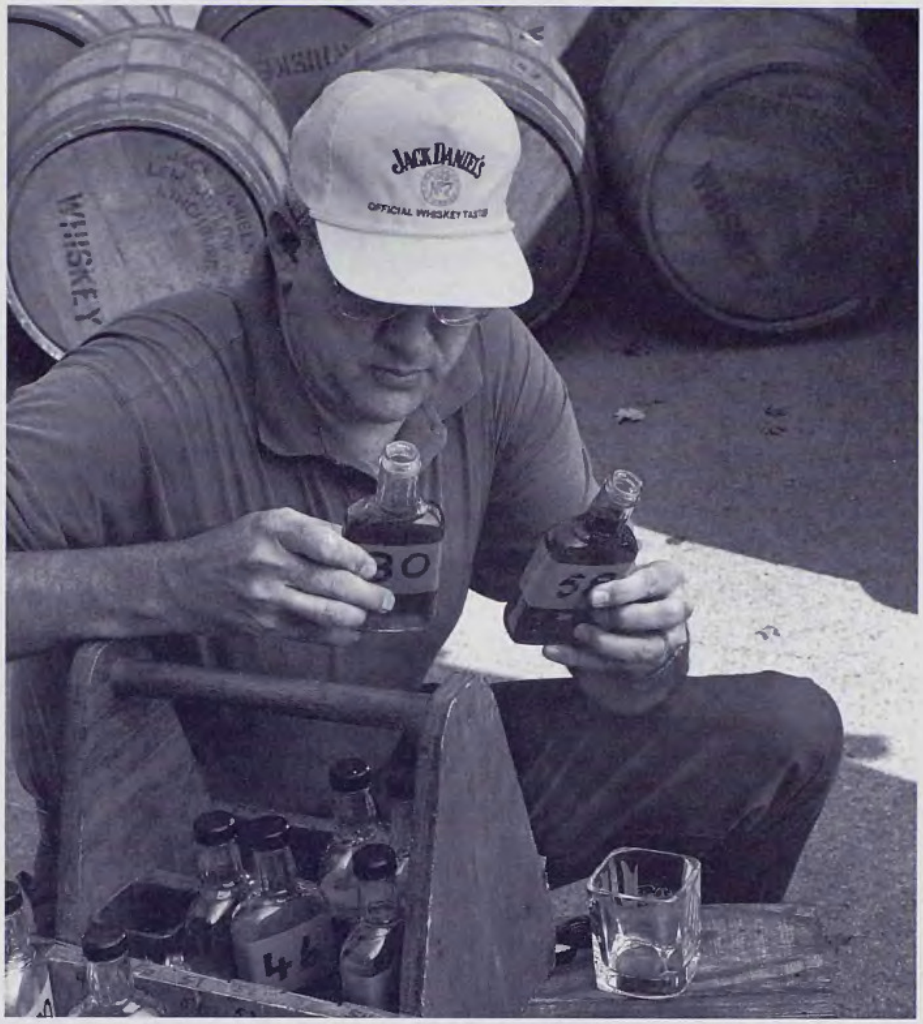
In the nightmare world of *Back to the Future Part II*, Biff temporarily hijacks the American dream. He has become a loathsome and humorless robber baron based in Las Vegas. In *Roger Rabbit*, the malevolent Judge Doom is an all-devouring developer whose freeway extension will wipe out Toontown. In *Death Becomes Her*, immortality becomes a grisly joke. Unable to die, the two rival beauties simply rot out.

The question posed by all this discordant stuff is the same one Zemeckis raised at the Directors Guild: What is it that directors do? Is Zemeckis as deeply thoughtful an artist as some would have us believe? Or is he a man with an abundant comic gift who, like most directors of comedy, including Jules White, simply rings in every wild plot twist and hateful villain he can think of? Until recently, such distinctions were debated mainly among film buffs and academic critics; ordinary people went to Zemeckis' movies to have fun, and they were rarely disappointed. Then came *Forrest Gump*, which, in the course of capturing a vast audience, also stirred lively debate.

Many people have loved *Gump*. They have been moved by what they see as the sweet innocence of its hero, who lopes across a vast historical landscape he comprehends only partially. Others have sought to turn *Gump* into an audiovisual book of virtues. Pat Buchanan hailed it as "a morality play where decency, honesty and fidelity triumph over the values of Hollywood" (as if Hollywood didn't understand what it had brought forth).

Others have found *Gump* resistible or worse. Janet Maslin, writing in *The New York Times*, saw "the elements of an emotionally gripping story," yet she concluded that the movie "feels less like a romance than like a coffee-table book celebrating the magic of special effects." Jonathan Rosenbaum, in the *Chicago Reader*, called it "the most pernicious movie of the year," one in which "obliviousness parading as purity, stupidity parading as honesty and xenophobia and narcissism parading as patriotism triumph over gross misrepresentations of the countercultural values of the Sixties and Seventies."

For Spielberg, it's a clear call: The movie is an admirable mirror of the man who made it. "The closest to who Bob really is is *Gump*," Spielberg says. "He takes advantage of how important certain moments in American history have been in his life, including Vietnam—even



Do you recall your first taste of Jack Daniel's ? Please write and tell us about it.

OF ALL THE HATS in Jack Daniel's Hollow, this one earns the most respect.

It's our whiskey taster's hat and only a handful wear it. They're the folks who check to see that our Tennessee Whiskey is properly mellowed and ready for bottling. (We'll run the entire batch back through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal if they say it's not smooth enough.) If you haven't called for Jack Daniel's lately, we hope you will soon. Next to the men who wear this hat, you're the most important whiskey taster of all.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

though he wasn't old enough to serve. The most serious parts of the movie are about Vietnam, and I think they're every bit as good as *Platoon*. At the same time, a lot of the movie has that irascible social irreverence, especially when Gump becomes an American icon as a long-distance runner."

Bob Gale sees similar reflections of the same man. "I got a kick out of going to the first screening of *Gump*," he tells me, "and hearing people say, 'My God, it's so unlike Bob Zemeckis.' I look at it and think, This is Bob Zemeckis. It's the perfect expression of his sensibilities. When he was a kid he loved Kurt Vonnegut, and *Forrest Gump* is full of Vonnegut's cynical existentialism. That's his sense of humor. I mean, come on, a movie that sees all the important events of an era through the eyes of a guy with an IQ of 75? That's a cynical thing to say, it's funny and outrageous."

Talking with Zemeckis himself, I look for manifestations of this social irreverence, this cynical existentialism, but they're hard to find. Like many directors, he speaks freely about feelings—"One of my first reactions when I read the screenplay was that it was very emotional and compelling"—and about such familiar ingredients as suspense: "At first I was mystified by how compelling the story was, because it had none of the conventions of a dramatic screenplay. I learned in the course of breaking it down that the true suspense comes from Jenny and Forrest—that's the dramatic glue that holds the movie together."

When we start to discuss the essence of the story, however, and the larger meaning of Forrest Gump's IQ, Zemeckis confines himself to the nuts and bolts of narrative technique. "I always assumed that Forrest's intellect being below average was a device that enabled me to take this journey, because it freed me up. I don't have to worry what Forrest's agenda is since he's an innocent. He's like a six-year-old. Who wants to see a story about a normal guy going through the Sixties and Seventies? You knew what he was going to say was the truth, and that allowed you to make these comments on historical events that I thought were ironic and dark and poignant."

I repeat the widely held concern that *Gump* flattened history by appropriating images of solemn events for the saga of a dim bulb. Zemeckis is courteous enough, calling it "an appropriate question," and insists, in his pragmatic way, that the question hasn't bothered him.

"I did it all as a joke. You know, none of it was presented as reality. As a matter of fact, that Lyndon Johnson sequence was built from seven different pieces of LBJ news film, so it's not even one single piece of history. What fascinates me about *Forrest Gump* is that it's the first time that the entire world shares these images of history. Because everything is recorded! Everybody knows what that shot of Kennedy riding in that limo means. Or, I'll use an image that isn't in *Gump*: Everybody knows what that space shuttle looked like when it blew up. I'm talking about everybody in the world! Everybody knows what that white Ford Bronco on the freeway looked like. Everybody knows what Rodney King's beating looked like. We share pop culture and historical images. That's something I love, and it allowed, certainly, one generation of people who saw the movie to have a lot of fun with it."

At first I wonder how literally to take this—did he really do the historical stuff as a joke and nothing more?—but then I realize that Zemeckis is telling me something else about himself and his generation, the post-Watergate cohort who became *Forrest Gump*'s core audience. For him, and for them, historical images are inseparable from the collective pop culture. For him, and them, you can't really flatten historical events by folding them into an entertainment, because history—pictorial history, the tale told and endlessly retold by TV—already seems flat, with not much moral dimension.

Like his core audience, with whom he has deep and instinctive connections (another way to describe a Midas touch), Bob Zemeckis grew up bathed in cathode rays, bombarded by moving pictures, steeped in sitcoms, bemused by corruption and disinclined, or unable, to find the solemnity that an earlier, pictorially deprived generation found in such pre-*Gump* images as, say, the Stars and Stripes being raised on Iwo Jima.

What his contemporaries see as cynicism would have been an earlier generation's whimsy. He's not a social critic but a cheerful ironist, which is all to the good for commerce, because social criticism, like satire, is what closes on Saturday night. The tone he brings to a movie—and setting a tone may be the most important thing a director does—is predominantly light. But it's also marked by moments of darkness, irreverence and sweetness. This is not to say he's indiscriminate, only supremely pragmatic. Whatever works works, from the broadest caricatures of *Used Cars* to the most emotional passages of *Forrest Gump*.

"When Bob was a kid," Tom Hanks tells me, "he watched everything that was going on with the idea of, Isn't this a kick in the head? Just recognizing that what's going on is volatile and wild, neither good nor bad. 'Isn't that *something*? Isn't that wild?' There was stuff on our movie that never failed to slay Bob, and oftentimes it was the most obvious, like the look of the bar scene with Forrest and Lieutenant Dan on New Year's Eve. I was at the bar, which was very high, and Lieutenant Dan was in his very low wheelchair. Well, as they were setting up the shot Bob was back by the monitor, and he was just dying with laughter at the reality of this: 'One guy's up high, one guy's down low!'"

High and low explain a lot, so long as they're not equated with good and bad. Zemeckis treats lofty aesthetic or historical considerations as no more worthy, or unworthy, than the slapstick humor he grew up on. In the body of his work it's all a swirl: The Three Stooges meet Abbott and Costello, Alfred Hitchcock, JFK, Walt Disney, Jerry Lewis, Godzilla, *The Great Chase*, the Barrow Gang, Richard Nixon, Howard Hawks, Kurt Vonnegut, William Castle, Preston Sturges, Vincent Price and the first film he ever saw, *The Blob*.

"Bob's main love," says Steven Spielberg, "is to tell a really great, kicky story, with more twists and turns than the audience can ever imagine. When the lights go down I defy anyone to guess where he's going. His strategy as a storyteller is to be unfathomable. You can never outguess Bob Zemeckis."

PLAYBOY's

Girls of Radio

TALK, ROCK AND SHOCK

$19.95

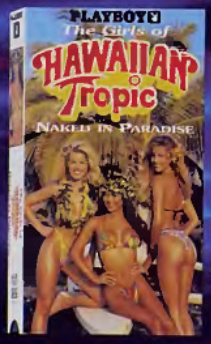
Item #JU1689V

Don't touch that dial! Playboy presents 23 of the nation's hottest female radio personalities in a sizzling series of nude vignettes guaranteed to rock you and shock you.

You'll get down and dirty with sexy Seka, adult film star and WLUP–Chicago's late night talk show host. Tempest and Amy Lynn Baxter from the Howard Stern show welcome you to their steamy bubble bath. At Baltimore's WQRS, beautiful traffic reporter Joy Pons shows you how much fun gridlock can be. Plus, Julie Cialini, Playboy's own 1995 Playmate of the Year, burns up the airwaves and more on WCMF–Rochester, her hometown station.

If you've ever wondered about the women behind the sultry voices, Playboy's Girls of Radio will make you glad you tuned in! Full nudity. Approx. 57 min. Available August 8th.

Also available...



The Girls of Hawaiian Tropic: Naked in Paradise Video

You'll encounter a treasure trove of tropical bliss as these sensuous women perform a seductive striptease and then journey to a cool lagoon for erotic skinny-dipping and more sexy escapades. Filmed on location in the beautiful Hawaiian islands. 55 min.
JU1686V $19.95

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box B09, Dept. 59098, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0B09.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59098)

Also available at your local music and video stores.

©1995 Playboy

CARIBBEAN CONNECTION

(continued from page 100)

New Age cuisine and signature drinks served in a dining room decorated with his own paintings.

TROPICAL BELLINI BREEZE

1 scoop peach sorbet
4½ ounces Moët-Chandon Brut champagne
½ ounce peach brandy
Mango slice

Combine all ingredients except mango in a chilled blender container and blend at high speed until smooth. Pour into a large wine goblet and garnish with a slice of mango.

Bossa Nova
1960 North Clybourn Avenue
Chicago
312-248-4800

Sexy and glamorous with a conga line likely to start at any minute, Bossa Nova serves exceptional Latin dishes accompanied by great Caribbean drinks.

SAMBA

1½ ounces Bacardi Silver rum
¼ ounce triple sec
¼ ounce grenadine
Orange juice
Pineapple juice
Orange slice
Lime slice
Maraschino cherry

Pour rum, triple sec and grenadine over ice in a highball glass and stir. Top off with equal parts orange juice and pineapple juice. Garnish with an orange slice, a lime slice and a cherry.

Café Marimba
2317 Chestnut Street
San Francisco
415-776-1506

This is a place for aficionados of regional Mexican food. Two dozen or so tequilas and unique cocktails based on tropical fruit juices (called *batidas*) make for a lively bar scene.

PINEAPPLE-GINGER SLING BATIDA

1½ ounces Bacardi dark rum
1 cup fresh pineapple, chopped
3 ounces sugar syrup
2 ounces water
2 slices fresh ginger, minced
Pineapple slice

Combine first five ingredients in a chilled blender container with 1½ cups crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Serve in a tall glass and garnish with a pineapple slice.

"Psst . . . fucking don't count. Pass it on."

screw the young

(continued from page 105)

organization called Americans for Generational Equity. I tracked down its former director, Paul Hewitt, who now heads the National Taxpayers Union Foundation. Hewitt neatly put the figures into perspective: "Basically," he said, "Social Security and Medicare have become regressive programs. We tax hamburger flippers to pay the greens fees of retired doctors." (Speaking of Medicare: It's expected to run out of money in 2002.)

Not surprisingly, the further I got into this stuff, the louder the drumbeats of generational war became—and they weren't just pounding between my own temples. They were mostly flying through my phone lines in the form of data bits and bytes.

Being a member of my generation carries various responsibilities, computer literacy among them. No baby buster is complete without a modem and a connection to the Infobahn. That's why I was shocked to find the American Association of Retired Persons with its own nook on America Online.

AARP, as all our elected servants know, is the largest and most powerful political lobby in Washington. It claims to represent the interests of more than 33 million Americans past the age of 50—a rather liberal definition of retired, I'd say. This number terrifies Congress. After all, AARP members vote; my generation doesn't. Take the 1990 elections (please): 60.3 percent of eligible voters 65 years or older cast ballots, compared to 22 percent of those from 21 to 24.

And it's not just a matter of stuffed ballot boxes, there are all those stuffed bank accounts, too. In his 1990 book, *Age Wave*, Ken Dychtwald points out that "Americans over 50 now have a combined annual personal income of more than $800 billion and control 70 percent of the total net worth of U.S. households—nearly $7 trillion in wealth."

As if all that money and power weren't enough, here they are invading my generation's online preserve. Who are these sneaky AARP people targeting, anyway? Click on the AARP icon, and the first image that flashes on the screen is a red, white and blue logo and the slogan, "Bringing lifetimes of experiences and leadership to serve all generations."

Explore a bit more, though, and it becomes clear that the younger generations aren't buying AARP's brand of service. Subscribers can post notes to one another in the AARP message center, and there, inside a folder marked "20s, 30s & 40s Generation," are the opening volleys of an intergenerational skirmish.

One blast reads, in part: "Well, AARP, you're big, you're powerful and now you're here in what I think you'll find to be quite a new experience. You see, in

cyberspace, age doesn't matter. So speaking as a younger, non–PAC affiliated, well-educated man, one who doesn't see any governmental pacts in his future, I welcome you to the future. Are you sure you're ready to hear from it?"

The floodgates thus breached, a few impressively informed boomers and Xers then laid out the antigranny case: At our expense, current retirees are getting several times what they paid into Social Security. At the same time, student grant and loan programs are being cut. Young people are subsidizing health care for the elderly, the job market is in the tank and who knows how many of us will ever be able to afford to buy a house. Meanwhile, those generous payments to old-timers are helping to fuel the national debt ($5 trillion and counting), which will come out of our hides, one way or another. And the fear-mongering, vote-mongering, behemoth AARP is the evil agent of this inequity. "Young people beware," one correspondent warned his peers. "This organization wants Congress to tax the hell out of you. Don't be fooled! It has only one agenda, and that's to rob from the young and give to the old."

To their credit, the oldsters weren't taking this back talk without issuing a few knuckle raps themselves. As one AARP member responded, "The ground you walk on and the air you breathe is because we old guys fought and died in wars to keep you in the freedom and $$$ that let you learn how to use that computer. You owe us. Be thankful that you can repay us for giving you life."

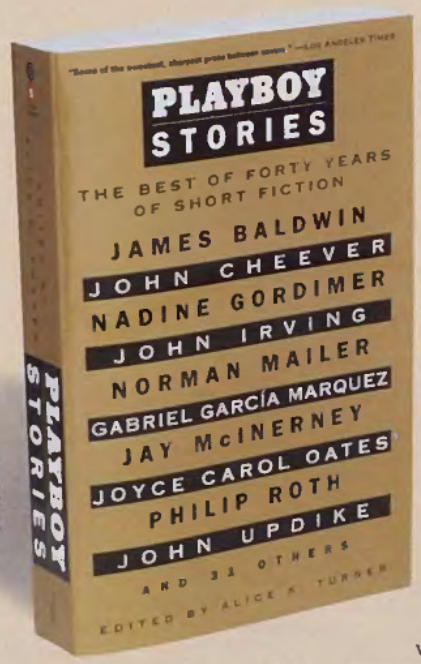
Another old-timer wrote, "I will be means-tested when you pick up my share of taxes for your kids' school. I don't have any kids in school. Why should I pay for you, sonny?" The response: "Your argument is so worn out it annoys me. Simply put, you give me back the 15.3 percent of my income that your Social Security costs me and you can quit paying taxes for schools. I'd come out way ahead. Our schools are very cheap compared with Social Security welfare programs."

Next, for a couple of days I trolled the alt.society.generation-x newsgroup, waiting for some generational enmity to sprout unbidden, and, sure enough, it did. The spark this time was a school-tax vote in Illinois, where a cadre of bluehairs was apparently rallying to kill the tax and send local tykes off to underfunded schools. "Excuse me?!" reads the first post. "They're getting Social Security money from our blood and they won't even stomach a modest increase for education?" This note spawned two dozen like-minded responses.

Note the tenor of these posts. Generation X is not angry just about the likelihood that Social Security won't exist when we retire. That, after all, is a foregone conclusion. We're pissed that we're

FORTY YEARS OF LITERARY EXCELLENCE IS NOW IN SOFTCOVER

Now available in softcover — Playboy Stories is a magnificent collection of short fiction from the world's best writers. There are 41 tales in all; each is well-told by the best writers of contemporary fiction.



Charles Beaumont • Herbert Gold Richard Matheson • Ray Bradbury • James Jones • Roald Dahl • Shirley Jackson Bruce Jay Friedman • James Thurber Bernard Malamud • Philip Roth • Jack Kerouac • James Baldwin • Irwin Shaw John Cheever • John Updike • Ursula K. LeGuin • Vladimir Nabokov • Nelson Algren • Nadine Gordimer • Joyce Carol Oates • Gabriel Garcia Marquez • John Irving • John Collier • Norman Mailer Jorge Luis Borges • Isaac Bashevis Singer Paul Theroux • Sean O'Faolain • Andre Dubus • Laurie Colwin • Thomas McGuane • John Gardner • Bob Shacochis Bharati Mukherjee • Joseph Heller T. Coraghessan Boyle • Robert Coover Charles Johnson • Haruki Murakami Jay McInerney

PLAYBOY

$13.95. To order by phone from Dutton with MasterCard or Visa call 1-800-253-6476. Refer to ISBN #0452-27117-7. *(U.S. only; $2 postage/handling)*

PLAYBOY CD-ROM

THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY MULTIMEDIA SCREEN SAVER

This sexy screen saver might cause you to miss a few deadlines, but you'll love the diversion! Select one of our preset screen savers like "Wet & Wild" or "Bathing Beauties." Or create your own, choosing from over 500 Playboy images of the past five decades: more than 70 covers, Playmates, nude photos, cartoons, Bunnies, 90 transition effects, audio and more than 27 minutes of full-motion Playmate video clips, for literally thousands of possible multimedia combinations. The adult version of the screen saver features more full, frontal nudity, an additional 10 minutes of steamy video footage, and 160 more images than the mature version. MPC configured PC, Windows required.

Adult Version Item #JR5264 $29.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59151)

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59151, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

©1995 Playboy

cutting into muscle and bone to make these absurd payments, which often go directly to people who can hardly claim to need them, and oh, by the way, the well runs dry in 2029. What galls us is the 15.3 percent of every paycheck that's poured into an unfair, unhealthy system. (Half of that tax comes from the employer, but economists agree that the money ultimately comes out of our wages.)

Of course, Social Security is hardly the only instrument of this reverse–Robin Hood act. Take health care. From the beginning of last year's doomed reform campaign, lobbies for the elderly played coy with their ardent suitors in the White House. Finally, these politicians watered down their universal coverage proposals and offered some plums for their older constituents, already the best-insured age group in America. So much for cost containment.

Actually, it's a wonder the AARP and its ilk didn't rush to support Clinton's plan from the beginning. After all, its provision for flat community rating—in which the healthy young lay out for the sickly old—not only would have made it possible, as intended, for those with preexisting conditions to get coverage, but also probably would have substantially lowered premiums for everyone over 55—all at the expense of the young.

On April Fools' Day in 1993, a community-rating law went into effect in New York State. Soon the premiums paid by some young people nearly tripled, while their parents' rates tended to fall. "I have an uncle who's 63 years old and overweight who smokes and has had heart surgery. His health insurance premiums were cut in half," says Richard Thau, executive director of Third Millennium, a Gen X advocacy group. "I didn't speak to my cousins about it, but my guess is that their insurance went through the roof to subsidize him."

The young are also taking a beating in student loans. "When you say you're not going to touch entitlements, Social Security, veterans' benefits or defense, there are few areas left where you can save money and still try to balance the budget," says Bill Cotter, the president of Colby College in Waterville, Maine. "So education gets cut."

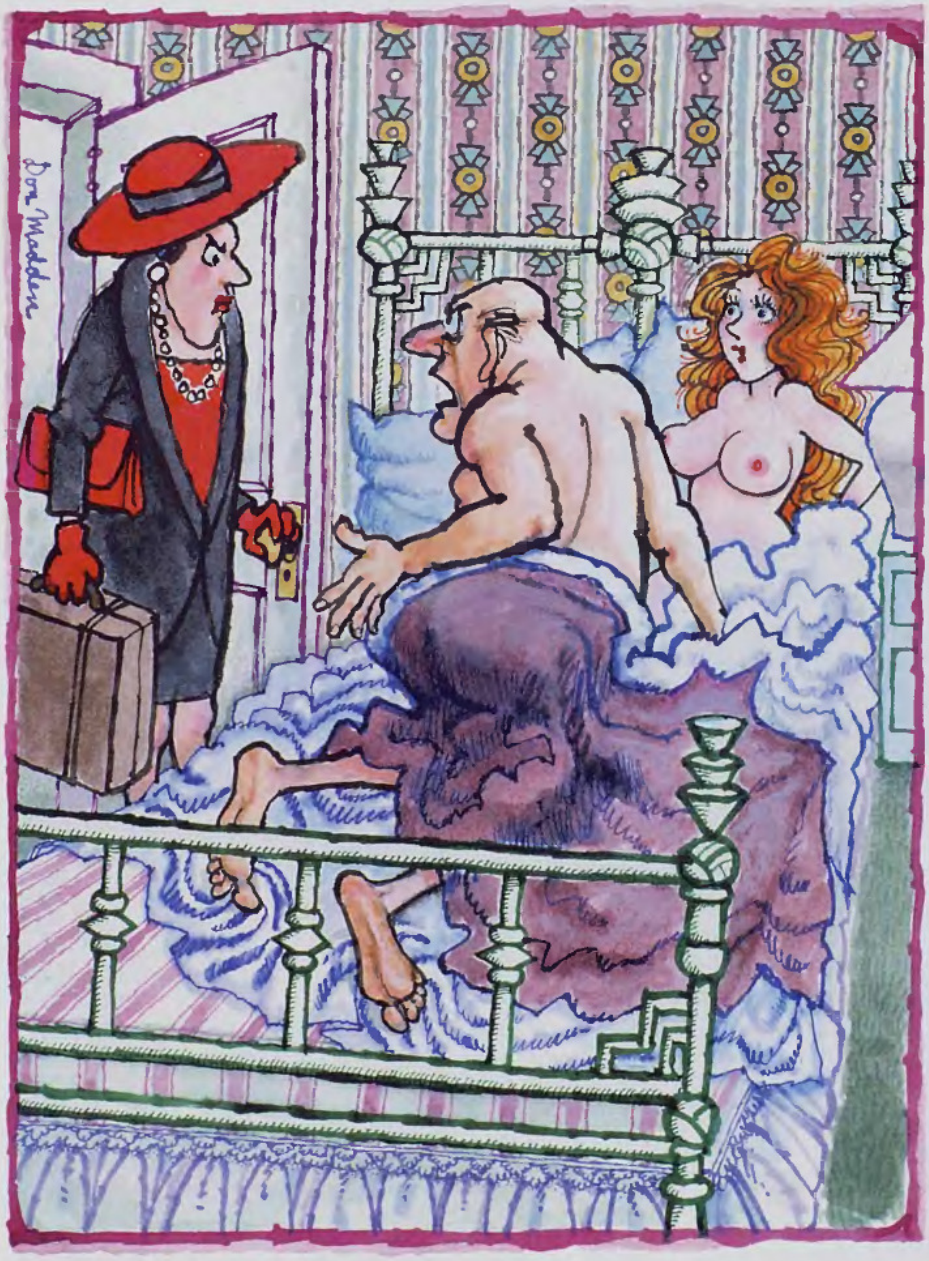
In 1950, 46 percent of all college costs were paid by the federal government. Today it's about 11 percent. The difference has been made up by the family—primarily the student—in the form of loans. Today's college freshmen will graduate with an average loan burden of $14,000 apiece, never mind what they might accrue if they foolishly decide to go to grad school. Meanwhile, Newt Gingrich's Contract With America would kill the in-college interest subsidy on those loans—the interest accrued while a student is in school would be added to the loan at graduation. The average undergrad would see his or her burden jump by almost $3000, while a six-year doctoral student could see $33,000 tacked on to an already overwhelming $68,000 debt.

"Students will be coming out with such huge loan burdens that they won't be able to buy a car or a house, and they won't have the option of taking low-income social service jobs," Cotter says. "We're skewing the social pressures on these students. And at the same time, because we cannot restrain our consumption on Social Security and such things, we're also telling them, 'Pay for your own college—and by the way, would you mind supporting me and the national debt that I ran up while you were in college?' It's a terrible intergenerational burden shift."

The difficulty here is that when you search for a villain, you wind up staring at granny and pops. I don't look forward to the seething silences around the Thanksgiving dinner table after I've burst my cork and accused my grandparents of selling my shot at the American dream to pay for another gambling binge on some phony riverboat.

Besides, my grandparents don't gamble. And while they're not eating cans of cat chow in a barren apartment, or shivering under a moth-eaten blanket in the street, I don't get the sense that they're living it up on my hard-earned Social Security contributions, either. But who else am I going to vent my anger on?

A look at how Social Security managed to find itself in such a sorry state gives a good indication of the forces at work here. Back in 1935, when the program



"Don't just stand there, whoever you are. Call a doctor! I've got amnesia."

LAURA WHITCOMB INTERPRETS PLAYBOY FOR THE '90s

PLAYBOY TANK. SQ2102 $16.00 Red outline of Rabbit Head embroidered on 100% cotton tank. White. USA. Sizes M, L, XL.

PLAYBOY DOG TAG NECKLACE. SQ2101 $20.00 Rabbit Head dog tag is 2" high. 36" chain with clasp. Silver plating.

PLAYBOY CAP. SQ4584 $28.00 Brushed denim cap with embroidered Rabbit Head. Suede bill. Adjustable strap. Red/black. Imported.

PLAYBOY BASEBALL SHIRT. SQ2103 $29.00 Navy blue embroidered Rabbit Head on left chest. Navy blue inset sleeves, button closure. 100% cotton. Ash gray/navy blue. USA. Sizes M, L, XL.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 59096)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 59096, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1995 Playboy

Indescribably romantic. Totally inclusive.
And only for the two of you.

See your travel agent or call 1-800-COUPLES.

COUPLES®

The Caribbean's Legendary All-Inclusive Destination™

CIGAR LOVERS

Join our growing family of International Cigar Club Members. For only $9.95(+s&h) per month, receive 4-6 assorted premium cigars from around the world along with our informative newsletter shipped directly to you each month.

Great Gift idea for yourself or others!

Call 1-800-729-9717

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. © 1990 GEN MED CO

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-82
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

VISION UNLIMITED™

Your Number One Source of...

Contact Lenses for Less!

Up to 70% Savings and MORE on all Name Brand Contact Lenses.

For more information and orders, please call TOLL FREE.

1/800-2 VISION

(1/800-284-7466)

1009 E. 40th Street #301
Austin, Texas 78751

Clip and Save!

Clip and Save!

was enacted, part of the idea was to get lingering old-timers off the employment rolls, thus opening slots for the out-of-work young adults littering the streets. Under the circumstances, there wasn't the lag time necessary to have the system operate like a private pension, in which everybody gradually pays in, and the money is invested and grows before anybody gets a chance to take anything out. (Besides, with Uncle Sam using our money to buy huge chunks of GM and IBM, we'd soon have to be called the United Socialist States of America.) Social Security became what actuaries call a pay-as-you-go system and what police call a Ponzi scheme.

The idea of a Ponzi (or pyramid) scheme is that the original investors' profits will be paid with money coming in from new investors. Nothing is invested outside the pyramid; the money simply changes hands. This is exactly the way Social Security works: My money goes directly into some retired golfer's pocket, with about one percent going for administrative overhead. The only way to keep such a system afloat is to recruit more and more suckers at the lower levels, which is just what those World War Two GIs did when they began procreating the baby boom generation.

As those of us who have grown up in its shadow are by now painfully aware, the boomer generation is just too big. If you diagrammed the great national Ponzi scheme, it would look more like a barrel than the more optimal pyramid. By the time the boomers start retiring, in about 2011, it will have morphed into a mushroom. Add to that the effects of life-prolonging medical technology and you can appreciate how top-heavy the system is becoming. When Social Security was enacted, there were more than 40 workers chipping in for every retiree. Today there are three. By 2030 there will be two (hence the empty coffers in 2029).

Under the right circumstances, a Ponzi scheme of the sort the government runs could have continued to fund itself even with stagnant population growth. All that would be necessary would be for our economy to continue to grow at a fevered pace (it hasn't), and for politicians to restrain their vote-grubbing pandering (they haven't).

The big blow came in 1972, when politicians began to fight over who could give the GI generation the bigger present. Wilbur Mills, the then chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, decided to run for the Democratic presidential nomination and began to suck up to the elderly by proposing a 20 percent across-the-board hike in Social Security benefits. Not to be outdone, President Nixon engaged Mills in a bidding war. The resulting legislation bestowed the 20 percent increase plus 100 percent cost-of-living adjustments, indexed annually. (And, as it turned out, indexed generously: Social Security increases soon galloped well past the inflation rate, and if you'll remember, in the Seventies, inflation was *inflation*.)

Then the oil shocks hit, the economy slowed to a crawl, and it became clear how precipitate these decisions had been. But it still took the heel-draggers in Congress ten years to rein in the COLAs. The intervening years were good ones for new Social Security recipients. The most extreme example: The fortunate 1981 retiree, leaving the workforce at the height of the benefit run-up, had by 1992 received all the money he had paid into the program and everything his boss had paid in for him, plus the interest he would have received on those contributions if he'd invested them elsewhere. He'd also received all of the income taxes he had ever paid—plus interest on them. And he still, actuarially, had three more years to live (and his wife had five more after that).

"There are cohorts of Americans now who will have contributed nothing to the cost of running the government in their entire lives," NTU's Paul Hewitt says. "It's a sad commentary on the current generation's legacy."

By 1984, Social Security was at the point of being unable to send out its next batch of checks when a bipartisan committee, its back to the wall, figured a way to keep the system solvent. For a while. Predictably, not one young voice was asked to testify before that congressional committee. Current beneficiaries contributed by taking a paltry six-month delay in cost-of-living adjustments. The bulk of the burden was to be borne by the young. As Hewitt acknowledges, "Politicians compromised by raising taxes and cutting benefits, and they raised your taxes and cut your benefits and you were compromised."

Of course, it soon became apparent that the grand compromise hadn't exactly left the system in long-term balance, so last year it was Senator Bob Kerrey's turn to mount the white hobby-horse of reform. The Nebraska Democrat strong-armed President Clinton into forming the Bipartisan Commission on Entitlement and Tax Reform, whose findings ruined my breakfast last fall. When Kerrey and vice-chair John Danforth, the Republican senator from Missouri, unveiled their proposals for change, it turned out to be the same old story: Most of their bold suggestions—raising the retirement age to 70, slowing the growth of benefits for midwage and upper-wage workers—weren't scheduled to take place until at least the year 2000, and even then they would be phased in slowly. There would be almost no sacrifice by anyone older than 55.

After that plan went down in flames, despite this sop to the gray voting bloc and its congressional protectors, I talked with Phil Longman, a former Americans

for Generational Equity staffer, who in 1987 wrote the generational politics book *Born to Pay*. He was still disappointed about the Kerrey proposal. "It's ridiculous," he said. "We're not going to get anywhere unless we make changes now. Why in the world would you say to a population that's affluent—we're talking about people who make more than $100,000 a year without working—'You're exempt from any kind of sacrifice'? I don't get the logic."

Still, groups such as AARP continue to nurture among senior citizens a sense of outraged entitlement. Last fall, Third Millennium's Richard Thau flew to San Francisco to testify before a government panel that was considering whether to boost the benefits for so-called notch babies, a group of retirees who had the bad fortune to be born a bit too late to enjoy the full fruits of the Social Security benefit run-up of the Seventies. Instead of getting outrageously generous monthly checks, they merely get exceedingly generous monthly checks. And boy, are they steamed.

"Being at that conference was like watching *Cocoon* while on acid," Thau says. "Imagine a long, narrow hotel room full of chairs, with seniors lined up an hour before the conference started just to get a good seat. It was 150 senior citizens absolutely bonkers about everything I said. At one point a guy stood up in the middle of a speech and shouted, 'I don't care about the future! I just want my money!'" The panel, in an extraordinary burst of reason, declined to give it to him.

Fat chance, though, that such reason will prevail on the bigger issues. As we saw when Newt Gingrich swept into power and immediately declared Social Security sacrosanct, neither party can resist the seductions of the AARP vote.

Eventually, though, something has to give. If nothing is done soon, it's likely to be the national psyche. You think the taxpayers resent layabouts on the dole today? Wait until 2010, when the drain on national resources really kicks into gear and it becomes clear who's really getting government money, how much of it there is, and how powerless we the people are to do anything about it. "A democracy starts to unravel when it's in denial," says Jon Cowan, a leader of the baby-bust advocacy group Lead or Leave. "The glue that holds it together is that we tell the truth about our problems and face them squarely. Politicians are in denial. Young people aren't." Empires have fallen because of far smaller internal contradictions.

And next year, the slide toward the abyss is likely to just get steeper. In 1996 the first baby boomers turn 50. That's when they become eligible for membership in AARP.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To purchase the apparel and equipment that is shown on pages 20, 22–23, 24, 62–66, 74–75, 80–81 and 157, check the listings to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 20: "Swell Dopp Kits": By *Buxton*, at Macy's and Innovation Luggage stores. By *Donna Karan*, at select Bloomingdale's stores. By *Nazareno Gabrielli*, at Holt Renfrew, nationwide in Canada, Bob Rose, 722 Travis St., Houston, 713-222-7673, and Frank Stella, 1388 Sixth Ave., NYC, 212-757-2295. By *Nautica*, at Nautica, 216 Columbus Ave., NYC, 212-496-0933. By *Eddie Bauer*, at Eddie Bauer stores. By *Ghurka*, 800-243-4368. "The Boxer Rebellion": **Knit boxers:** By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at major department stores. By *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores. By *Guess*, at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor and Dayton Hudson stores. By *Perry Ellis*, at major department stores. From *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Macy's West, Bloomingdale's and Dayton Hudson stores. By *Joe Boxer*, at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor and Dayton Hudson stores. "Hot Shopping: Carmel, CA": *On the Beach*, 408-624-7282. *Pacific Canvas & Cargo*, 408-626-3456. *Wings America*, 408-626-WING. *Khakis*, 408-625-8106. "Clothes Line": **Sweatpants** by *Nike*, 503-671-3939. **Shoes** by *Doc Marten*, 800-866-9815. **Trousers** by *Zanella*, at fine department stores. **T-shirts** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein stores. "Scent of a Man": **Deodorants** and **antiperspirants:** By *Donna Karan*, *Giorgio Beverly Hills*, *Chanel*, *Guy Laroche*, *Calvin Klein* and *Joop*, at fine department stores. By *Brut*, at mass merchandisers.

WIRED

Pages 22–23: "All's Fair": **Online service** by *Landmark Entertainment Group* and *Worlds, Inc.*, Web Site: http://www.worldsinc.com. "Interactive TV Gets Real": **Home information system** by *AT&T*, 800-233-2650. "Jocks in a Box": **Kiosk** by *Life Fitness*, 800-735-3867. "Wild Things": **Phones:** By *Polycom*, 800-765-9266. By *Cincinnati Microwave*, 800-433-3487. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *Accolade*, 800-245-7744. By *Interplay Productions*, 800-969-4263. **Books:** By *Random House*, 800-733-3000. By *Osborne/McGraw-Hill*, 800-227-0900. By *IDG Books*, 800-762-2974.

TRAVEL

Page 24: "Book It Yourself": **OAG Flight Disk** from *HLB Communications*, 800-342-5624. **Online reservation services:** From *Easy Sabre*, 800-972-3330. From *Worldspan Travelshopper*, 800-892-1011. "Great Escape": *Post Ranch Inn*, 800-527-2200. "On the Go": **Radio** by *Grundig*, from Lextronix, Inc., 800-872-2228. **Locker** by *Sentry*, 800-828-1438. **Camera** by *Minolta*, 201-825-4000.

KEEP ON TREKKIN'

Pages 62–66: For a one-year, $16.95 membership to *The Official Star Trek Fan Club*, subscription to the full-color *Official Star Trek* magazine and a merchandise catalog, call 800-TRUE-FAN.

SOLE SURVIVORS

Pages 74–75: **Bottom row:** By *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. By *Polo Ralph Lauren Footwear*. By *Maraolo*, 212-869-0499. From *Cole-Haan's Bragano Collection*, at Cole-Haan and fine department stores. **Middle row:** By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques. From *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at Bergdorf Goodman, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-339-3335. By *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti, 601 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-888-5107. By *J.M. Weston*, 42 E. 57th St., NYC, 212-308-5655. By *Bruno Magli*, 212-977-7676. **Top row:** From *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. By *Bruno Magli*, 212-977-7676. By *Donna Karan*, at Scott Hill, 100 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-777-1190. From *CO2* by *Comedia*, 212-957-9466.

DIVER'S WATCHES

Pages 80–81: By *Promaster*, at Square Jewelers & Opticians, 2731 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, 312-252-7373. By *Porsche*, *Seiko* and *Ebel*, at Smart Jewelers, 3350 W. Devon Ave., Chicago, 800-422-6999. By *Nautica*, at Bloomingdale's, 900 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-440-4515. By *Rolex*, *Baume & Mercier*, *Breitling* and *TAG-Heuer*, at Henry Kay Jewelers, 835 N. Michigan Ave., 312-266-7600. By *Chronosport*, 800-222-9057.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: **Game controllers:** By *CH Products*, 619-598-2518. By *Advanced Gravis Computer Technology Ltd.*, 800-663-8558. By *Thrustmaster, Inc.*, 503-639-3200. By *AI Tech*, 800-882-8184.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 TEO BETZ (2), GERTRUDE FEHR, ANDREW GOLOMAN, DAVID GOODMAN, JIM LARSON, RON MESAROS (2), JAMES QUINCE, ROB RICH (3), NICK SARACO; P. 10 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 20 BOB FRAME, GEORGE GEORGIOU; P. 22 GEORGIOU; P. 24 GEORGIOU; P. 26 © 1995 SEVENTH ART RELEASING; P. 28 © CHRISTOPHER VOELKER/TOUCHSTONE TELEVISION; P. 29 © UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC.; P. 53 ARNY FREYTAG; PP. 62-66 TIM BROWN/© TONY STONE IMAGES, GEORGIOU (11), PHOTOFEST; P. 71 WAYDA; P. 73 TAMMIE ARROYO/RETNA LTD.; RON DAVIS/SHOOTING STAR INTL. (2), GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA LTD., STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD. (4), BARRY KING/GAMMA LIAISON, IRA MARGOLIN/LGI PHOTO AGENCY, NIKKI VALACE/SHOOTING STAR INTL.; PP. 84-85 GOODMAN (2); P. 96 PHOTOFEST; P. 101 SUZE RANDALL; P. 102 DWIGHT HOOKER; P. 110 WILLIAM HAWKES; P. 112 NICOLE ROXIN (2); P. 160 STEVE CONWAY; P. 161 GEORGIOU, MAX GOLDSTEIN/STARFILE PHOTO, JAMES IMBROGNO. P. 54 "LA VENEZIANA" © 1995 BY OMITRI NABOKOV INDIVIDUALLY AND AS TRUSTEE OF 3C TRUST UNDER THE WILL OF VLADIMIR NABOKOV. PP. 84-88 FURNISHINGS PROVIDED BY PIPPS MIDWEST SHOWROOM.

Canada to the extreme

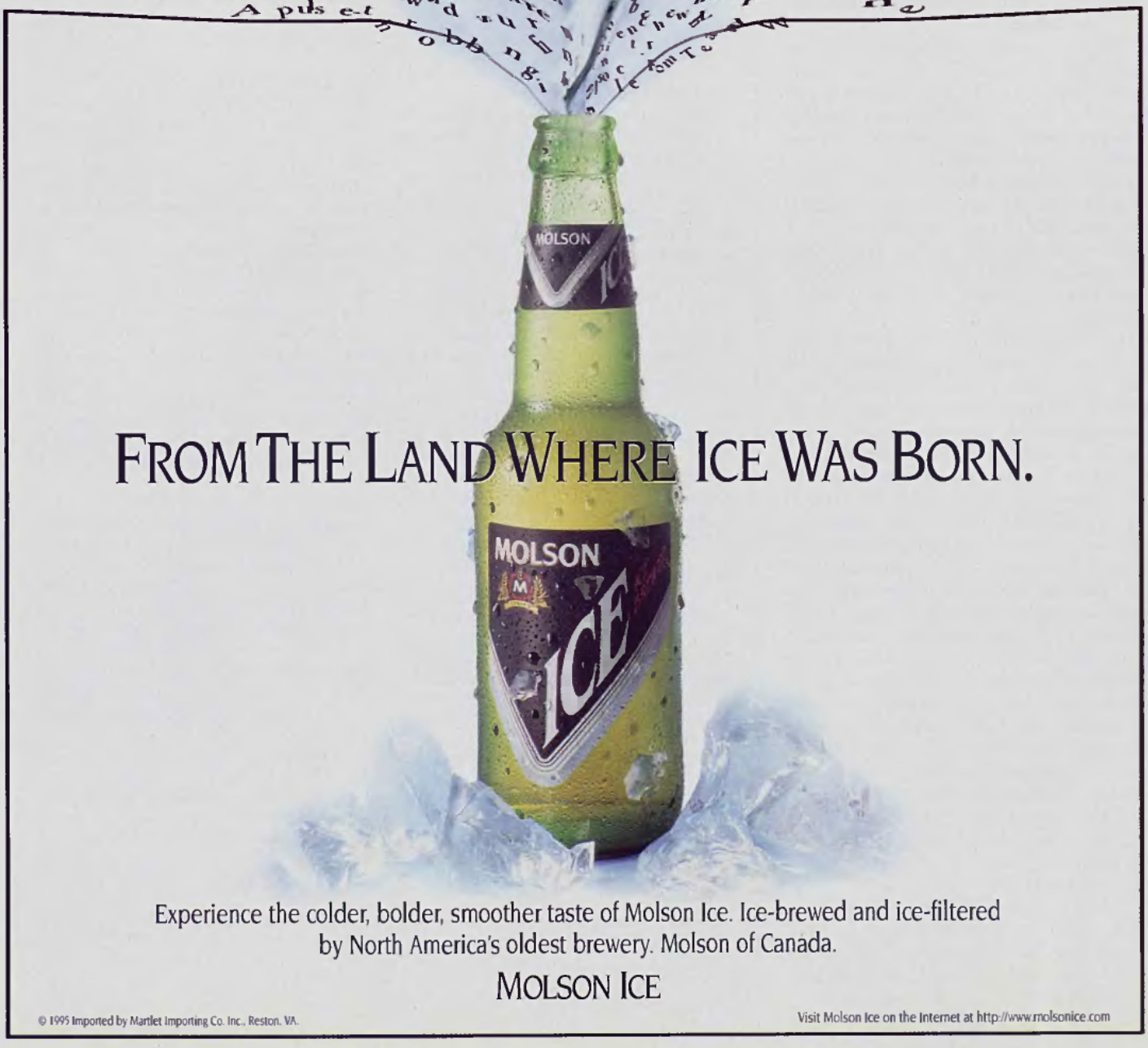
cementing Canada's reputation as the ultimate location for extreme sports.

Each year thousands of thrillseekers assault the rugged mountainsides that fill Canada like ice cubes in a cup. Whether they are heli-skiers, snowboarders, ice climbers or any other form of adrenaline junkie, Canada satisfies their thirst for the extreme. However, their appetite to push the envelope is apparently insatiable.

Once extreme athletes feel they've "Done it. Seen it." they move on and even create their own sport. The craze is called snow-wind surfing. A pulley-towed

By this time, you've probably figured out that we're having a little fun with this ad. But for extreme fun, be on the look out for information on the Molson Ice Polar Beach Party. An intimate concert with high profile bands in the most extreme environment - Tuktoyaktuk, Canada. Located on the Arctic Ocean, Tuktoyaktuk is about as far north as you can go without sleeping in an igloo.

Soon bars across the country will be holding "Polar Beach Parties" of their own. Exciting events leading to a commercials will detail how people to one of 3 00 p party of the year. re I c e



FROM THE LAND WHERE ICE WAS BORN.

Experience the colder, bolder, smoother taste of Molson Ice. Ice-brewed and ice-filtered by North America's oldest brewery. Molson of Canada.

MOLSON ICE

© 1995 Imported by Martlet Importing Co. Inc., Reston, VA.

Visit Molson Ice on the Internet at http://www.molsonice.com

GET A GRIP

Anyone who has tried to race cars, fly jets or kill Doom demons on his or her computer knows the keyboard doesn't cut it as a game controller. For realistic simulations, you need a joystick or one of the other PC control devices pictured below. Aside from making it easier to maneuver through 3-D worlds, these controllers feature multiple triggers for rapid-fire action. Many are programmable, allowing you to assign game commands to buttons, and some, such as Thrustmaster's F-16 FLCS or CH Products' Virtual Pilot Pro (both shown below), are designed in the image of authentic combat-jet sticks or flight yokes. Diehards can even put the pedal to the metal with acceleration and brake-pad peripherals. Sorry, no radar detectors yet.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top left: CH Products' Virtual Pilot Pro, an airplane yoke with six fire buttons, a pair of four-way switches, trim controls and a throttle, about $130. The Firebird Flight and Weapons Control System by Advanced Gravis has an eight-button jet-style handle, analog throttle, elevator trim control and 17 programmable buttons, about $70. Thrustmaster's programmable F-16 FLCS joystick has four four-way switches, a dual-stage trigger and four buttons, about $200. AI Tech cut the cords on its Wireless Bandit controller, allowing you to command arcade-style game action via infrared technology up to 40 feet from your PC monitor, about $60 for a pair.

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

Trisha's Undercover

TRISHA MARES' TV credits include *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Melrose Place* and *Blossom*. She has appeared in the movie *L.A. Story* and in commercials, magazines and fashion and trade shows. There's more to Trisha than meets the eye.

DOUGLAS STREGLEITER

CAROL ROSEGG

The Devil Made Him Do It

After 64 years in show business, JERRY LEWIS finally opened on Broadway. Playing the devil in *Damn Yankees* with a tempting Lola, CHARLOTTE D'AMBOISE, Lewis gets his critical due. What do 50 million Frenchmen know? Lewis can hit a home run and does.

Country Delight

Singer RONNA REEVES' new LP *After the Dance* just came out. She has cohosted the Statler Brothers show on cable and is now touring through September. Ronna rules.

© PAUL NATKIN/ PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Giant Killers

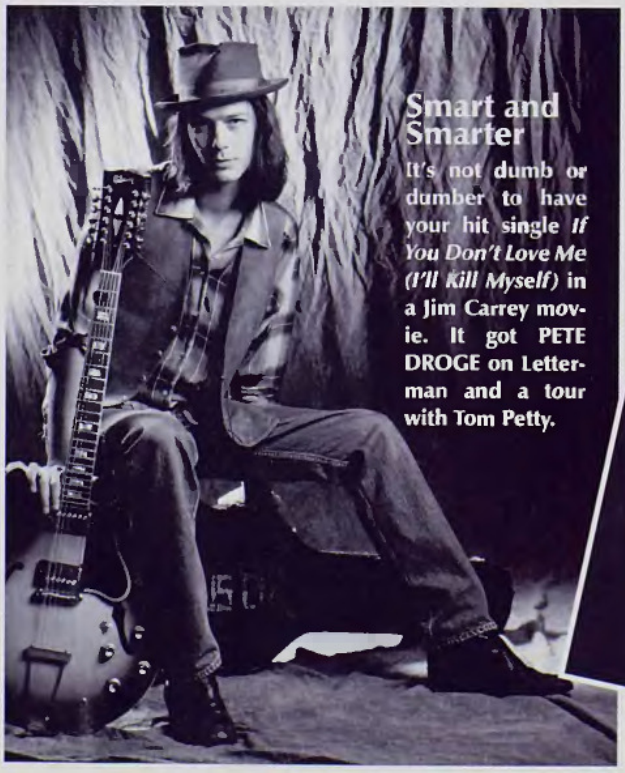
California fans of indie gods THE OFFSPRING knew them and loved them before *Smash* became a smash. What's next? Lead guitar honcho Noodles says, "Maybe we'll write the first punk rock opera." Does Pete Townshend know?

Praise Lords

A stint on *Melrose Place*, a job at Roseanne's diner and a new album, *1000 Fires*, have helped TRACI LORDS kiss off her old life. Welcome to her second coming.

Russian Fox

Actress and dancer MARINA KVARTALOVA made movies in Russia before she got a part in *Bram Stoker's Burial of the Rats*. Look for comic books based on the film to see if Marina got ink.



Smart and Smarter

It's not dumb or dumber to have your hit single *If You Don't Love Me (I'll Kill Myself)* in a Jim Carrey movie. It got PETE DROGE on Letterman and a tour with Tom Petty.

ROMANCE IS IN THE AIR

"Woven from the threads of fantasy" is how Yungjohann Hillman Inc. in Grand Prairie, Texas describes its line of tropical bed drapes. While some of the company's creations keep out mosquitoes and other flying critters, the Mombasa Caravan canopy pictured here is purely decorative. Seven seductive colors are available—white, sand, ivory, mauve, peach, pale blue and black—and the Caravan's $135 price is cheaper than airfare to Kenya. Call 800-641-2345 to order and for information about other hanging products that are equally romantic.

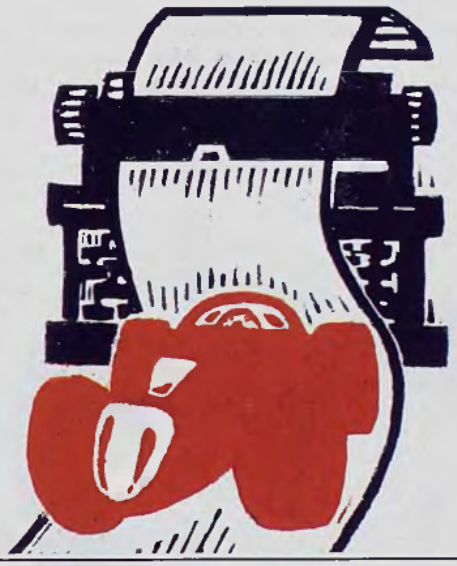
THE PLEASURES OF SAFARI ADVENTURE
THE PLEASURES OF ROMANTIC TRAVEL
THE PLEASURES OF BOATING AND SAILING
THE PLEASURES OF DISCOVERING EUROPE

IN PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

Colonial Africa, big game photography and the giraffe's height are just some of the subjects covered in *The Pleasures of Safari Adventure*, a 56-page book published by Pavilion in England as part of its *Pleasures of* series. The three other titles available are also pictured here. *Romantic Travel* features illustrated excerpts from classic travel writings and fiction by W. Somerset Maugham, Rudyard Kipling, William Makepeace Thackeray and others. *Boating and Sailing* addresses "the timeless pleasures to be gained from being on water, with the sun and wind in your face." And *Discovering Europe* is all about going Continental. The books cost $15.95 each from Trafalgar Square at 800-423-4525.

FAST FROM THE PAST

Denise McCluggage is an automotive icon. The friend of famous racers, an accomplished driver and the only woman to win the Ken Purdy Award for Excellence in Automotive Journalism, McCluggage has had motor oil in her veins for 40 years. Now her best columns from *Auto Week* are collected in *By Brooks Too Broad for Leaping*, available for $20 from Fulcorte Press, Tower Suite 400, 535 Cordova Road, Sante Fe, New Mexico 87501.



SWEAT EQUITY

What could be simpler? A company named Marvelous Creations Inc. has combined an absorbent headband with removable headphones that you connect to your personal CD or cassette player. As you jog, work out or whatever, you can hear your favorite sounds without the hassle of your headphones falling off. One headband and a set of speakers cost $12.75. Three bands and the speakers are $25. Call 800-898-1248 to order.

GOOD OLD GUY STUFF

Pour yourself a shot of rye and lather up the double-edge. Chronicle Books' *A Stiff Drink and a Close Shave*, by Bob Sloan and Steven Guarnaccia, recaptures "the lost arts of manliness" as celebrated in the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. Barware, shaving brushes, tie tacks, poker chips, smoking paraphernalia and much more are represented in more than 150 color illustrations. Early men's magazines are included, and PLAYBOY is present. Price: $12.95. Call 800-722-6657.

FLIPPING FOR PACHINKO

Think of pachinko as the Japanese version of a pinball machine that's been stood on end. Turn a knob, and as the steel balls you've fired thread their way through a maze of wheels and pins, lights flash and there are sound effects galore. Now Grand View Products in Grand View-on-Hudson, New York is selling reconditioned machines that are right off the Ginza. Themes include slots (shown), horse racing and sumo wrestling, among others. Price: $350, including 400 balls, an instructional video and a lifetime warranty. Call 800-4-PACHINKO to order.

ERIC WITH STRINGS

Any new Martin guitar is noteworthy, but when Eric Clapton teams up with the company to create a limited-edition signature model—now that's strumming. According to Martin, the 000-42EC combines the qualities of the two vintage Martin 000 small-bodied acoustic guitars that Clapton plays onstage and in the studio. Rosewood, spruce, ebony and mahogany are used in the instrument's construction. Part of the $8100 price will be donated to children's charities. Call 800-633-2060.

LICK AND A TRICK

No, Heidi Fleiss isn't the president of Magic in Your Mailbox, the country's only "trick of the month club." But if you want to entertain your friends or break the ice at parties or singles bars with some amazing bits of prestidigitation, then call 800-780-MAGIC for details. Professional magician Danny Orleans chooses each month's trick, and they are all surprisingly sophisticated. The $75 annual fee includes a newsletter and detailed trick instructions.

NICE DICE

Just when you think you've seen everything, along comes a French company named Savoir Vivre that's marketing the pair of erotic metal dice pictured here. We'll leave the kind of games you play with them to your imagination. But be warned—rolling a three and a four in some rural Southern towns and doing what's shown on the dice just might land you in the slammer. Price: $55. To order, call William Lipton Ltd. at 212-751-8131.

NEXT MONTH

KIMBERLEY

MULTIMEDIA

FOOTBALL

JAID

SPECIAL FALL PREVIEW ISSUE—AN INFORMED SNEAK PEEK AT THE NEW SEASON. LOOK FOR SURPRISE CARS FROM MERCEDES AND BMW, THE LATEST ENTERTAINMENT GADGETS, FITNESS MACHINES AND SNOW TOYS, KILLER FRAGRANCES AND FIVE FABULOUS WARDROBES, DRINKS AND DISCS, OUR UNCANNY NFL FORECAST AND A GUIDE TO CLUBS, RESTAURANTS AND NIGHTLIFE. DON'T MISS IT

KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER—A LOT HAS CHANGED SINCE WE FIRST GLIMPSED THE INCREDIBLE MRS. HEFNER—AND IT'S ALL FOR THE BETTER. THE PLAYMATE FOR LIFE IN THE PICTORIAL OF A LIFETIME

KOPPEL ON TOP—LOOK OUT, LENO AND LETTERMAN. TED KOPPEL IS A SURPRISING CONTENDER IN THE LATE-NIGHT WARS. THE REASON? THE WORSE THE NEWS GETS, THE MORE WE ALL TUNE IN TO TED ON *NIGHTLINE*. ARTICLE BY **HARRY JAFFE**

CINDY CRAWFORD, THE MOST SUPER OF THE SUPERMODELS, TALKS ABOUT MAKING MILLIONS AND THE UGLY SIDE OF BEING BEAUTIFUL, THEN CONFRONTS THOSE PESKY RUMORS ABOUT RICHARD GERE IN A CANDID INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSIN**

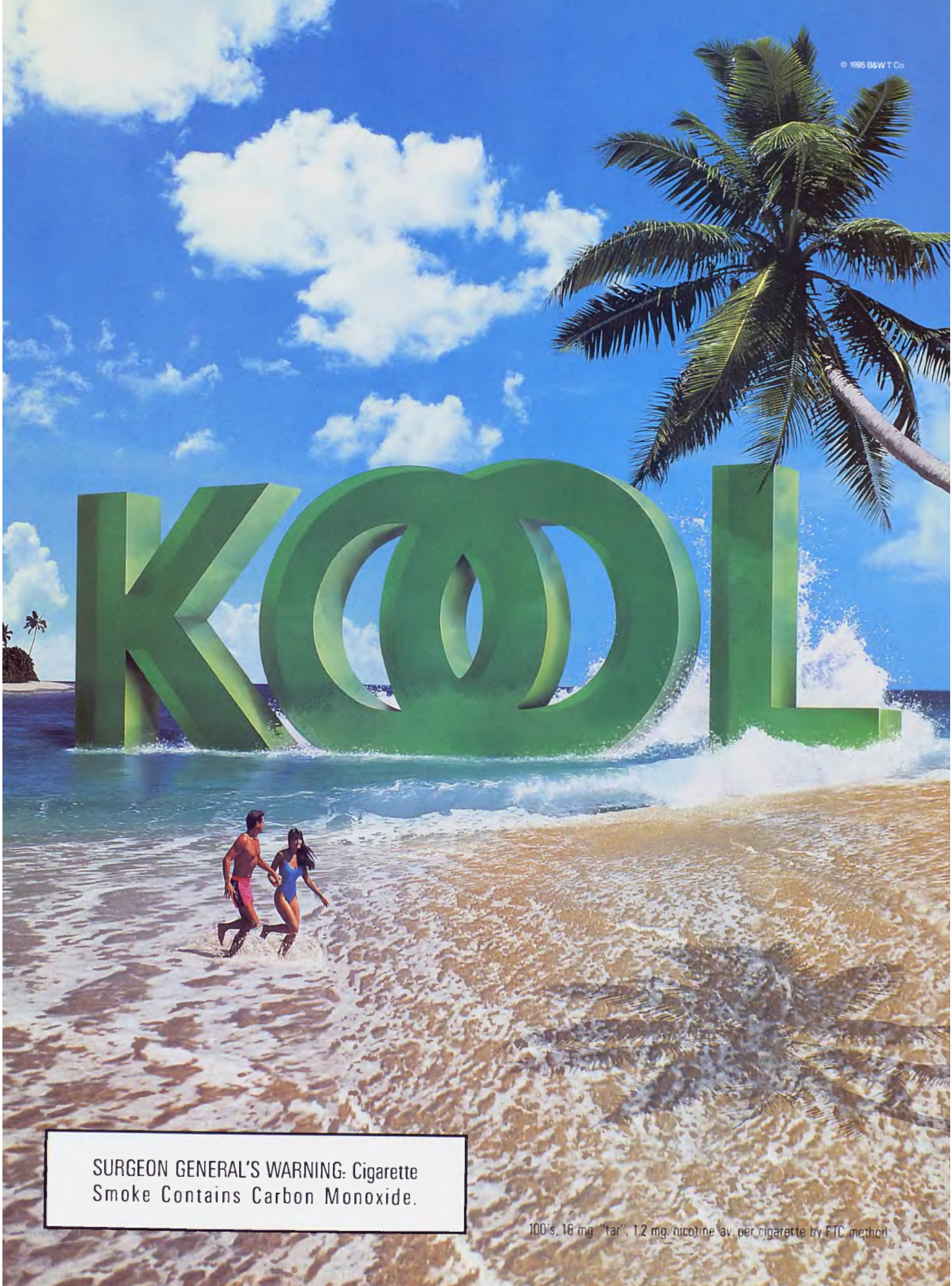
SANDRA BULLOCK—HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SPRITE TELLS US ABOUT HER CRAVINGS FOR CHOCOLATE AND WHY SHE LIKES A LOOFAH. OH, SHE ALSO INSTALLED HER OWN TOILET—20 QUESTIONS

MULTIMEDIA GULCH—GROUND ZERO FOR THE LATEST TECHNOWIZARDS IS SOUTH OF MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE CD-ROM VISIONARIES CRASH ON FUTONS, DODGE CREDITORS AND SELL THEIR DISCS TO SONY—ARTICLE BY **LARRY GALLAGHER**

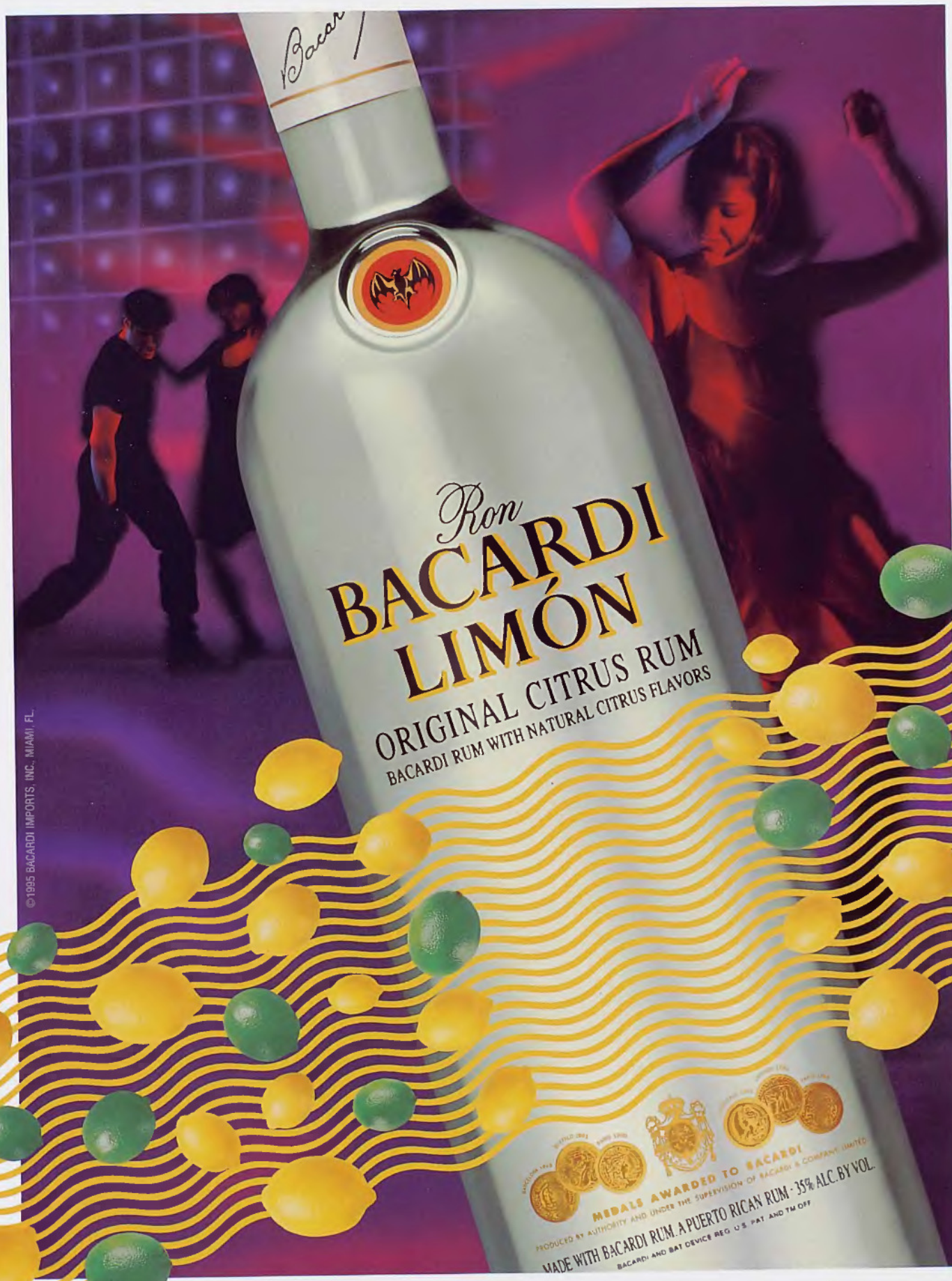
FIRST NIGHT, BLIND DATE, ALL THAT—YOU HAVE BOTH BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK AND YOU THINK IT GETS EASIER. NOT ON YOUR LIFE. FICTION BY **JOSEPH MONNINGER**

EVEN MORE BARRYMORE—FOLLOWING UP OUR DARING PICTORIAL ON DREW, WE PRESENT RARE **JAID**—DREW'S MOM—WHO'S JUST AS HOT AS HER DAUGHTER

THE $6 BILLION ROGUE—GENERAL MOTORS GAVE CAR SALESMAN **JOHN MCNAMARA** BIG LOANS FOR VEHICLES THAT NEVER EXISTED. THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE SWEET DEAL HE GOT FROM THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. ARTICLE BY **DAVID HEILBRONER**


© 1995 B&W T Co
KOOL
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CITRUS ON A NEW WAVELENGTH


Ron
BACARDI
LIMÓN
ORIGINAL CITRUS RUM
BACARDI RUM WITH NATURAL CITRUS FLAVORS
MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI
MADE WITH BACARDI RUM. A PUERTO RICAN RUM · 35% ALC. BY VOL.

©1995 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL.

TONIC. JUICE. ROCKS. RIGHT. NOW.